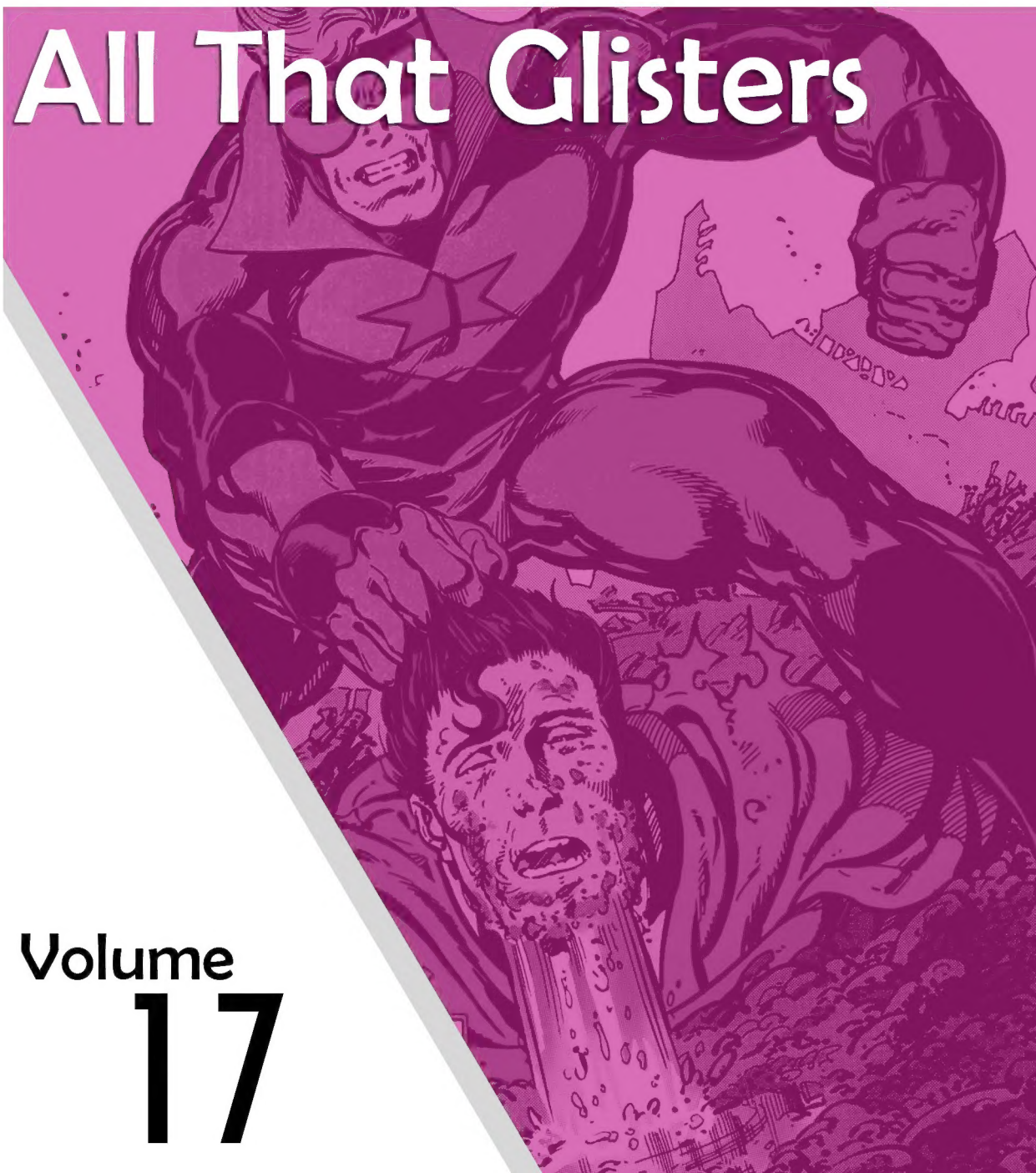
SUPERMAN

Post-CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS

All That Glisters



Volume 17

SUPERMAN Post-CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS All That Glisters 17

SUPERMAN®

Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

THE NAME GAME

story & pencils
John Byrne

inks
Karl Kesel

Tom Ziuko . coloring
John Costanza . lettering
Michael Carlin . editor

GOOD AFTERNOON, MISS LANE...

WE WIN!

LEXCORP

EEP!

TIRED FEET?
ALLOW *ME*, MISS LANE.
HEY, WAIT! I DON'T EVEN KNO-O-O-*OOOHHHHH!*
YOU... DO... THAT... *VERY WELL*, MISTER...
MISTER...?
I DON'T BELIEVE I *CAUGHT* THE NAME...?
I DON'T BELIEVE I *THREW* IT.
DeROY IS THE NAME, MISS LANE. *BEN DeROY.*
I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU OUT TO *LUNCH.*
LUNCH...?
OH, BUT I...
LOIS...
YOU *HAVE* A LUNCH DATE TODAY.
WITH *ME!*
I HADN'T *FORGOTTEN*, CLARK.
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO *TELL* MR. DeROY...
...THAT I'D BE ABSOLUTELY *DELIGHTED* TO HAVE LUNCH WITH HIM!
2

WHAT IN THE...??

DON'T LET HER GET YOU *DOWN*, CLARKIE.

C'MON.

NO POINT *WASTING* A LOVELY AFTERNOON.

I'LL BUY YOU LUNCH!

OH--ER--*CAT!*

ER--YES. THANKS. THANKS VERY MUCH.

M.A.D.D

THAT... DIDN'T SEEM *AT ALL* LIKE THE LOIS I KNOW.

"WHAT COULD'VE GOTTEN INTO HER?"

DID YOU *ENJOY* THAT, MISS LANE?

IT WAS FRANKLY *FABULOUS*, MR. DEROY.

EXCEPT...

EXCUSE ME. THIS HAPPENS TO BE THE *NO SMOKING* SECTION, FELLA.

SO?

THIS ALSO HAPPENS TO BE A *FREE COUNTRY*, MISS BUTT-IN-SKI!

I'LL SMOKE ANYWHERE I DAMN WELL *PLEASE!*

AND IF YOU DON'T *LIKE* IT, YOU CAN...

... MOVE...!!!

IT'S NEARLY *FOUR*, MISS LANE.

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD GET YOU BACK TO THE *OFFICE*.

ER... YES. I SUPPOSE SO!

ODD... EVEN WITH THE *WINDOWS* OPEN IT'S BECOME SUDDENLY *HOT* IN HERE!

MY HAND!

AHHGH!!

AHHGH!!!

MY HAND!!!

IT'S *FORTY BLOCKS* TO THE *DAILY PLANET* BUILDING.

SHALL I HAIL A TAXI?

NO.

IT'S SUCH A *BEAUTIFUL* AFTERNOON I FEEL LIKE *WALKING*.

FUNNY. ONLY A FEW HOURS AGO MY FEET WERE *KILLING* ME.

CAFE

NOW I FEEL AS IF I'M *WALKING ON AIR!*

YES...

AS YOU SAY...

FUNNY...

MIKEY!!

WILL YOU *PLEASE* PICK THAT THING *UP!!*

NO! NO! GOR-KA WANNA *WALK!*

GOR-KA WANNA WALK!!

I'M *NOT* BEING A VERY GOOD *REPORTER*.

OOKA-OOKA-OOKA-AARRRD

FOUR HOURS I'VE BEEN WITH YOU, AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE YOU'RE *FROM!*

OH...*HERE* AND *THERE*.

YONDER, LET'S SAY.

YES...

YONDER...

"YONDER"?

YES ..YES, I SUPPOSE THAT WILL DO.

IT HAS JUST THE *RIGHT TOUCH* OF *MYSTERY*...

OF *ROMANCE*...

RRRRR

MIKEY!!

OH, GOD, NO!!

NOOOOO!!

ROMANCE...

AH, YES. I'M SO *GLAD* YOU BROUGHT THAT UP, MISS LANE...

YOU SEE... THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO *ASK* YOU...

RAAARRR

MEANWHILE...

I TELL YA, MR. OLSEN. IT WAS THE *CRAZIEST THING* I EVER SEEN!

SALE

LADIES!! DON'T MISS OUR ANNUAL 3-DAY WHITE EVENT!

40-50% OFF ALL SHEETS & TOWELS

AND THIS WAS JUST THIS MORNING, YOU SAID?

YEP. WE ALREADY HAD A PRETTY *FULL* STORE, WHAT WITH THIS BEING TH' FIRST DAY OF OUR BIG *WHITE SALE*.

RIGHT AFTER YOU OPENED?

40% OFF

WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN...

ALE

"WELL... JUST LIKE THAT TH' WHOLE STORE WENT CRAZY!

"THERE WAS SHEETS AN' LINEN AN' TOWELS FLYING EVERY WHICH WAY!

"AN' RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF IT ALL..."

WELL, THAT WAS STIMULATING...

BUT I REALLY CAME HERE FOR A MUCH BIGGER GAME.

GOOD MORNING, LADIES!!

SALE

SAL

HUH!

SURE SOUNDS LIKE THERE WAS A LOT MORE TO THIS THAN JUST SOME PUBLICITY STUNT FOR A WHITE SALE.

TIME TO CALL OUT THE BIG GUNS, I'D SAY.

ZEEEEEZEEEEE!

THAT'S WHAT I WAS HOPIN' YOU'D DO WHEN I CALLED TH' DAILY PLANET!

STILL WAITING FOR LOIS TO COME BACK FROM LUNCH, CLARKIE?

PUT HER OUT OF YOUR MIND, WHY DON'T YOU?

LET ME COME UP TO YOUR APART-MENT THIS EVENING AND I'LL BAKE YOU UP SOME OF MY WORLD CLASS LASAGNA.

WELL... THAT DOES SOUND TEMPTING, CAT...

BUT I'M QUITE WORRIED ABOUT LOIS. TO HAVE ACTED SO STRANGELY...

AND THEN TO BE GONE ALL AFTERNOON...

I REALLY THINK I SHOULD...

UH-OH...

JIMMY'S SIGNAL WATCH!

CLARK!

SORRY, CAT.

HAVE TO TAKE A RAIN CHECK ON THAT LASAGNA.

SOMETHING... JUST CAME UP.

SOMETHING THAT MAY BE A JOB...

FOR SUPERMAN!

NOW... WHERE'S JIMMY? THE *HYPERSONIC SIGNAL* IS COMING FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

A QUICK *SCAN* WITH MY *TELESCOPIC VISION* SHOULD...

GREAT SCOTT!!

THAT'S NOT WHAT JIMMY'S SIGNALLING ME ABOUT...

BUT IT'S SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO TAKE *CARE OF.*

AND *NOW!!*

THUMP

THUMP

THUMP

THUMP

OKAY, BIG BOY, PLAYTIME'S OVER!

LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T FIND OUT WHERE YOU *ESCAPED* FROM.

PRESUMABLY A *CIRCUS*, SINCE *ZOOS* DON'T GENERALLY *DYE* THEIR ANIMALS.

POING!
?!?
KRAK
WHAT IN THE NAME OF...??
THIS WAS A LIVING, BREATHING, FULL-SIZED GORILLA!
I TOUCHED IT!
SMELLED IT!
WHAAAH!!
HE BROKE GOR-KA! HE BROKE GOR-KA!!
SH- SHUT UP, MIKEY!!
MA'M...
THIS TOY... IT BELONGS TO YOU?
WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
I...I... I DON'T KNOW, SUPERMAN. WE... WE WERE JUST WALKING... IT WAS RAINING...
I REMEMBER... WE'D JUST PASSED THIS GUY... THIS GREAT BIG GUY IN A WHITE SUIT...
AND... HE WAS WITH A WOMAN WHO LOOKED LIKE...
"LOIS LANE..."
M-MARRY YOU??

BUT... MR. DEROY, WE HARDLY...

...KNOW...

OH, YES! YES!!

OH, MR. DEROY, YOU'VE MADE ME THE *HAPPIEST* WOMAN...

SAY...

HOLD ON A MINUTE!

WHERE HAS MY *MIND* BEEN?

WHY, SHE'S *MUCH PRETTIER* THAN *YOU!*

WH-WHAT...??

LOOKS AT THOSE *EYES!* THOSE *LIPS!*

THOSE...

WELL, JUST *LOOK* AT HER!

IS...THIS SOME KIND OF *JOKE?*

THAT... THAT'S A *MANNEQUIN!*

IT'S NOT *ALIVE!!*

NOT ALIVE...?

OH, BUT YOU'RE *WRONG*, MISS LANE.

SHE'S *VERY MUCH* ALIVE...

ALIVE...
AND *EVERYTHING* ANY MAN COULD *WANT!*
OH, BEN HONEY! Y'ALL *DO* SAY TH' *SWEETEST* THAINGS!
AND NOW, IF YOU'LL *EXCUSE* US, MISS LANE, WE...
BEN, HONEY! WAIT! Y'ALL *CAIN'T* JEST *STROLL* OFF WITH ME!
THAT'D BE *STEALIN'!*
BUT...
BUT...
YOU'RE *RIGHT,* OF COURSE. PERHAPS...
PERHAPS AN *EXCHANGE* WOULD BE MORE *ACCEPTABLE!*
NO SIGN OF LOIS *ANYWHERE!*
AND THAT *BEN DeROY* CHARACTER SEEMS TO HAVE FADED INTO THE *OZONE,* TOO!
EEEEEEEEEK
A WOMAN'S *SCREAM...*
COMING FROM *STACY'S* DEPARTMENT STORE.
YES THIS IS STACY'S
MISS...?
WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S *WRONG?*
TH'... TH'... TH' *WINDOW DISPLAY!!*
I WAS S'POSED TO *CHANGE* THE SETUP T'DAY...
BUT... BUT...

OH MY GOD!!

LOIS!! SHE'S BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A MANNEQUIN!!

BUT... SHE'S WARM...

STILL ALIVE!

WHAT IN BLAZES IS GOING ON AROUND HERE?

FIRST THAT GORILLA...

NOW LOIS...

YAHHHH

HERE WE GO AGAIN!

MISS...CALL THE POLICE!

GET MAGGIE SAWYER'S SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT DOWN HERE!

Y-YESSIR!

LOOR
RECTORY

MAGGIE'S TEAM CAN PROTECT LOIS UNTIL I CAN FIND SOME WAY TO RESTORE HER TO HUMAN FORM...

IF I CAN FIND A WAY!

NOW...WHERE DID THAT OTHER SCREAM COME FROM? A MAN'S SCREAM THIS TIME...

YAHHH!!

BRONCO

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

ALTHOUGH...

SURE I DO!

BASED ON THE DAY SO FAR THIS IS JUST PAR FOR THE COURSE!

MACKIE

HOLD ON, SIR.

I'VE GOT YOU.

YOU'RE SAFE.

BUT I'M AFRAID I MAY HAVE TO BREAK YOUR TRUCK IF I'M TO STOP IT!

AH!

FINALLY!!

THE VERY MAN I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

BEN, HONEY, WHAT'RE Y'ALL...

SILENCE!

YOUR USEFULNESS TO ME IS AT AN END!

RETURN TO THE FORM IN WHICH I FOUND YOU!

BE -:-

AND NOW...

GREETINGS, SUPERMAN! AT LAST WE MEET, FACE TO FACE!

DeROY!

SO HE IS BEHIND ALL THIS!

BETTER NOT LET ON THAT WE'VE ALREADY MET! WHATEVER HIS POWERS, HE DOESN'T SEEM TO REALIZE I'M CLARK KENT.

YOU'RE A LITTLE TOO PLEASED TO SEE ME, STRANGER...

CONSIDERING WHAT YOU'VE BEEN UP TO.

NOT AT ALL, SUPERMAN. ALL THIS WAS FOR YOUR BENEFIT.

TO LURE YOU INTO THE OPEN...

AND NOW YOU'RE HERE...

I HAVE NO FURTHER NEED OF THIS CUMBER-SOME DISGUISE!

WHAT IN...???

WHO ARE YOU!?!?

POINK!

MY *REAL* NAME WOULD NEVER *TRANSLATE* INTO YOUR CLUMSY EARTH LANGUAGES.

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW IS THAT I'M FROM A *PARALLEL DIMENSION.*

YOU'D CALL IT... THE *FIFTH DIMENSION!*

AND I'VE BEEN *OBSERVING* YOUR PUNY LITTLE *THIRD DIMENSION* FOR QUITE SOME TIME NOW.

LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW MY SUPERIOR *5-D BRAIN* WILL MAKE ME THE MOST *POWERFUL* BEING ON THIS PLANET.

ALL *YOU* HAVE TO DO, SUPERMAN, IS *STOP ME!*

STOP.. YOU...?

YES.

YOU SEE, I'M A *GAMESTER* SUPERMAN. A *GAMBLER.*

AND I THINK *YOU* CAN PROVIDE ME WITH SOME OF THE *CHALLENGE* MY OWN WORLD HAS *LOST!*

OF COURSE... IT WON'T BE *EASY* FOR YOU.

WITH MY *POWERS* I CAN *ALTER YOU* AT WILL!

I CAN MAKE YOU *OLD...*

OR *FAT...*

OR *STUPID..*

...DAHR...

OR JUST... *STRANGE...*

BUT THAT'S TOO EASY!

TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO, SUPERMAN. I'LL MAKE THIS FAIR.

I'LL CHALLENGE YOU TO THE NAME GAME.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GET ME TO WRITE, SPELL, OR SAY MY NAME BACKWARDS!

THAT'S ALL, HM? UNFORTUNATELY, ACCORDING TO YOU, YOUR NAME WON'T TRANSLATE INTO ANY HUMAN TONGUE!

TRUE ENOUGH. TRUE ENOUGH.

BUT I DO WANT YOU TO HAVE A SPORTING CHANCE, SUPERMAN.

Coca Cola

COUSIN

COME FLY LEXAIR

DR

SO...LET'S MAKE UP A NAME!

RIGHT HERE AND NOW!

COUSIN

HE... HE TRANSFORMED THAT BILLBOARD ILLUSTRATION INTO A REAL TYPEWRITER!

THERE MUST BE NO LIMIT TO HIS POWERS!!

THERE YOU ARE, SUPERMAN! MIX-YEZ-PITTLE-ICK!!

FROM NOW ON I'M MISTER MXYZPTLK!!

mxyzptlk

GET ME TO USE IT BACKWARDS, AND I'LL RETURN TO MY HOME DIMENSION...

AND ALL THE EFFECTS OF MY VISIT WILL VANISH WITH ME!

AND *SO FAR* THOSE EFFECTS HAVE BEEN *PIDDLING!*

TIME TO GET *SERIOUS*, I THINK!

SNIK! SNAK!

OH MY GOD!

HE'S *ANIMATED* THE *DAILY PLANET* BUILDING!!

MXYZPTLK...

STOP!! THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF *PEOPLE* IN THAT BUILDING!

WITH MY *X-RAY VISION* I CAN SEE THEM BEING TOSSED ABOUT LIKE CONFETTI IN A BOX!

OH, *FIDDLE FADDLE!* YOU 3-D LIFEFORMS ARE A *DIME* A *DOZEN!*

♪ KLTPZ ♪

HE'S...*TEASING* ME! SINGING *PART* OF HIS "*NAME*" BACKWARDS!

BUT...

WHAT IN *BLAZES* CAN I *DO!?!* HOW DO I *STOP* THE *PLANET* BUILDING...

WITHOUT *KILLING* PEOPLE INSIDE IT??

OH, GREAT!

MXYZPTLK IMBUED THE BUILDING WITH A CHILD'S MENTALITY!

DAILY PLANET

IT'S MAKING A GRAB FOR THE WLEX BLIMP!

IT THINKS IT'S SOME KIND OF TOY!

GOT TO PUSH IT OUT OF HIS REACH!

WAAHH

WAA

OH NO!

THE BUILDING'S THROWING A TANTRUM!

AND ITS TEARS ARE CAUSING A FLASH FLOOD!

HAHAHAHA

HEY, SUPERMAN!

CHECK IT OUT!

KLTPZYX M

WHAT'S HE UP TO NOW?

HE'S SPELLING HIS NAME BACKWARDS WITH *SMOKE* LETTERS...

AS SOON AS THAT "M" IS IN PLACE...

OOPS!

TOO BAD, SUPES!

KLTPZYX W

BLAST HIM! HE *INVERTED* THE "M" AT THE LAST INSTANT, MAKING IT A "W".

WAIT A SECOND!

WXYZPTLK

INVERTED!!

THAT'S THE ANSWER!

WHERE'S HE GONE?

SUPERMAN!

YOU *SHOW* YOURSELF RIGHT NOW OR I'LL CHANGE THIS WHOLE CITY INTO A PEPPERONI PIZZA!

RIGHT HERE, MXYZPTLK.

THAT'S *MISTER* MXYZPTLK TO YOU, PUNK.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY *TYPE-WRITER?*

mxyzptlk

CALLING YOUR *BLUFF*, MXYZPTLK.

YOU'VE BEEN MAKING ALL THIS *NOISE* ABOUT BEING *FAIR*.

CHALLENGING ME TO YOUR SO-CALLED "*NAME GAME*".

BUT "*MXYZPTLK*" ISN'T A NAME! A NAME IS SOMETHING THAT *REPRESENTS* A PERSON. IT'S NOT JUST *LETTERS*.

ALL YOU DID WAS HIT A BUNCH OF TYPEWRITER KEYS AT RANDOM.

FOR "*MXYZPTLK*" TO BE A REAL *NAME* IT WOULD HAVE TO HAVE BEEN CREATED DELIBERATELY.

I'M BETTING YOU CAN'T REPEAT YOUR RANDOM STRIKING TO PRODUCE THE *SAME SEQUENCE OF LETTERS!*

OH, WHAT POPPYCOCK!

LOOK!

IT'S EAS...

KLK KLAK

kltpzyxm

KLK KLAKETTY KLAK

EEP!

KLTPZYXM!!

IT CAN'T BE!

I USED MY MAGIC TO MAKE SURE I'D HIT THE RIGHT KEYS!!

BUT YOU *DIDN'T.*

SO LONG, MXYZPTLK!

ALL RIGHT, SUPERMAN.

YOU *WIN* THIS ONE!

AND I'LL KEEP MY WORD AND *LEAVE!*

BUT I'LL BE *BACK!*

COUNT ON IT, SUPERMAN!

"COUNT ON IT!!"

SO... HE'S GONE, SUPERMAN...

BUT NOT FOR GOOD?

NO... BUT FOR AT LEAST 90 *DAYS*, I'D SAY.

I TALKED TO SOME OF THE *THEORETICAL PHYSICS* BOYS OVER AT THE *UNIVERSITY OF METROPOLIS*.

THEY SAY THAT'S THE NEXT TIME THERE WILL BE AN *OPTIMUM TRANSFER INTERFACE* BETWEEN US AND THE FIFTH DIMENSION.

BUT... HOW ARE *YOU*, LOIS?

STILL... *OFF*.

CAN'T QUITE PUT IT INTO WORDS.

COMING TO MY SENSES IN A DEPARTMENT STORE WINDOW DRESSED IN A BIKINI...

WELL... GIVEN THAT THE LAST THING I REMEMBERED *BEFORE* THAT WAS TURNING TO SPEAK TO CLARK KENT IN THE CITY ROOM...

IT WAS A BIT... UN-NERVING, SUPERMAN.

UNNERVING...

YES. I GUESS THAT WOULD BE A WORD FOR IT. THE *PHYSICAL* EFFECTS OF MISTER MXYZPTLK'S VISIT ARE ALL GONE...

YOU'RE HUMAN AGAIN, THE PLANET BUILDING IS BACK IN PLACE...

THAT BUCKING BRONCO TRUCK IS JUST A TRUCK AGAIN.

BUT THE *PSYCHIATRIC WING* OF THIS HOSPITAL MAY HAVE TO OPEN A NEW WARD TO DEAL WITH ALL THE *TRAUMA* MXYZPTLK UNLEASHED.

THE THINGS HE DID LEFT *DEEPER SCARS* THAN JUST PHYSICAL INJURY.

I'LL TELL THE WORLD!

BUT... I'M STILL NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND JUST HOW YOU GOT RID OF HIM.

THAT WAS THE *EASY* PART, ONCE I FIGURED IT OUT.

THE GIANT TYPEWRITER WORKED JUST LIKE A *REAL* ONE.

I SIMPLY *RE-WIRED* THE INSIDES AT SUPER-SPEED. WHEN HE HIT THE "M" KEY IT MADE A "K", THE "X" MADE AN "L", AND SO ON.

YOU SEE, I WAS *DEPENDING* ON HIM TO *CHEAT*, TO USE HIS *POWERS* TO STRIKE THE CORRECT KEYS "*AT RANDOM*".

AND WHEN HE DID...

M-X-Y-Z-P-T-L-K CAME OUT K-L-T-P-Z-Y-X-M!

AND HE *LOST*!

$4.25, LADY.

HERE'S A *FIVER*. KEEP THE *CHANGE*.

MTA

01

344 CLINTON

I SURE HOPE THIS ISN'T A *WASTE OF TIME*.

I'M JUST *ASSUMING* HE'S EVEN *HOME*.

MISS LANE!

NICE T'BE SEEIN' YOU AGAIN.

SHALL I BE RINGIN' MR. KENT?

ER...NO THANKS, MR. HARRIGAN.

LET ME *SURPRISE* HIM.

GOOD, HE'S HOME!

NOW ALL I NEED TO WORRY ABOUT IS *WHY* I'M DOING THIS.

I *COULD* TELL MYSELF IT'S BECAUSE THAT *MIXELY-PLIT* CHARACTER CHEATED KENT OUT OF A *LUNCH*...

BUT THAT'S NOT *QUITE* AN EXPLANATION OF WHY I'D GET IT INTO MY HEAD TO COME OVER HERE AND COOK HIM *DINNER*.

APARTMENTS A TO G

3B

COULD IT BE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS HE'S FINALLY *GETTING TO ME* WITH HIS *WORLD'S SEXIEST BOY SCOUT* ROUTINE?

BZZZZT

3D

3F

PECAN RICE

YES...

...LOIS...?!?

CAT....!?!

WHAT...??

WHY...??

PECAN RICE

21

CLARKIE'S IN THE *SHOWER.*

I WAS JUST GOING TO FIX HIM A NICE *DINNER.*

LOIS! THAT'S NOT WHAT *YOU'RE* HERE FOR, IS IT?

WHAT...??

OH...

NO!

I WAS... JUST... *PASSING...*

OH, *GOOD!*

THEN YOU CAN *KEEP* PASSING, YES?

I...

I...

PECAN RICE

WHO WAS THAT AT THE *DOOR,* CAT?

OH, NOBODY *IMPORTANT.*

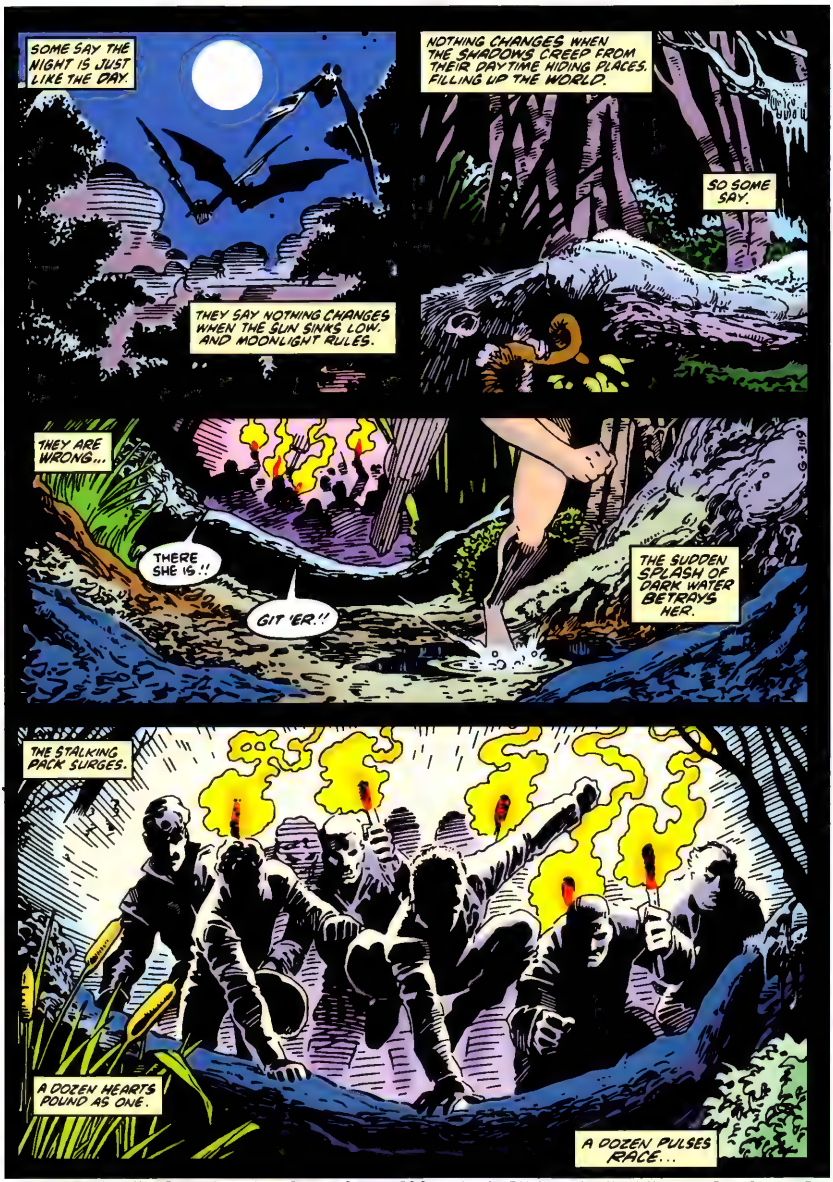
SOMEBODY WHO GOT OFF ON THE WRONG *FLOOR* WITHOUT *REALIZING.*

NOW, C'MON, CLARKIE. DINNER'S *HOT...*

AND *SO* AM *I!*

...CAT...

EASE EEP UR ITY AN OPOLIS



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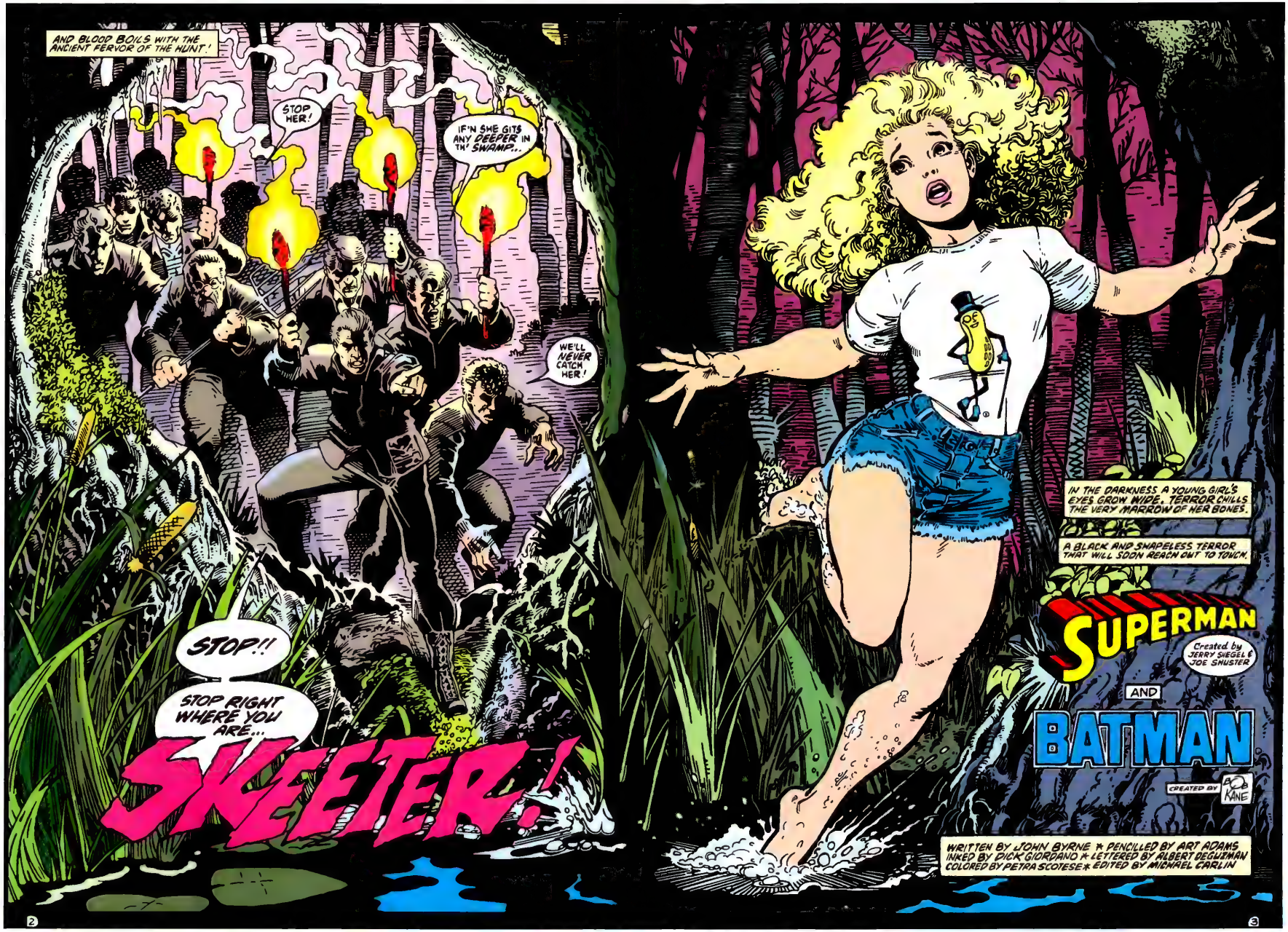
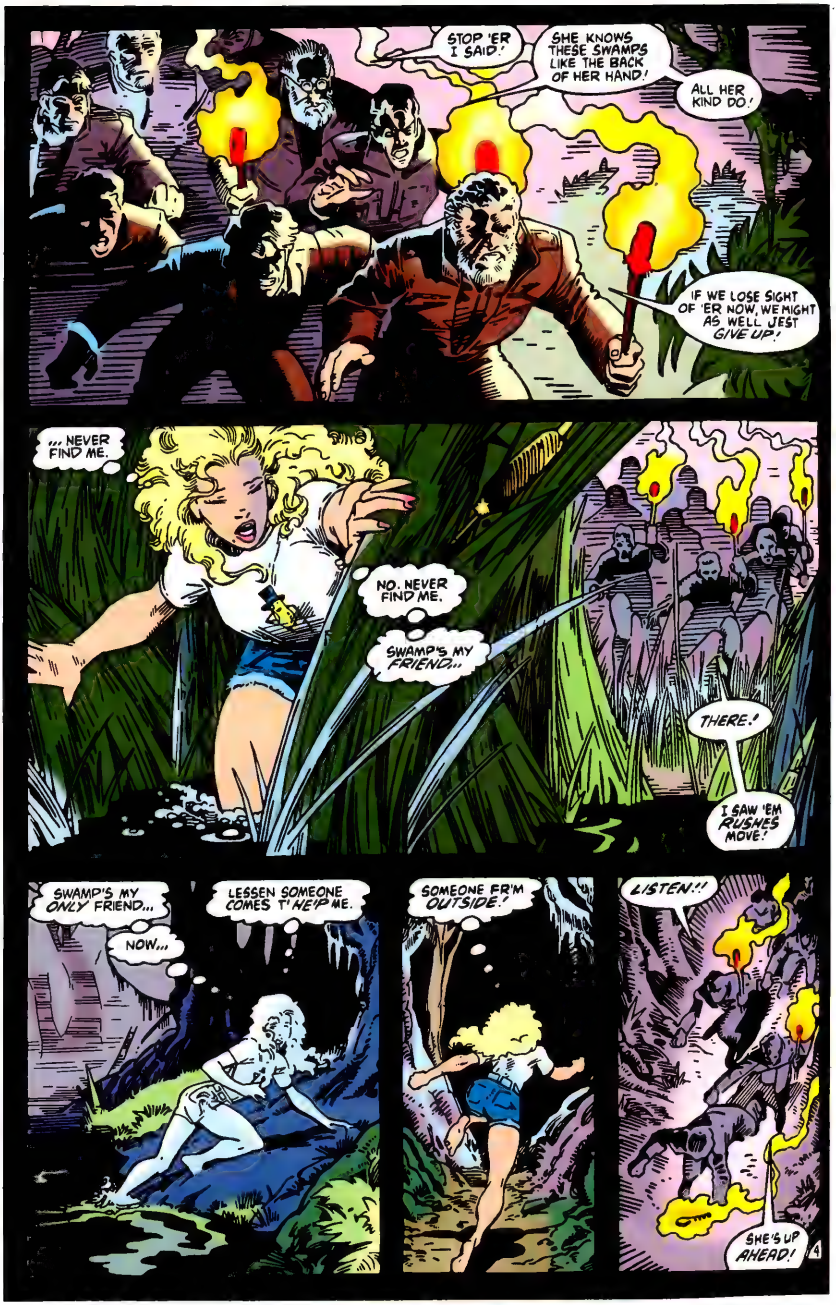
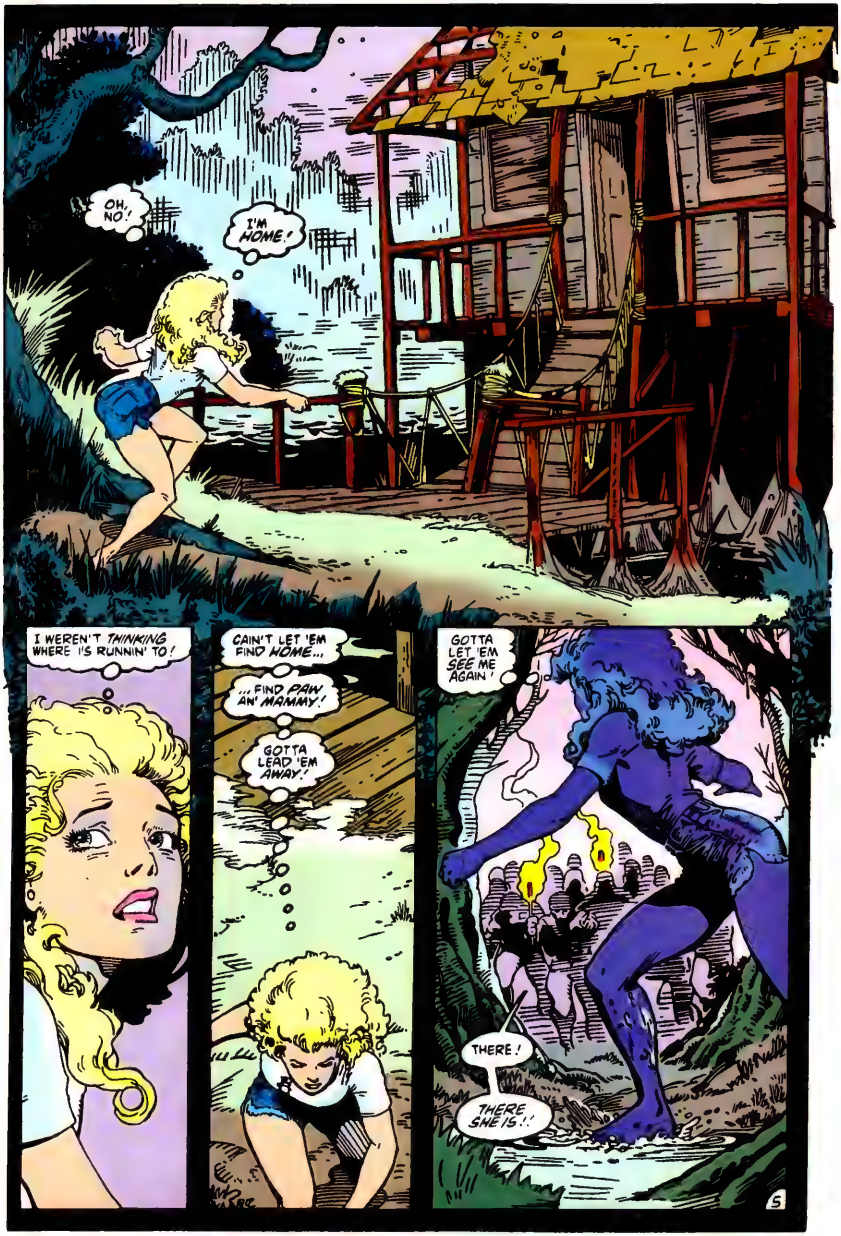
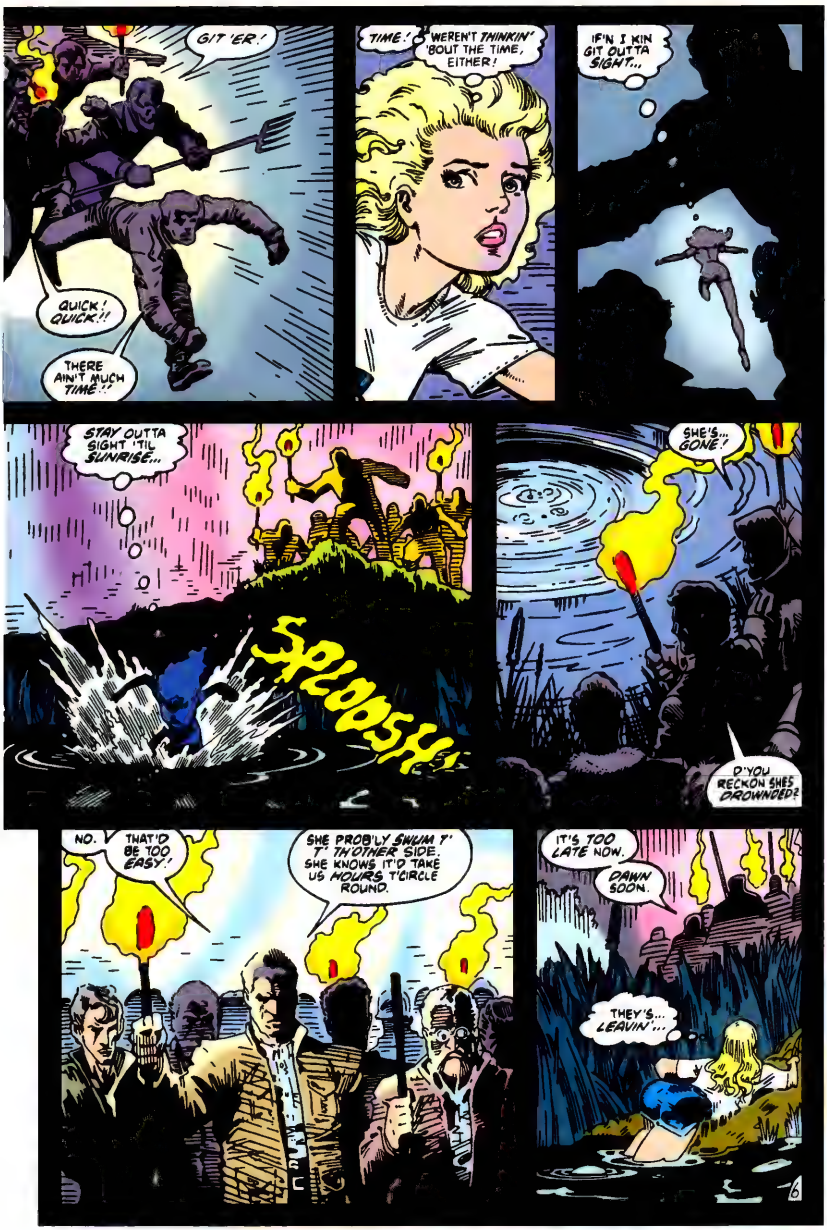
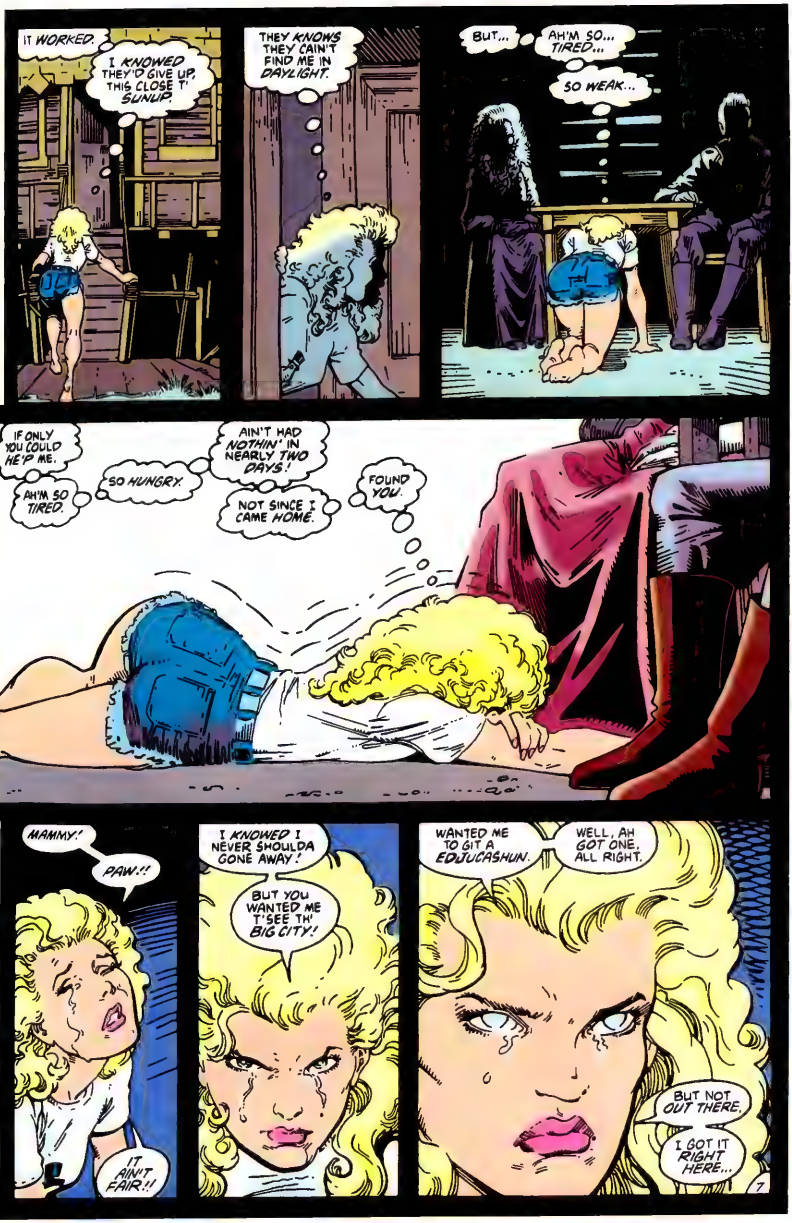
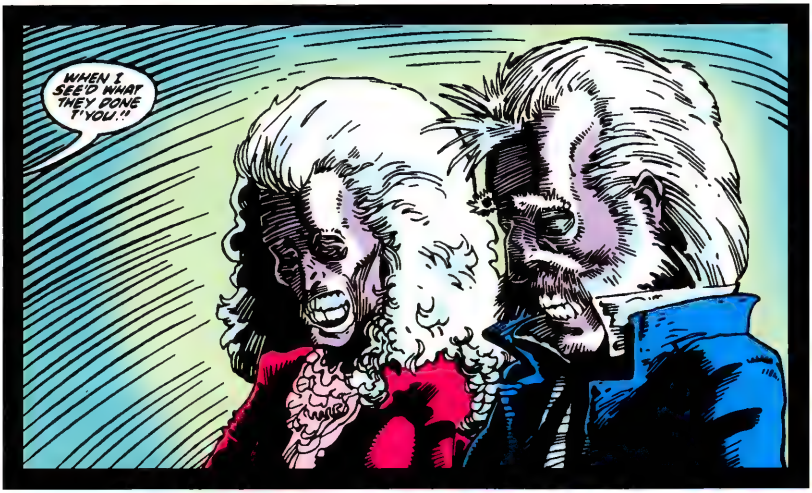

AND BLOOD BOILS WITH THE ANCIENT FERVOR OF THE HUNT!
STOP HER!
IF'N SHE GITS ANY DEEPER IN TH' SWAMP...
WE'LL NEVER CATCH HER!
STOP!!
STOP RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE...
SKEETER!
IN THE DARKNESS A YOUNG GIRL'S EYES GROW WIDE. TERROR CHILLS THE VERY MARROW OF HER BONES.
A BLACK AND SHAPELESS TERROR THAT WILL SOON REACH OUT TO TOUCH.
SUPERMAN
Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER
AND
BATMAN
CREATED BY BOB KANE
WRITTEN BY JOHN BYRNE * PENCILLED BY ART ADAMS
INKED BY DICK GIORDANO * LETTERED BY ALBERT DEGUZMAN
COLORED BY PETRA SCOTESE * EDITED BY MICHAEL CARLIN


STOP 'ER I SAID!
SHE KNOWS THESE SWAMPS LIKE THE BACK OF HER HAND!
ALL HER KIND DO!
IF WE LOSE SIGHT OF 'ER NOW, WE MIGHT AS WELL JEST GIVE UP!
...NEVER FIND ME.
NO. NEVER FIND ME.
SWAMP'S MY FRIEND...
THERE!
I SAW 'EM RUSHES MOVE!
SWAMP'S MY ONLY FRIEND...
NOW...
LESSEN SOMEONE COMES T'HELP ME.
SOMEONE FR'M OUTSIDE!
LISTEN!!
SHE'S UP AHEAD!
4


OH, NO!
I'M HOME!
I WEREN'T THINKING WHERE I'S RUNNIN' TO!
CAIN'T LET 'EM FIND HOME...
...FIND PAW AN' MAMMY!
GOTTA LEAD 'EM AWAY!
GOTTA LET 'EM SEE ME AGAIN!
THERE!
THERE SHE IS!
5

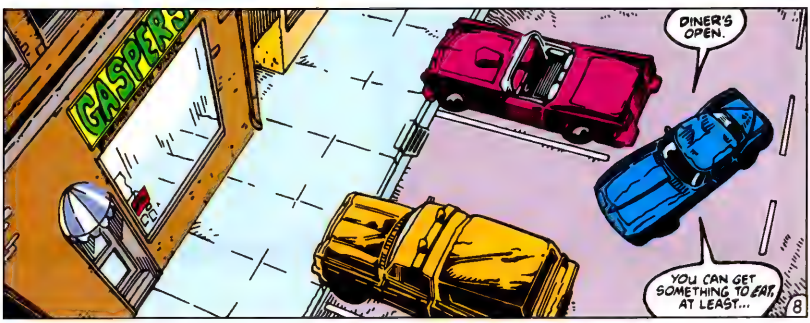

GIT 'ER!
QUICK! QUICK!!
THERE AIN'T MUCH TIME!!
TIME!
WEREN'T THINKIN' 'BOUT THE TIME, EITHER!
IF'N I KIN GIT OUTTA SIGHT...
STAY OUTTA SIGHT 'TIL SUNRISE...
SPLOOSH!
SHE'S... GONE!
D'YOU RECKON SHE'S DROWNDED?
NO.
THAT'D BE TOO EASY.
SHE PROB'LY SWUM T' T' TH'OTHER SIDE. SHE KNOWS IT'D TAKE US HOURS T'CIRCLE ROUND.
IT'S TOO LATE NOW.
DAWN SOON.
THEY'S... LEAVIN'...
6

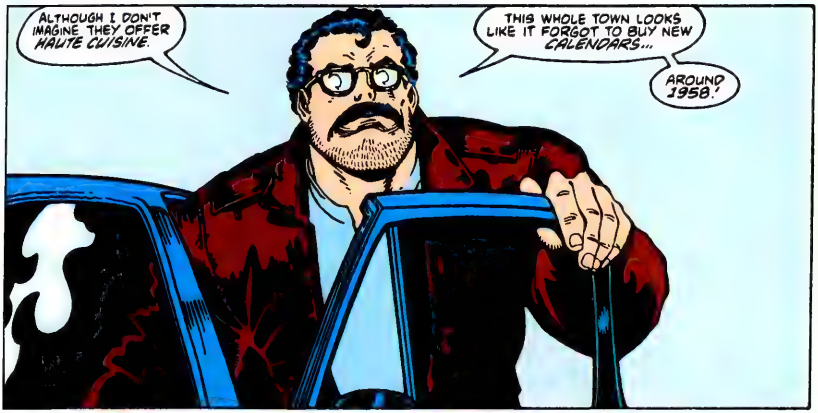

IT WORKED.
I KNOWED THEY'D GIVE UP, THIS CLOSE T' SUNUP.
THEY KNOWS THEY CAIN'T FIND ME IN DAYLIGHT.
BUT...
AH'M SO... TIRED...
SO WEAK...
IF ONLY YOU COULD HE'P ME.
AH'M SO TIRED.
SO HUNGRY.
AIN'T HAD NOTHIN' IN NEARLY TWO DAYS!
NOT SINCE I CAME HOME.
FOUND YOU.
MAMMY!
PAW!!
IT AIN'T FAIR!!
I KNOWED I NEVER SHOULDA GONE AWAY!
BUT YOU WANTED ME T'SEE TH' BIG CITY!
WANTED ME TO GIT A EDJUCASHUN.
WELL, AH GOT ONE, ALL RIGHT.
BUT NOT OUT THERE.
I GOT IT RIGHT HERE...
7

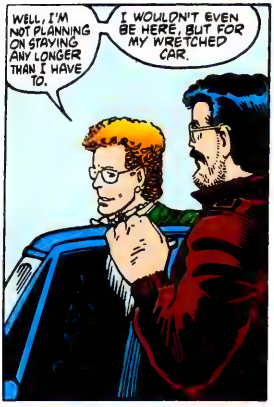


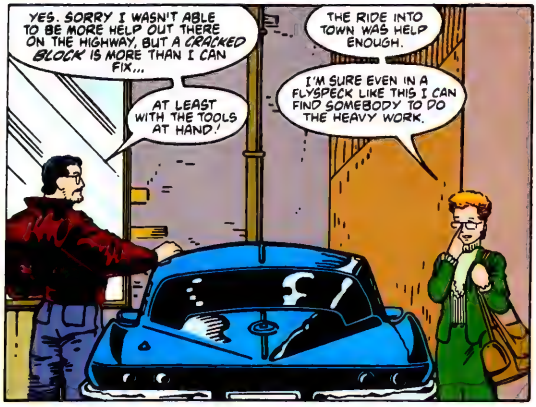
THE SOUND OF HER WEEPING FADES WITH THE NIGHT SOUNDS OF THE GREAT BAYOU.

NIGHT TURNS TO DAY, AND BACK TO NIGHT AGAIN. THREE TIMES. THEN...

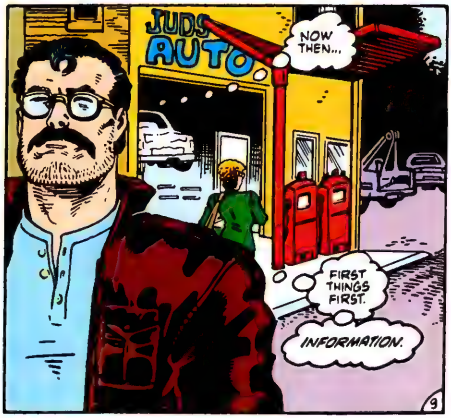


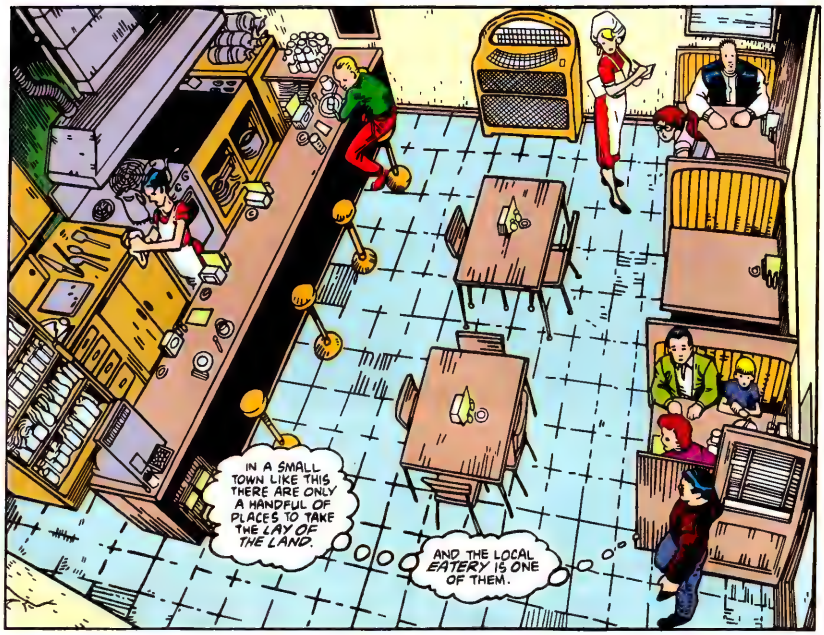

ALTHOUGH I DON'T IMAGINE THEY OFFER HAUTE CUISINE.
THIS WHOLE TOWN LOOKS LIKE IT FORGOT TO BUY NEW CALENDARS...
AROUND 1958!


WELL, I'M NOT PLANNING ON STAYING ANY LONGER THAN I HAVE TO.
I WOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE, BUT FOR MY WRETCHED CAR.


YES. SORRY I WASN'T ABLE TO BE MORE HELP OUT THERE ON THE HIGHWAY, BUT A CRACKED BLOCK IS MORE THAN I CAN FIX...
AT LEAST WITH THE TOOLS AT HAND!
THE RIDE INTO TOWN WAS HELP ENOUGH.
I'M SURE EVEN IN A FLYSPECK LIKE THIS I CAN FIND SOMEBODY TO DO THE HEAVY WORK.

IN FACT, I THINK I'LL SKIP DINNER AND SEE IF I CAN FIND A MECHANIC INTERESTED IN A LITTLE OVERTIME!
THANKS AGAIN, MR. SMITH.
MY PLEASURE, MS. CARSON.


JUD'S AUTO
NOW THEN...
FIRST THINGS FIRST.
INFORMATION.


IN A SMALL TOWN LIKE THIS THERE ARE ONLY A HANDFUL OF PLACES TO TAKE THE LAY OF THE LAND.
AND THE LOCAL EATERY IS ONE OF THEM.

WELL, HELL-O HANDSOME STRANGER!
Y'ALL NEED A MENU?

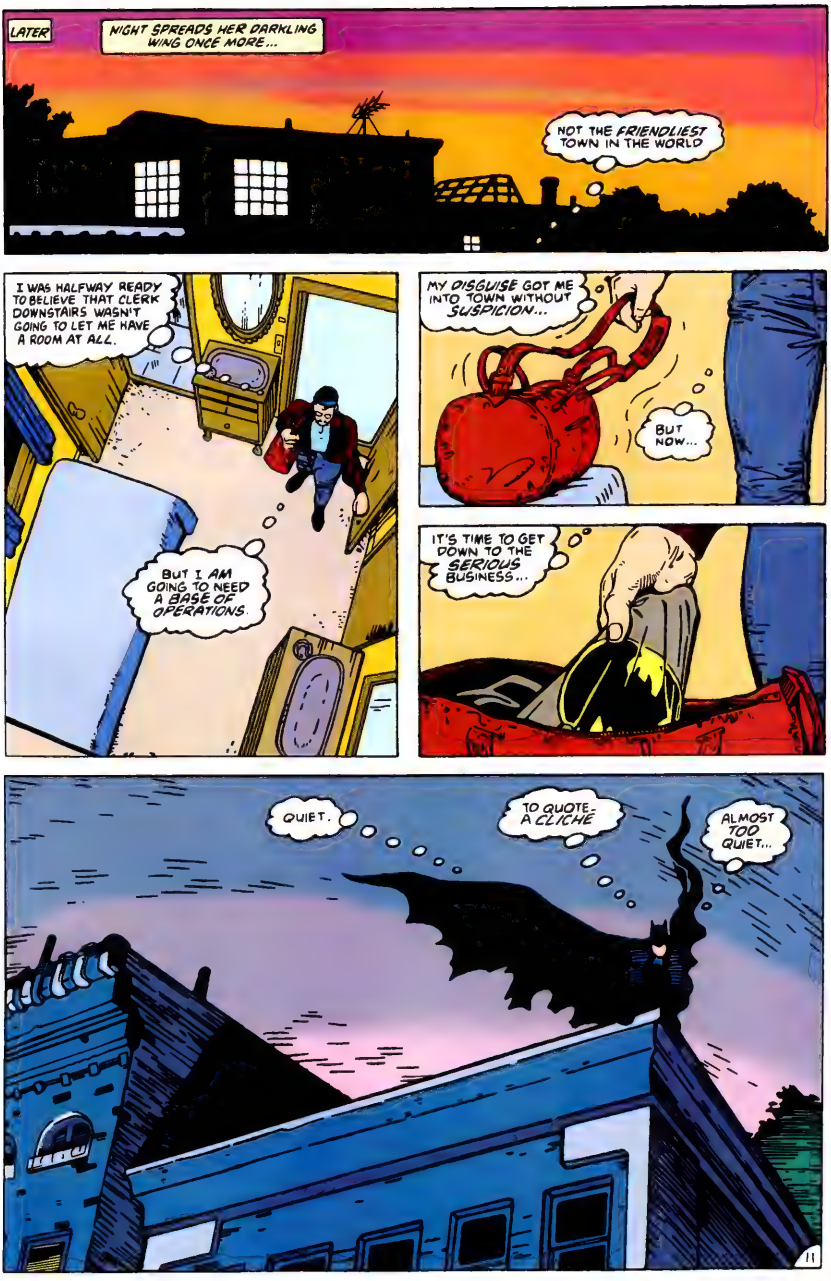
NO.
JUST A CUP OF THAT GREAT-SMELLING COFFEE...
MENU
AND MAYBE THE NAME OF A GOOD HOTEL...

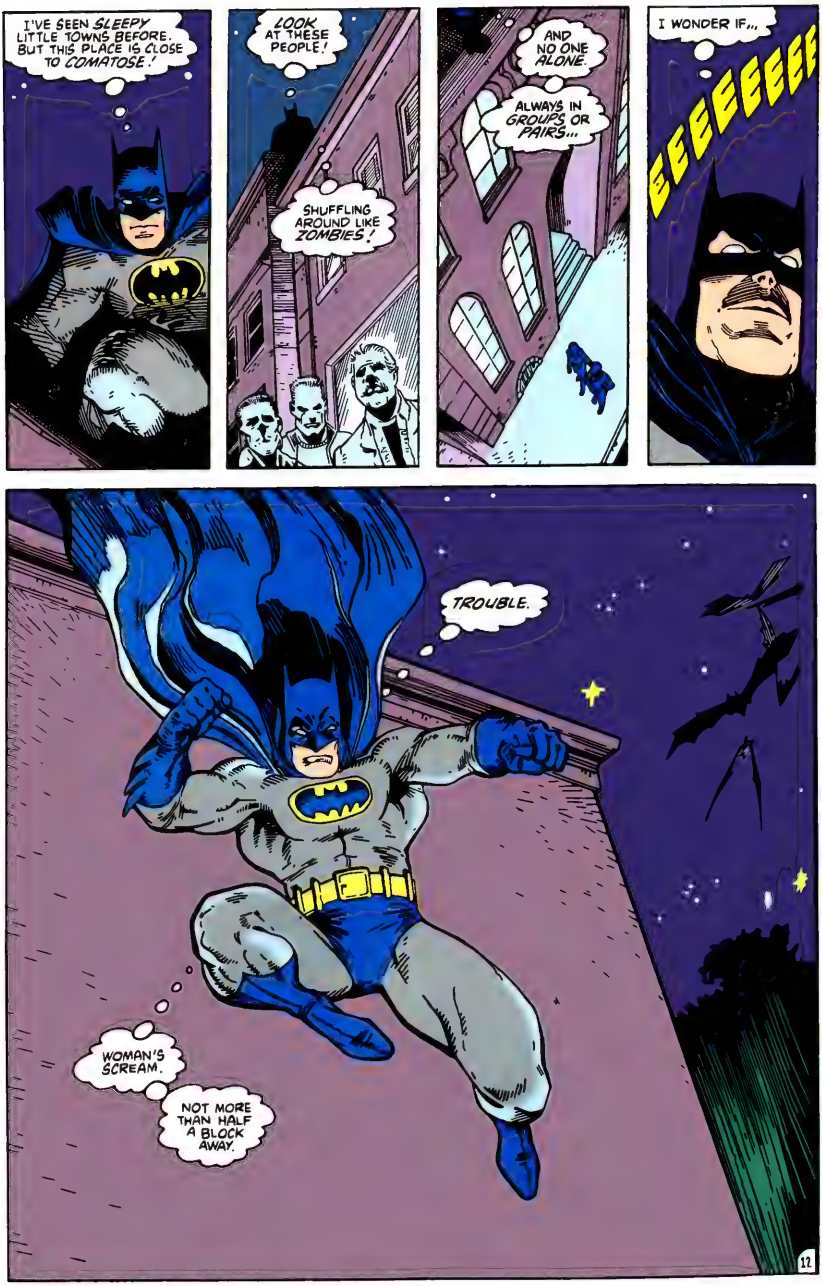
WHY, SHO, HONEY!
TRY O-GRADY'S, DOWN T'TH'...
MENU

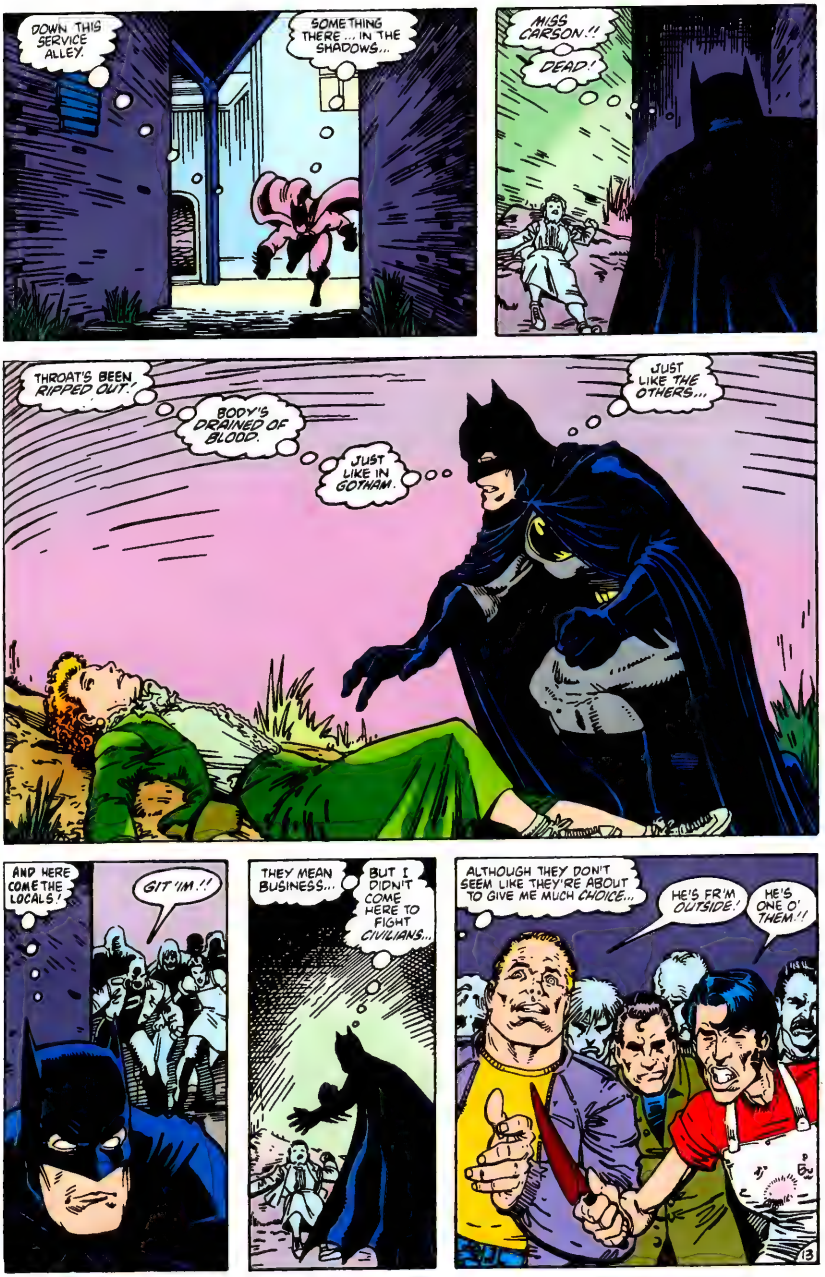
GIRL... AIN'T Y'ALL GOT DISHES TO BE PICKIN' UP?

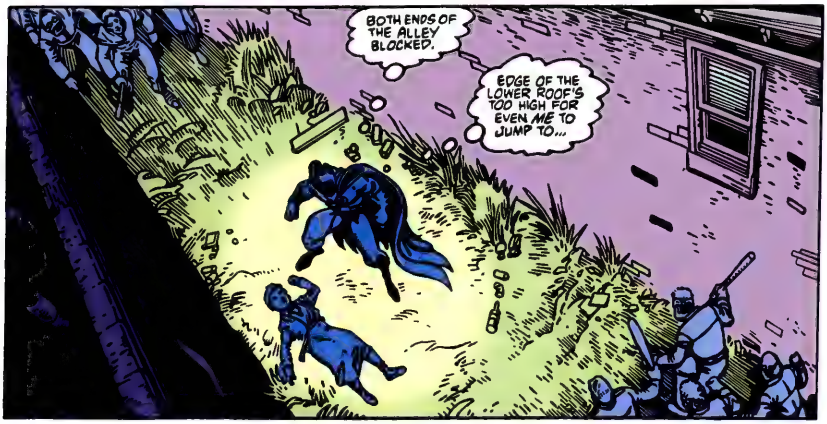
OH... ER... YEH.
SORRY. CLOVIS.

UM HMMMM


LATER
NIGHT SPREADS HER DARKLING WING ONCE MORE...
NOT THE FRIENDLIEST TOWN IN THE WORLD
I WAS HALFWAY READY TO BELIEVE THAT CLERK DOWNSTAIRS WASN'T GOING TO LET ME HAVE A ROOM AT ALL.
BUT I AM GOING TO NEED A BASE OF OPERATIONS.
MY DISGUISE GOT ME INTO TOWN WITHOUT SUSPICION...
BUT NOW...
IT'S TIME TO GET DOWN TO THE SERIOUS BUSINESS...
QUIET.
TO QUOTE A CLICHE
ALMOST TOO QUIET...
11

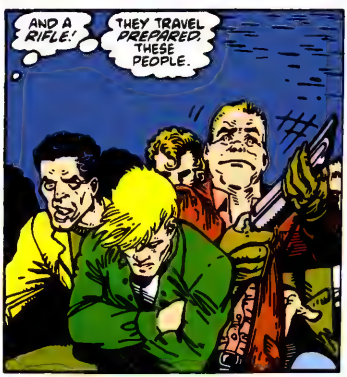

I'VE SEEN SLEEPY LITTLE TOWNS BEFORE. BUT THIS PLACE IS CLOSE TO COMATOSE!
LOOK AT THESE PEOPLE!
SHUFFLING AROUND LIKE ZOMBIES!
AND NO ONE ALONE.
ALWAYS IN GROUPS OR PAIRS...
I WONDER IF...
EEEEEEEE
TROUBLE.
WOMAN'S SCREAM.
NOT MORE THAN HALF A BLOCK AWAY.
12


DOWN THIS SERVICE ALLEY.
SOMETHING THERE... IN THE SHADOWS...
MISS CARSON!!
DEAD!
THROAT'S BEEN RIPPED OUT.
BODY'S DRAINED OF BLOOD.
JUST LIKE IN GOTHAM.
JUST LIKE THE OTHERS...
AND HERE COME THE LOCALS!
GIT 'IM!!
THEY MEAN BUSINESS...
BUT I DIDN'T COME HERE TO FIGHT CIVILIANS...
ALTHOUGH THEY DON'T SEEM LIKE THEY'RE ABOUT TO GIVE ME MUCH CHOICE...
HE'S FR'M OUTSIDE!
HE'S ONE O' THEM!!
13


BOTH ENDS OF THE ALLEY BLOCKED.
EDGE OF THE LOWER ROOF'S TOO HIGH FOR EVEN ME TO JUMP TO...

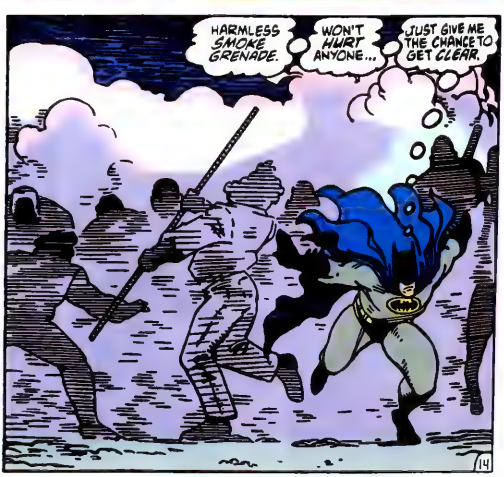
LOOKS LIKE I FIGHT.
STOP 'IM!
SPINE 'IM!

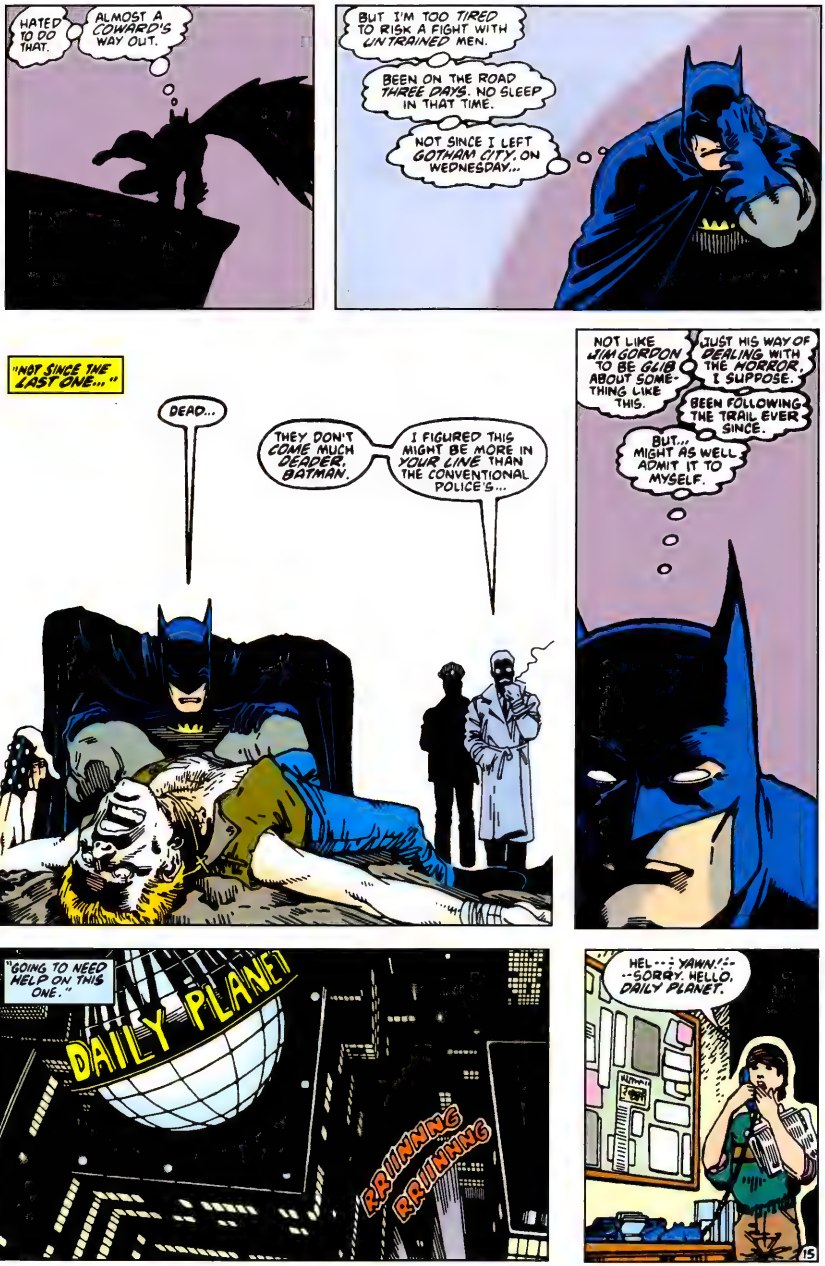
INTERESTING.
WOODEN STAKES...
CLUBS AND PITCHFORKS...

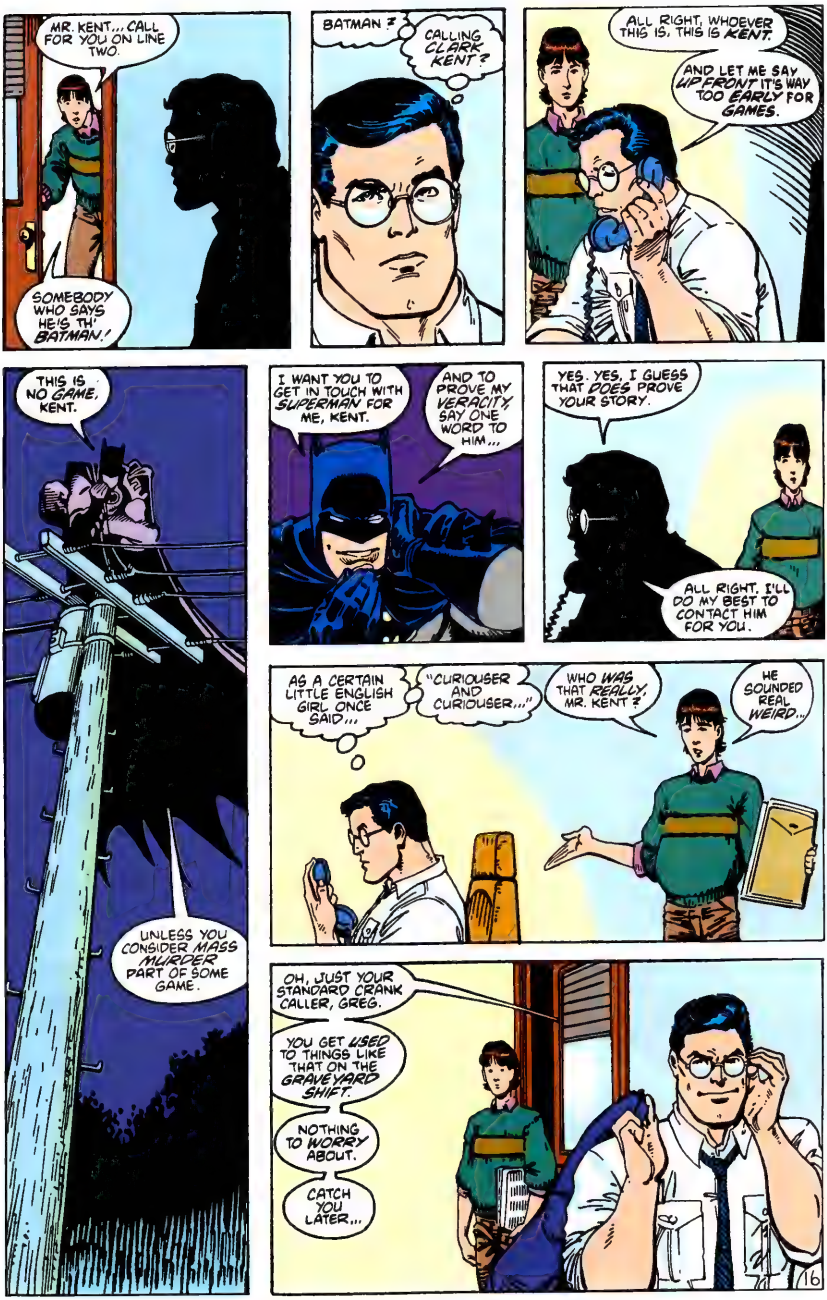

AND A RIFLE!
THEY TRAVEL PREPARED. THESE PEOPLE.

BUT THEN...

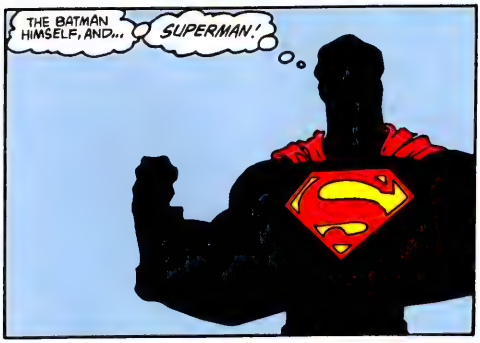
SO DO I!

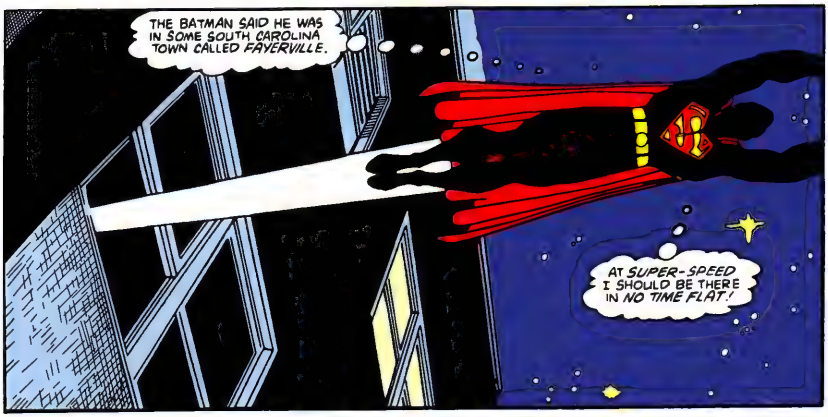

HARMLESS SMOKE GRENADE.
WON'T HURT ANYONE...
JUST GIVE ME THE CHANCE TO GET CLEAR.

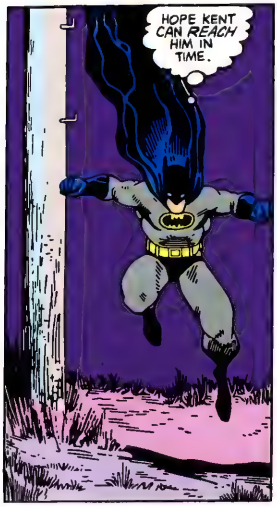

HATED TO DO THAT.
ALMOST A COWARD'S WAY OUT.
BUT I'M TOO TIRED TO RISK A FIGHT WITH UNTRAINED MEN.
BEEN ON THE ROAD THREE DAYS. NO SLEEP IN THAT TIME.
NOT SINCE I LEFT GOTHAM CITY, ON WEDNESDAY...
"NOT SINCE THE LAST ONE..."
DEAD..
THEY DON'T COME MUCH DEADER, BATMAN.
I FIGURED THIS MIGHT BE MORE IN YOUR LINE THAN THE CONVENTIONAL POLICE'S...
NOT LIKE JIM GORDON TO BE GLIB ABOUT SOMETHING LIKE THIS.
JUST HIS WAY OF DEALING WITH THE HORROR, I SUPPOSE.
BEEN FOLLOWING THE TRAIL EVER SINCE.
BUT... MIGHT AS WELL ADMIT IT TO MYSELF.
"GOING TO NEED HELP ON THIS ONE."
DAILY PLANET
RRIINNNG
RRIINNNG
HEL---: YAWN!--
--SORRY. HELLO, DAILY PLANET.
15

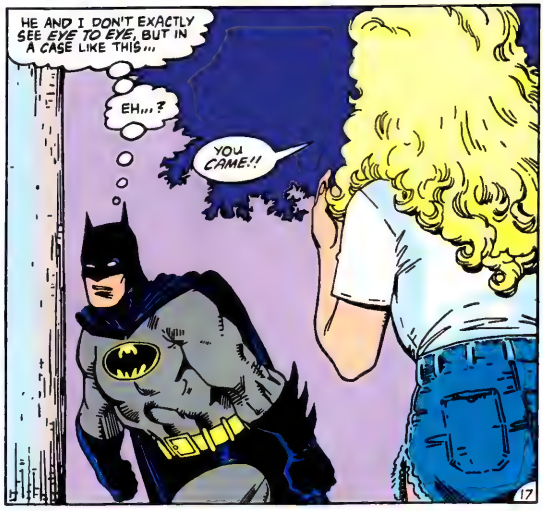

MR. KENT... CALL FOR YOU ON LINE TWO.
SOMEBODY WHO SAYS HE IS TH' BATMAN!
BATMAN?
CALLING CLARK KENT?
ALL RIGHT, WHOEVER THIS IS, THIS IS KENT.
AND LET ME SAY UP FRONT IT'S WAY TOO EARLY FOR GAMES.
THIS IS NO GAME, KENT.
UNLESS YOU CONSIDER MASS MURDER PART OF SOME GAME.
I WANT YOU TO GET IN TOUCH WITH SUPERMAN FOR ME, KENT.
AND TO PROVE MY VERACITY, SAY ONE WORD TO HIM...
YES. YES, I GUESS THAT DOES PROVE YOUR STORY.
ALL RIGHT. I'LL DO MY BEST TO CONTACT HIM FOR YOU.
AS A CERTAIN LITTLE ENGLISH GIRL ONCE SAID...
"CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER..."
WHO WAS THAT REALLY, MR. KENT?
HE SOUNDED REAL WEIRD...
OH, JUST YOUR STANDARD CRANK CALLER, GREG.
YOU GET USED TO THINGS LIKE THAT ON THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT.
NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.
CATCH YOU LATER...

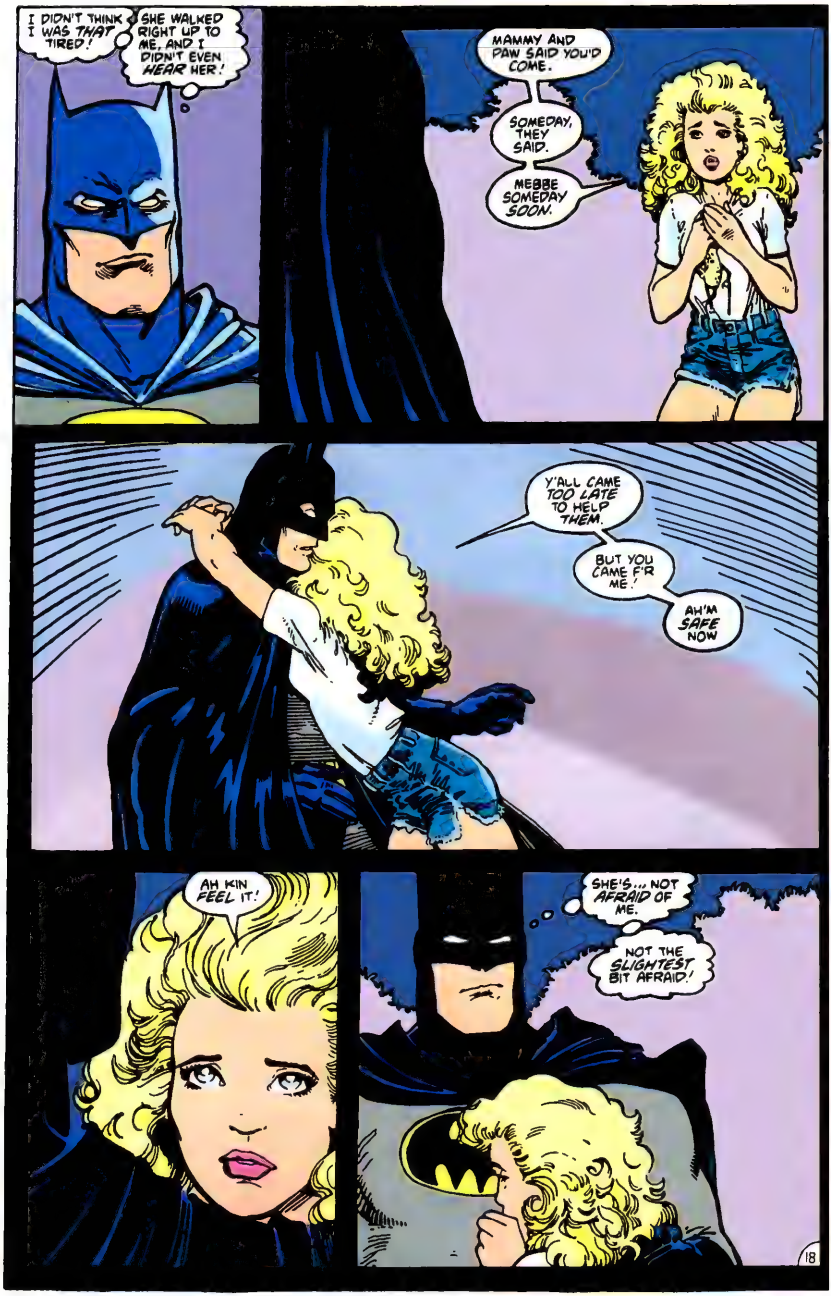
QUITE A BIT LATER.
THAT WAS THE BATMAN ON THE PHONE.
HIS PROOF OF IDENTITY WAS ONE WORD: MAGPIE.
AND THERE ARE ONLY TWO PEOPLE WHO KNOW ABOUT OUR MUTUAL INVOLVEMENT IN THAT PARTICULAR CASE.

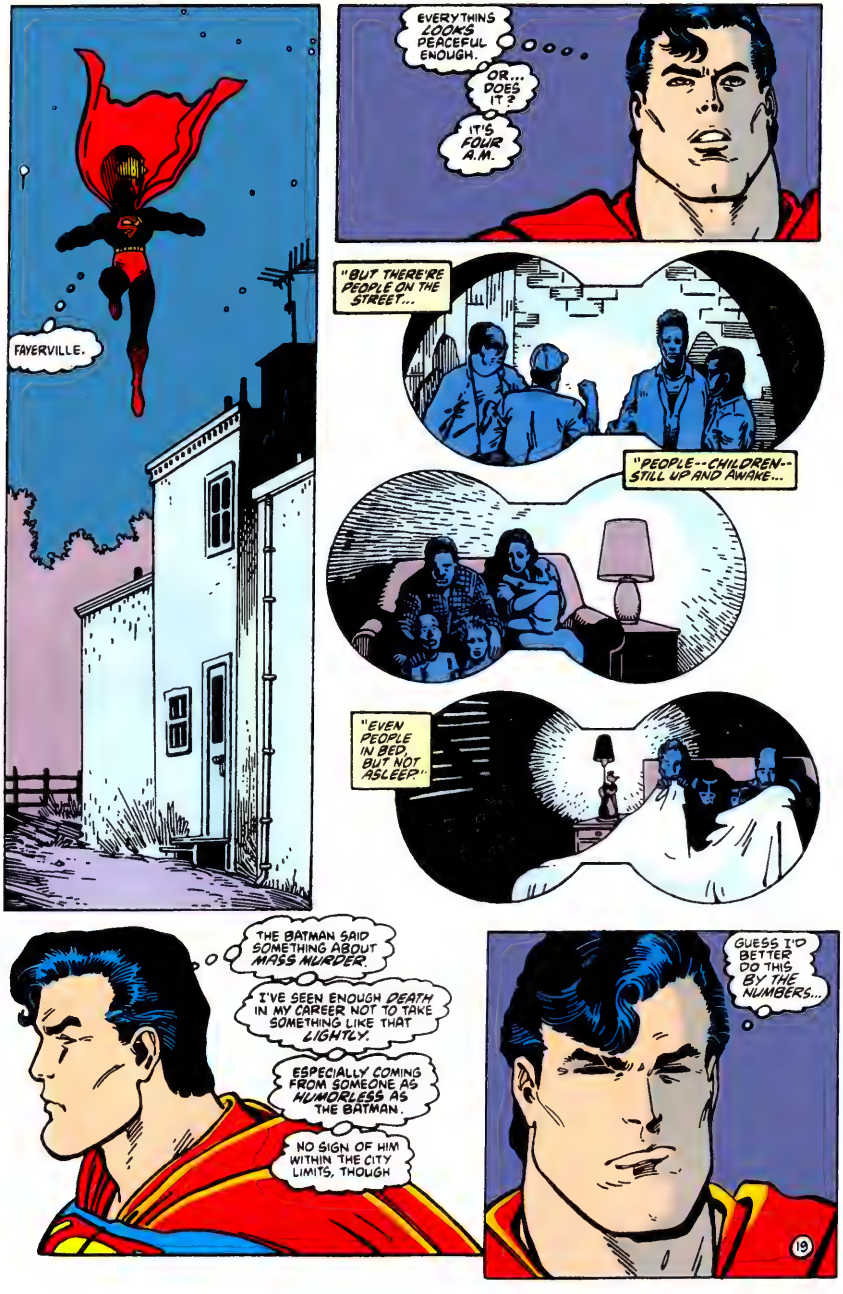

THE BATMAN HIMSELF, AND...
SUPERMAN!

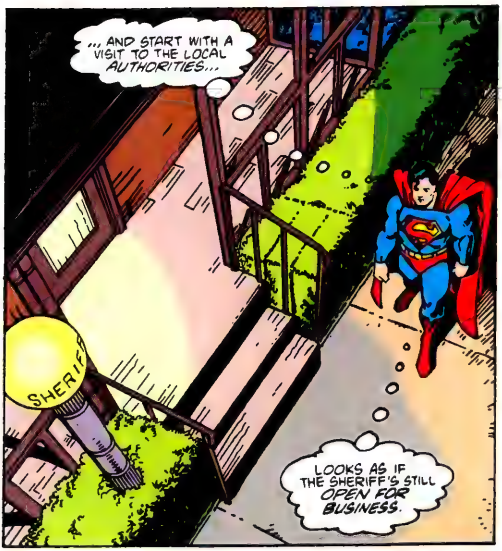

THE BATMAN SAID HE WAS IN SOME SOUTH CAROLINA TOWN CALLED FAYERVILLE.
AT SUPER-SPEED I SHOULD BE THERE IN NO TIME FLAT!

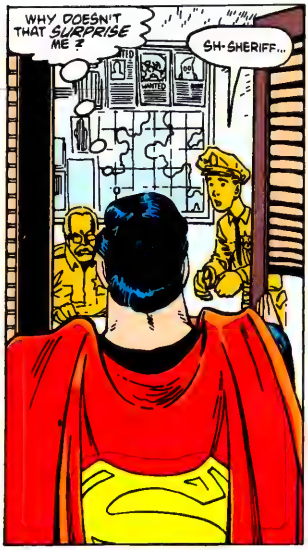

HOPE KENT CAN REACH HIM IN TIME.

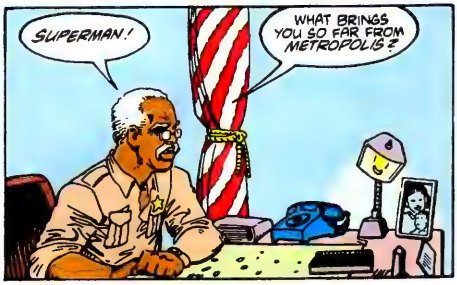

HE AND I DON'T EXACTLY SEE EYE TO EYE, BUT IN A CASE LIKE THIS...
EH...?
YOU CAME!!


I DIDN'T THINK I WAS THAT TIRED!
SHE WALKED RIGHT UP TO ME, AND I DIDN'T EVEN HEAR HER!
MAMMY AND PAW SAID YOU'D COME.
SOMEDAY, THEY SAID.
MEBBE SOMEDAY SOON.
Y'ALL CAME TOO LATE TO HELP THEM.
BUT YOU CAME F'R ME.
AH'M SAFE NOW
AH KIN FEEL IT!
SHE'S... NOT AFRAID OF ME.
NOT THE SLIGHTEST BIT AFRAID!
18

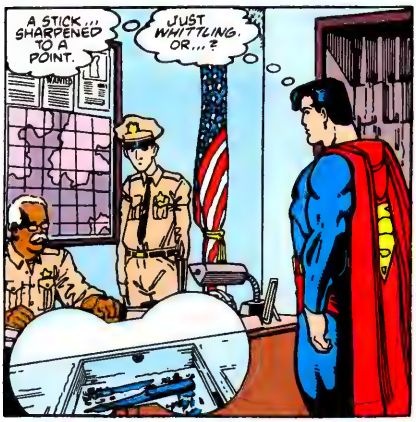

FAYERVILLE.
EVERYTHING LOOKS PEACEFUL ENOUGH.
OR... DOES IT?
IT'S FOUR A.M.
"BUT THERE'RE PEOPLE ON THE STREET...
"PEOPLE--CHILDREN--STILL UP AND AWAKE...
"EVEN PEOPLE IN BED, BUT NOT ASLEEP."
THE BATMAN SAID SOMETHING ABOUT MASS MURDER.
I'VE SEEN ENOUGH DEATH IN MY CAREER NOT TO TAKE SOMETHING LIKE THAT LIGHTLY.
ESPECIALLY COMING FROM SOMEONE AS HUMORLESS AS THE BATMAN.
NO SIGN OF HIM WITHIN THE CITY LIMITS, THOUGH
GUESS I'D BETTER DO THIS BY THE NUMBERS...
19


... AND START WITH A VISIT TO THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES...
SHERIFF
LOOKS AS IF THE SHERIFF'S STILL OPEN FOR BUSINESS.

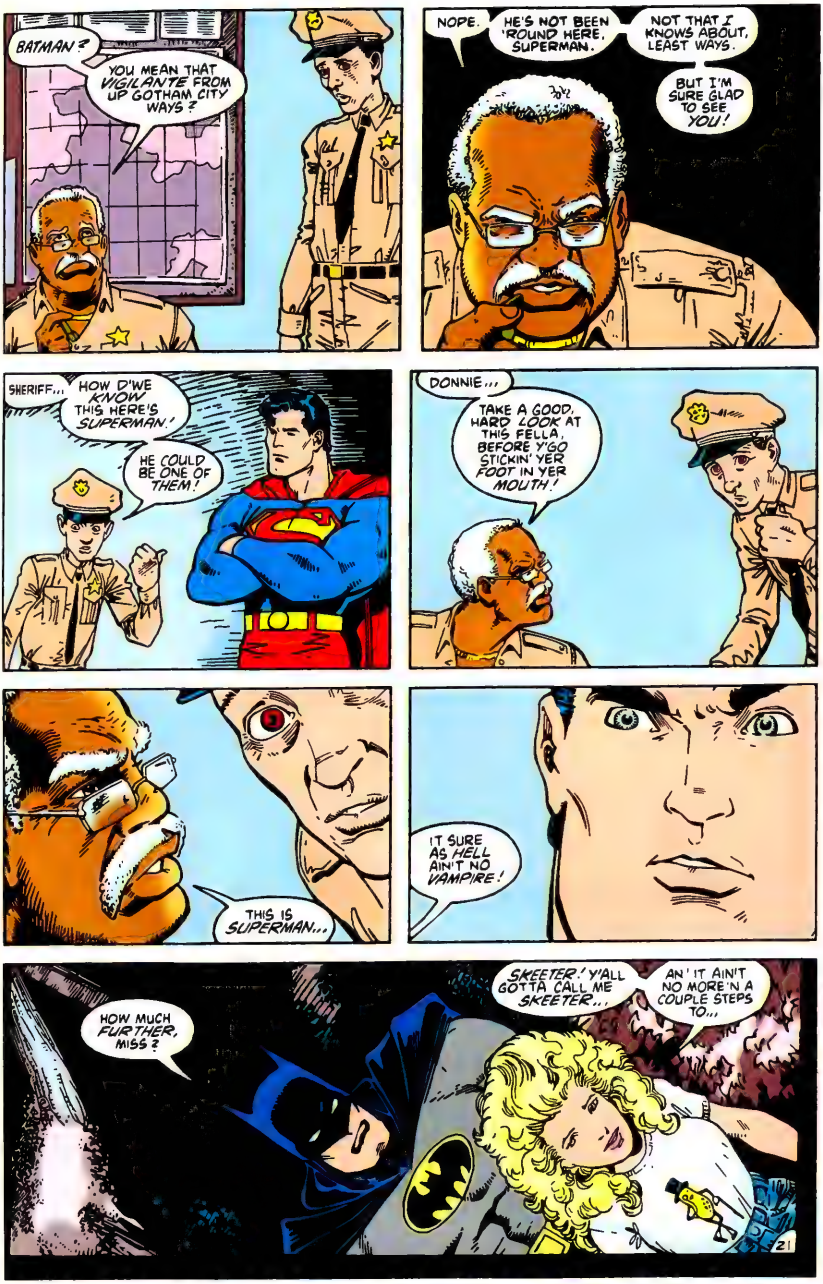

WHY DOESN'T THAT SURPRISE ME?
SH-SHERIFF...
WANTED

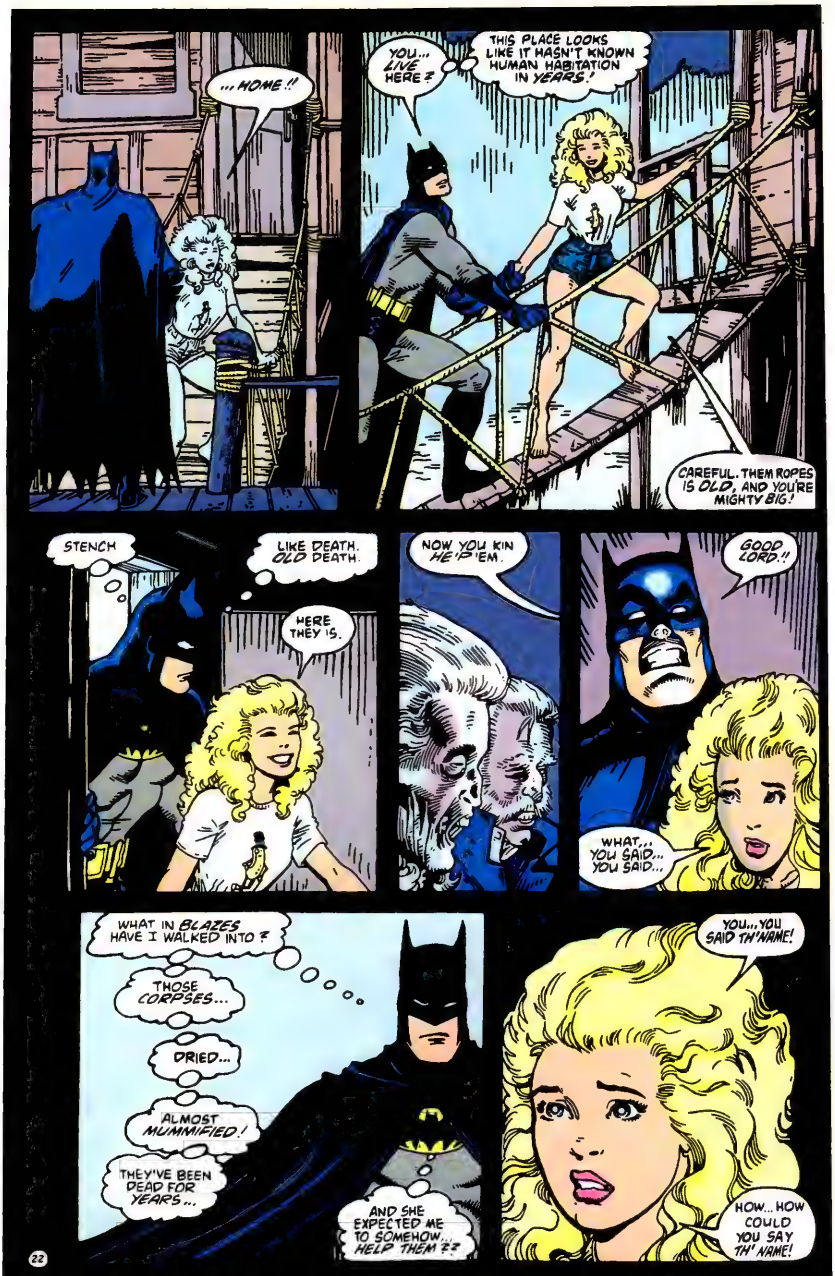

SUPERMAN!
WHAT BRINGS YOU SO FAR FROM METROPOLIS?

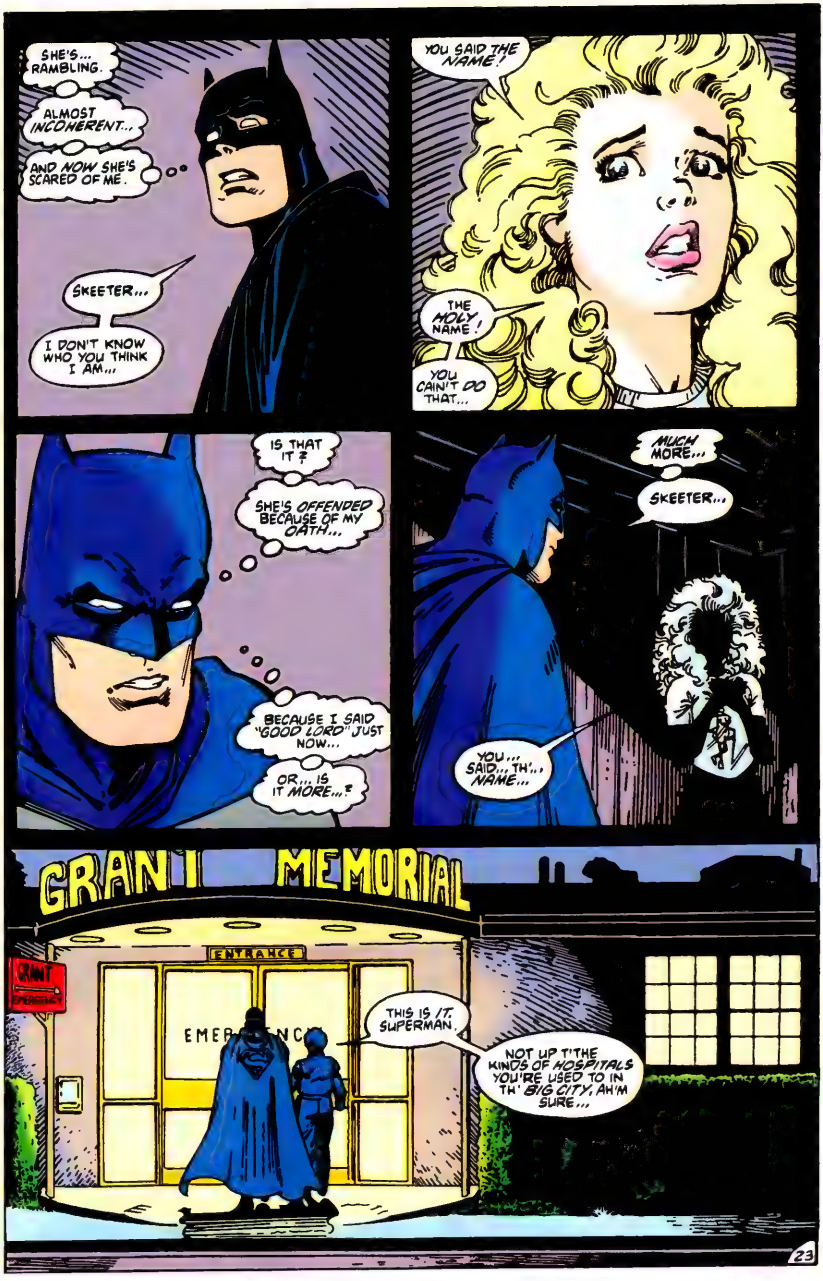
I WAS HOPING YOU COULD TELL ME, SHERIFF...

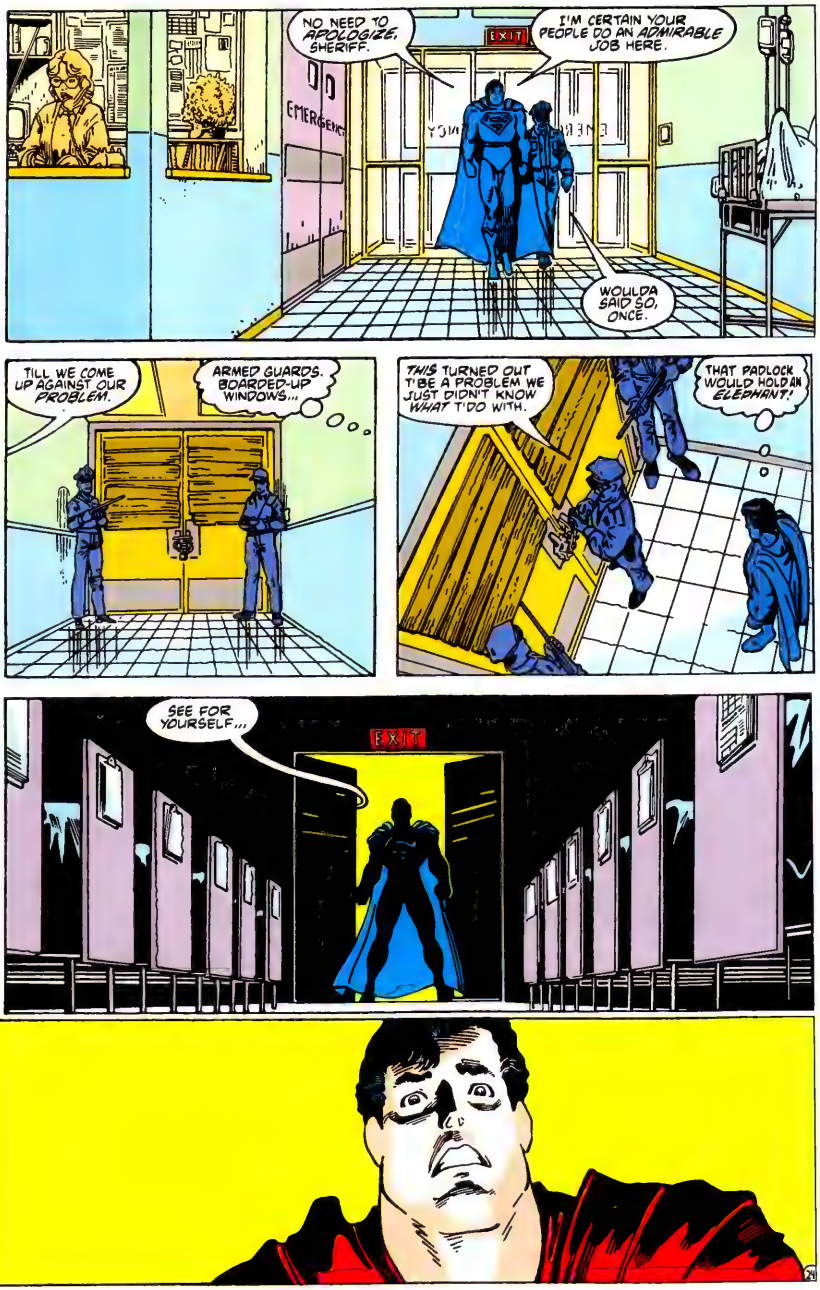

A STICK... SHARPENED TO A POINT.
JUST WHITTLING. OR...?
WANTED

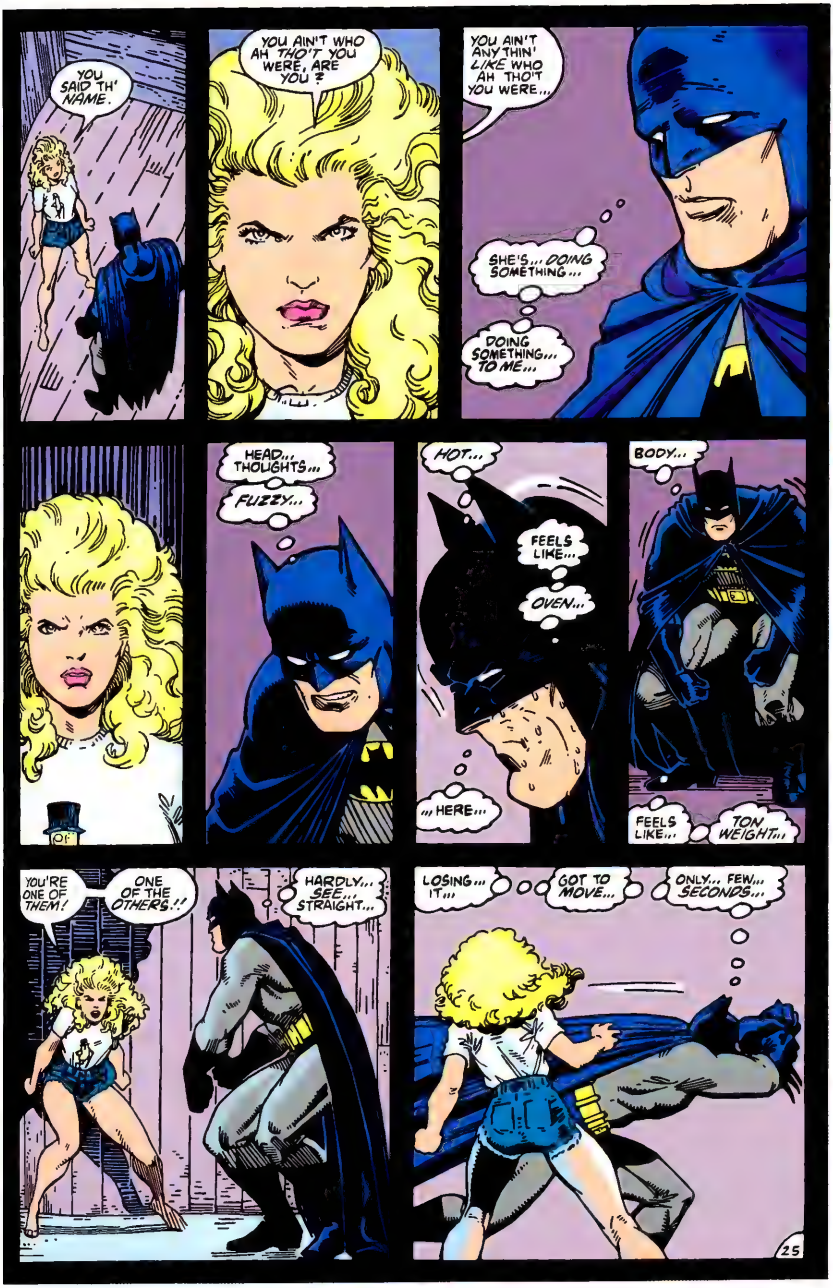
I WAS WONDERING IF MAYBE THE BATMAN HAD BEEN IN TOUCH WITH YOU...
WANTED
SHERIFF

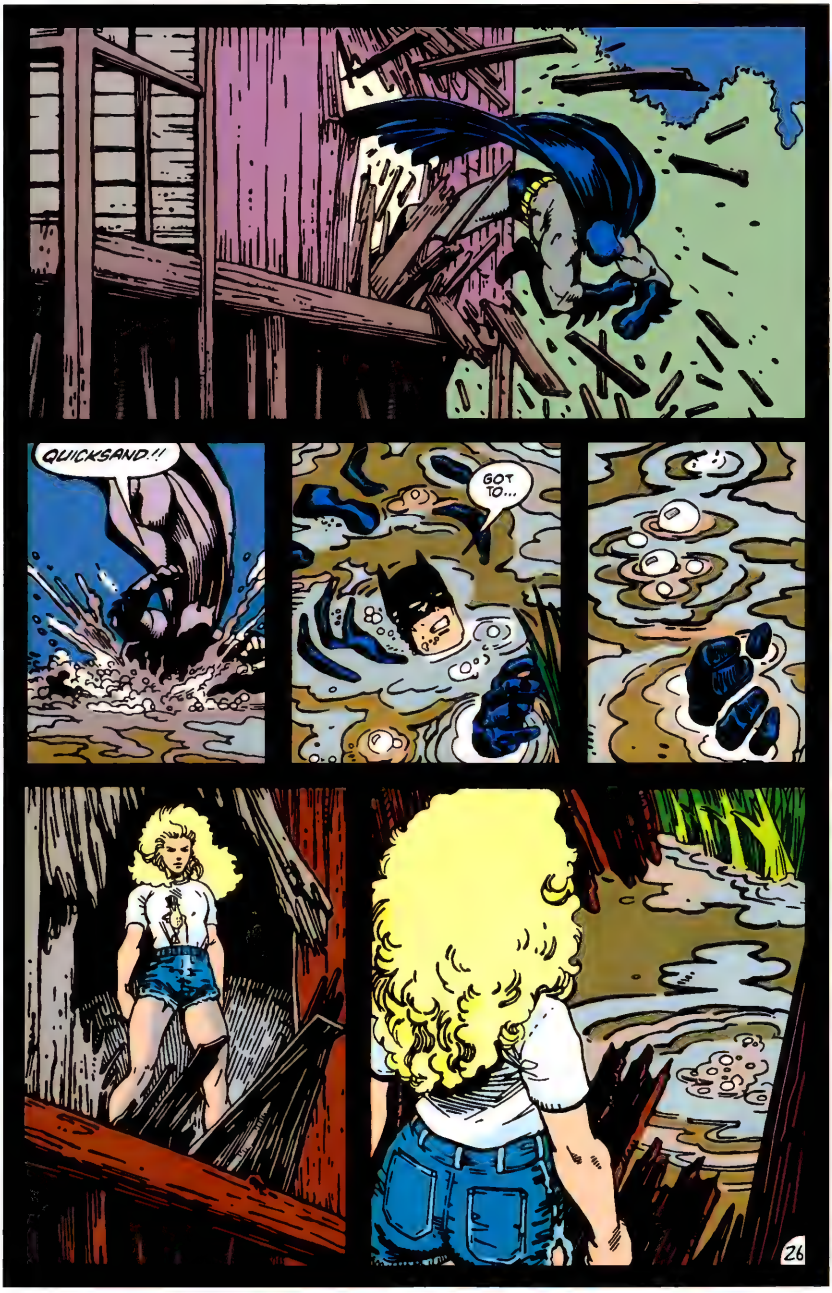

BATMAN?
YOU MEAN THAT VIGILANTE FROM UP GOTHAM CITY WAYS?
NOPE.
HE'S NOT BEEN 'ROUND HERE, SUPERMAN.
NOT THAT I KNOWS ABOUT, LEAST WAYS.
BUT I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU!
SHERIFF...
HOW D'WE KNOW THIS HERE'S SUPERMAN!
HE COULD BE ONE OF THEM!
DONNIE...
TAKE A GOOD, HARD LOOK AT THIS FELLA, BEFORE Y'GO STICKIN' YER FOOT IN YER MOUTH!
THIS IS SUPERMAN...
IT SURE AS HELL AIN'T NO VAMPIRE!
HOW MUCH FURTHER, MISS?
SKEETER! Y'ALL GOTTA CALL ME SKEETER...
AN' IT AIN'T NO MORE'N A COUPLE STEPS TO...
21

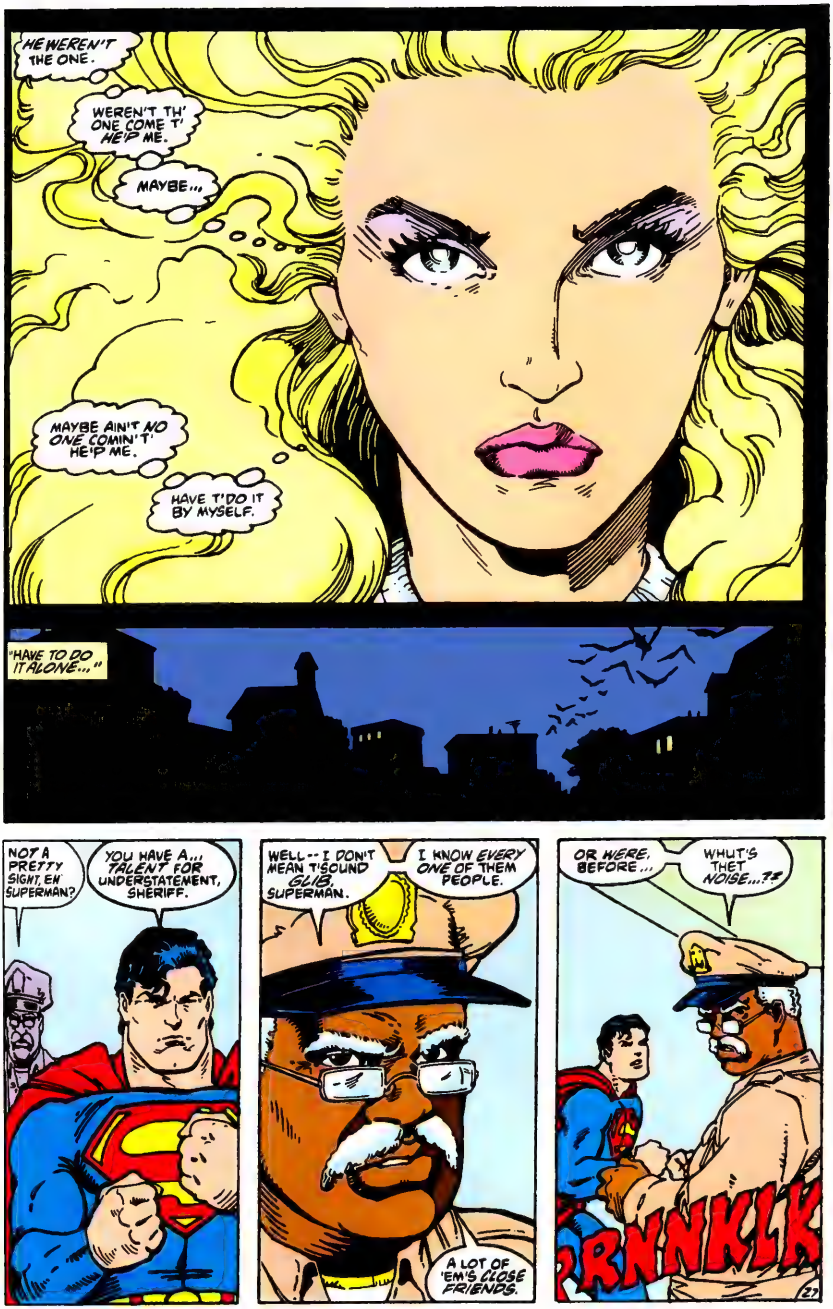

...HOME!!
YOU... LIVE HERE?
THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE IT HASN'T KNOWN HUMAN HABITATION IN YEARS!
CAREFUL. THEM ROPES IS OLD, AND YOU'RE MIGHTY BIG!
STENCH
LIKE DEATH. OLD DEATH.
HERE THEY IS.
NOW YOU KIN HE'P 'EM.
GOOD LORD!!
WHAT... YOU SAID... YOU SAID...
WHAT IN BLAZES HAVE I WALKED INTO?
THOSE CORPSES...
DRIED...
ALMOST MUMMIFIED!
THEY'VE BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS...
AND SHE EXPECTED ME TO SOMEHOW... HELP THEM??
YOU... YOU SAID TH'NAME!
HOW... HOW COULD YOU SAY TH' NAME!

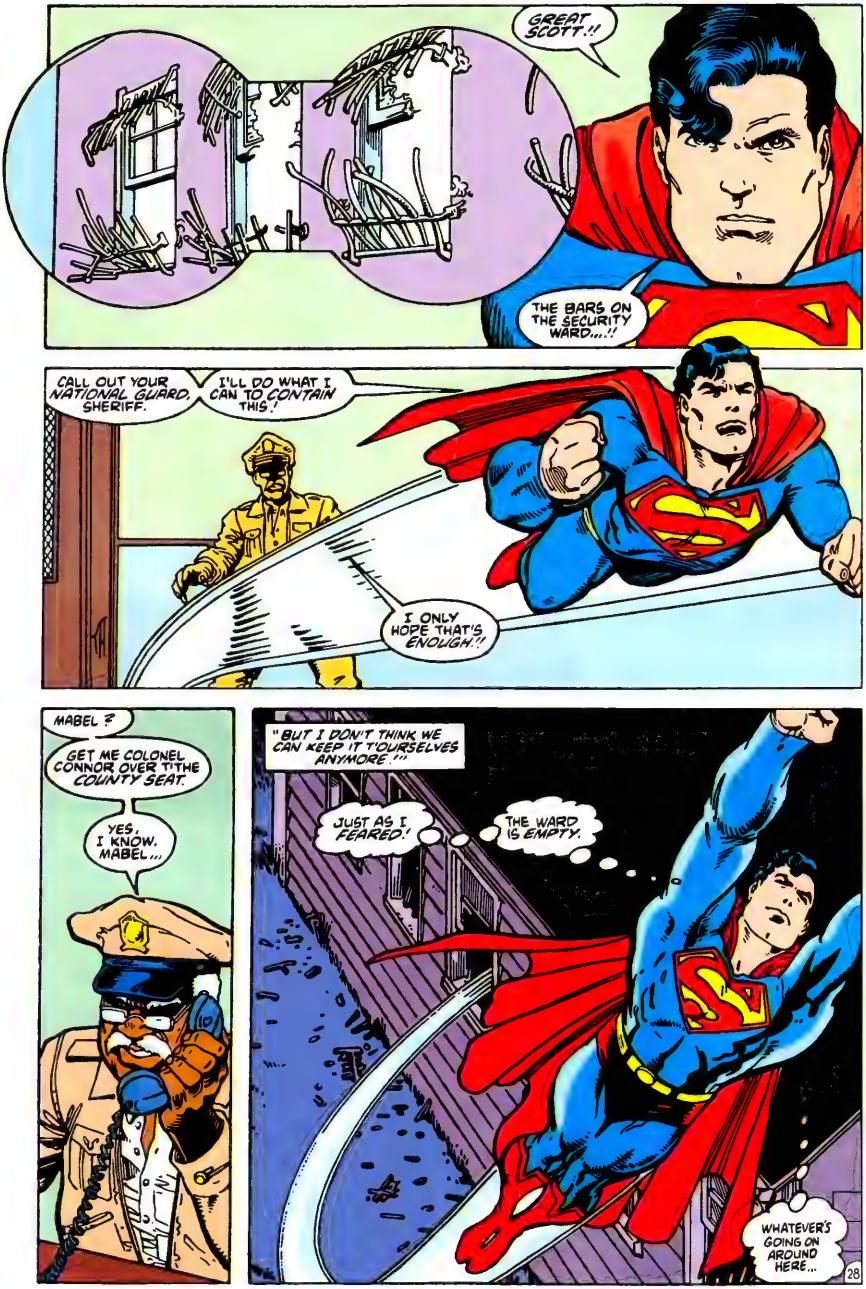

SHE'S... RAMBLING.
ALMOST INCOHERENT...
AND NOW SHE'S SCARED OF ME.
SKEETER...
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU THINK I AM...
YOU SAID THE NAME!
THE HOLY NAME!
YOU CAIN'T DO THAT...
IS THAT IT?
SHE'S OFFENDED BECAUSE OF MY OATH...
BECAUSE I SAID "GOOD LORD" JUST NOW...
OR... IS IT MORE...?
MUCH MORE...
SKEETER...
YOU... SAID... TH'... NAME...
GRANT MEMORIAL
ENTRANCE
GRANT
EMERGENCY
THIS IS IT, SUPERMAN.
NOT UP T'THE KINDS OF HOSPITALS YOU'RE USED TO IN TH' BIG CITY, AH'M SURE...

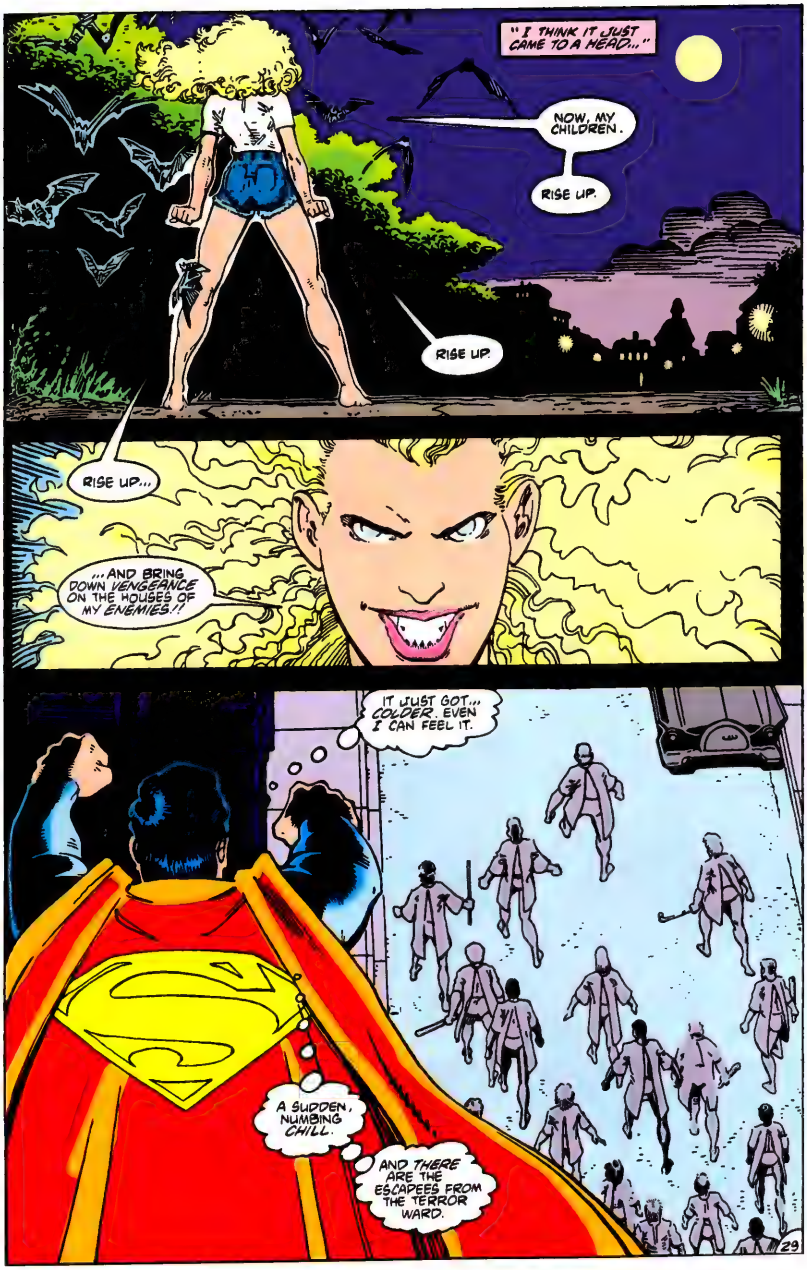

NO NEED TO APOLOGIZE, SHERIFF.
I'M CERTAIN YOUR PEOPLE DO AN ADMIRABLE JOB HERE.
EXIT
EMERGENCY
WOULDA SAID SO, ONCE.
TILL WE COME UP AGAINST OUR PROBLEM.
ARMED GUARDS. BOARDED-UP WINDOWS...
THIS TURNED OUT T'BE A PROBLEM WE JUST DIDN'T KNOW WHAT T'DO WITH.
THAT PADLOCK WOULD HOLD AN ELEPHANT!
SEE FOR YOURSELF...
EXIT

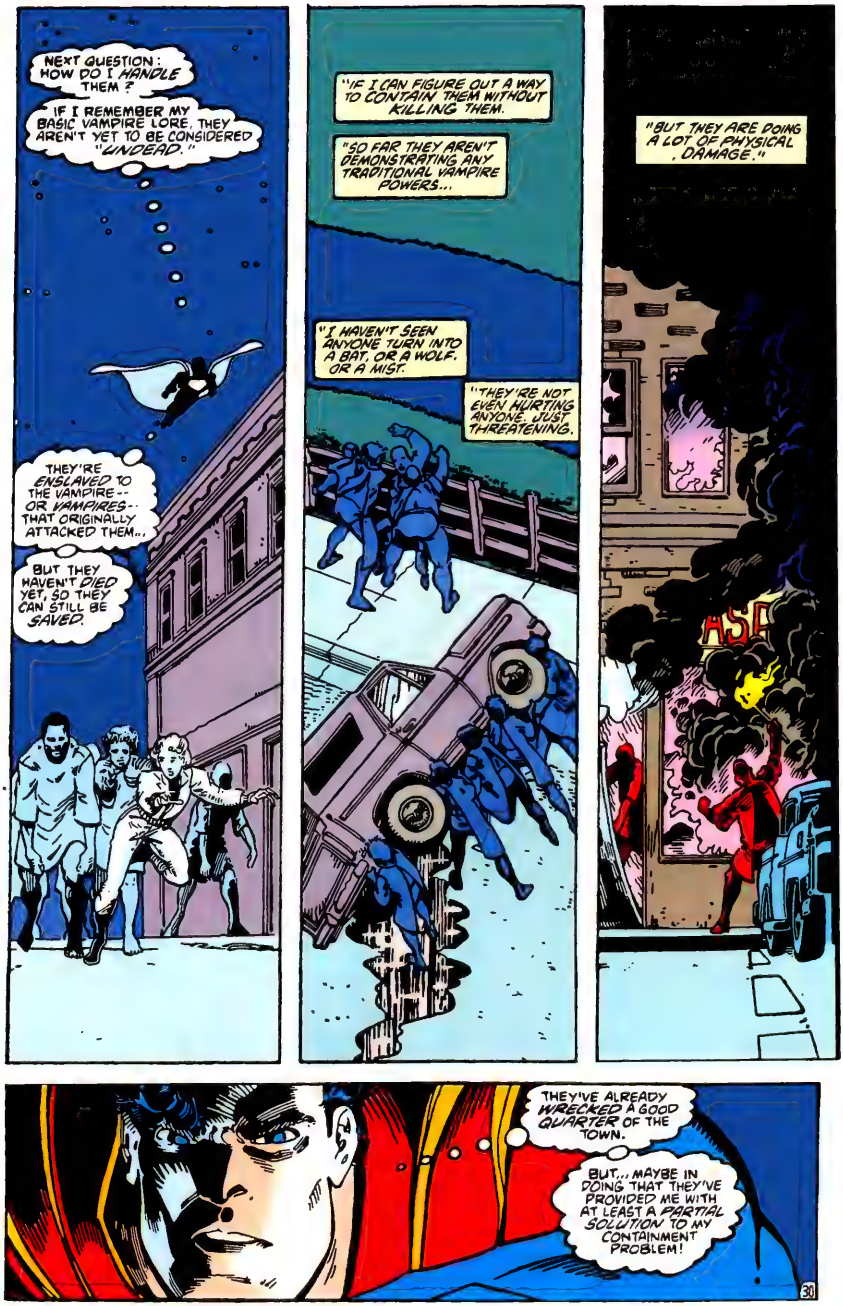

YOU SAID TH' NAME.
YOU AIN'T WHO AH THO'T YOU WERE, ARE YOU ?
YOU AIN'T ANY THIN' LIKE WHO AH THO'T YOU WERE...
SHE'S... DOING SOMETHING...
DOING SOMETHING... TO ME...
HEAD... THOUGHTS...
FUZZY...
HOT...
FEELS LIKE...
OVEN...
...HERE...
BODY...
FEELS LIKE...
TON WEIGHT...
YOU'RE ONE OF THEM!
ONE OF THE OTHERS.!!
HARDLY... SEE... STRAIGHT...
LOSING... IT...
GOT TO MOVE...
ONLY... FEW... SECONDS...
25

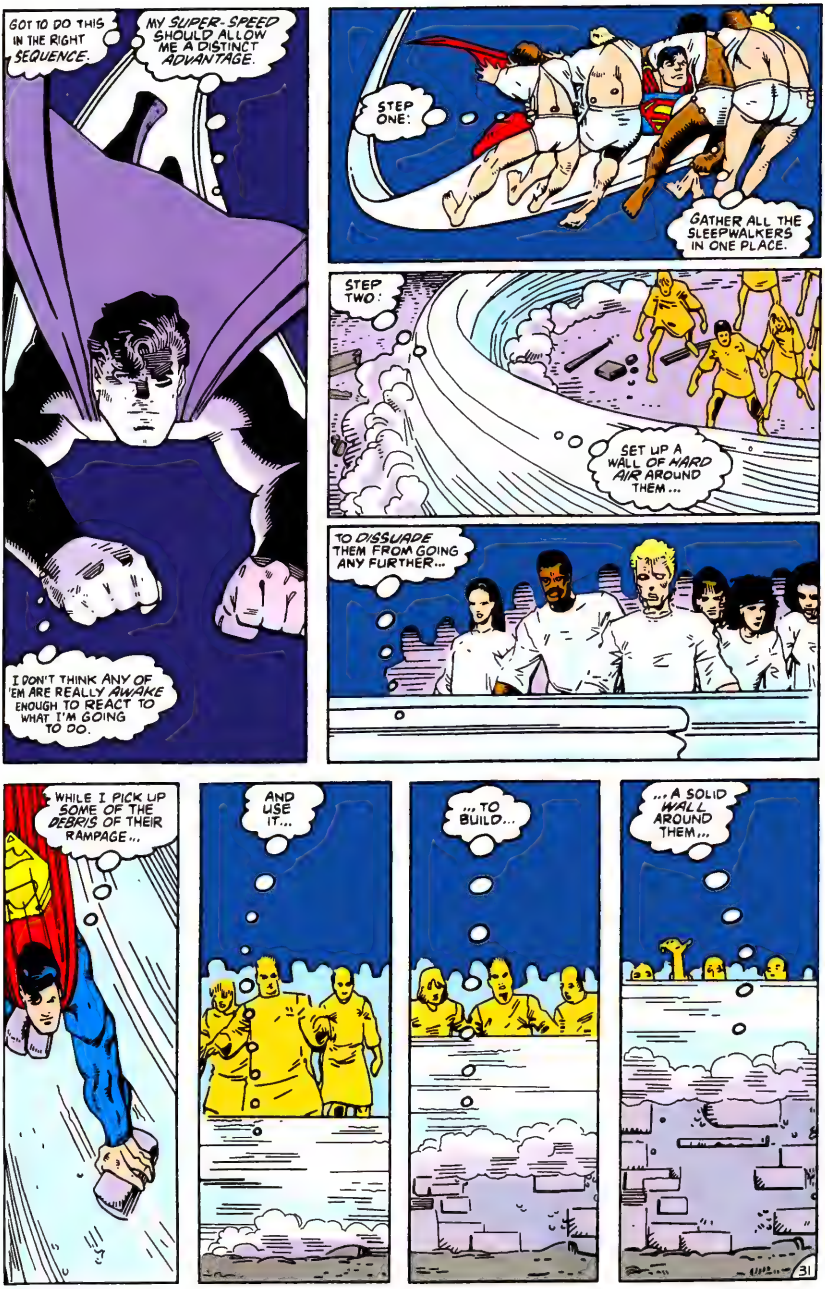

QUICKSAND!!
GOT TO...
26


HE WEREN'T THE ONE.
WEREN'T TH' ONE COME T' HE'P ME.
MAYBE...
MAYBE AIN'T NO ONE COMIN' T' HE'P ME.
HAVE T'DO IT BY MYSELF.
"HAVE TO DO IT ALONE..."
NOT A PRETTY SIGHT, EH SUPERMAN?
YOU HAVE A... TALENT FOR UNDERSTATEMENT, SHERIFF.
WELL -- I DON'T MEAN T'SOUND GLIB, SUPERMAN.
I KNOW EVERY ONE OF THEM PEOPLE.
A LOT OF 'EM'S CLOSE FRIENDS.
OR HERE, BEFORE...
WHUT'S THET NOISE...??
RNNKLK
27

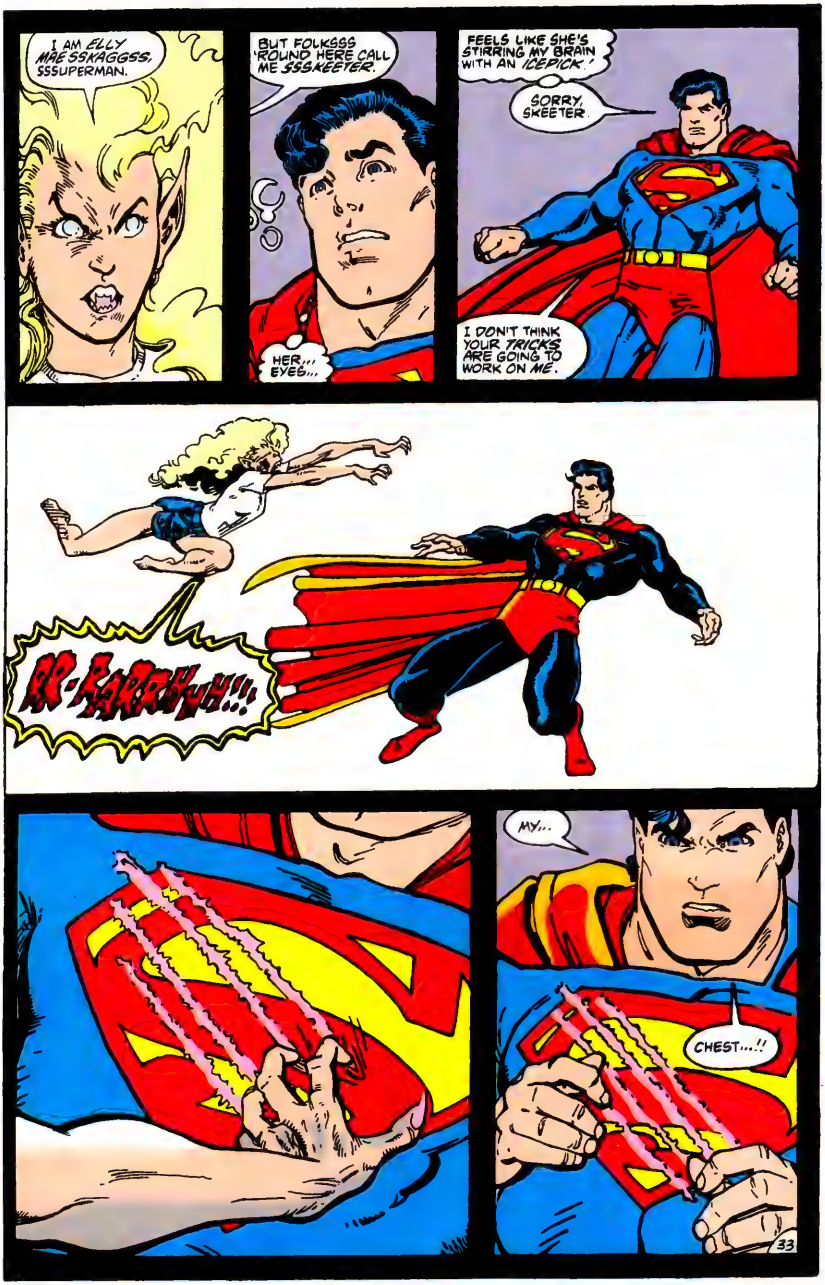

GREAT SCOTT.!!
THE BARS ON THE SECURITY WARD....!!
CALL OUT YOUR NATIONAL GUARD, SHERIFF.
I'LL DO WHAT I CAN TO CONTAIN THIS!
I ONLY HOPE THAT'S ENOUGH.!!
MABEL ?
GET ME COLONEL CONNOR OVER T'THE COUNTY SEAT.
YES, I KNOW, MABEL...
"BUT I DON'T THINK WE CAN KEEP IT T'OURSELVES ANYMORE."
JUST AS I FEARED!
THE WARD IS EMPTY.
WHATEVER'S GOING ON AROUND HERE...
28

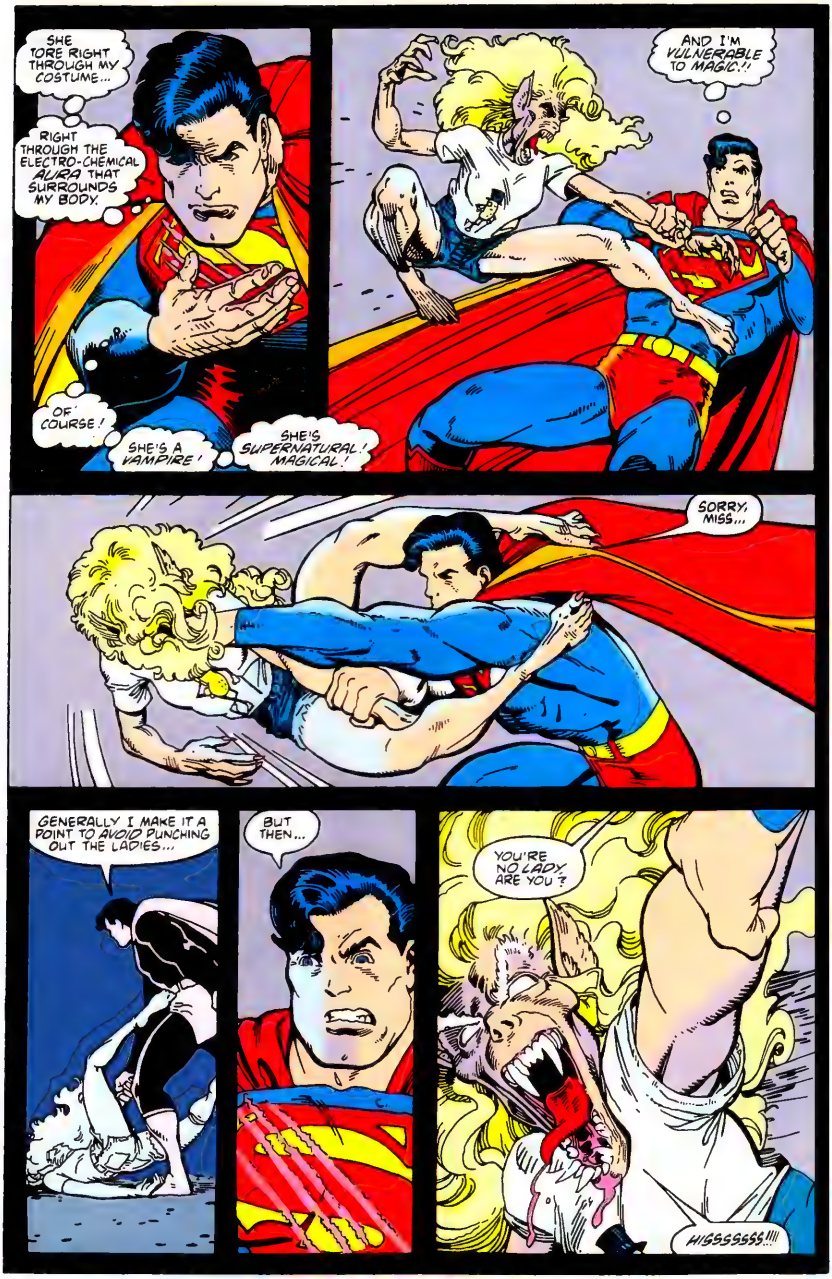

"I THINK IT JUST CAME TO A HEAD..."
NOW, MY CHILDREN.
RISE UP.
RISE UP.
RISE UP...
...AND BRING DOWN VENGEANCE ON THE HOUSES OF MY ENEMIES!!
IT JUST GOT... COLDER. EVEN I CAN FEEL IT.
A SUDDEN, NUMBING CHILL.
AND THERE ARE THE ESCAPEES FROM THE TERROR WARD.

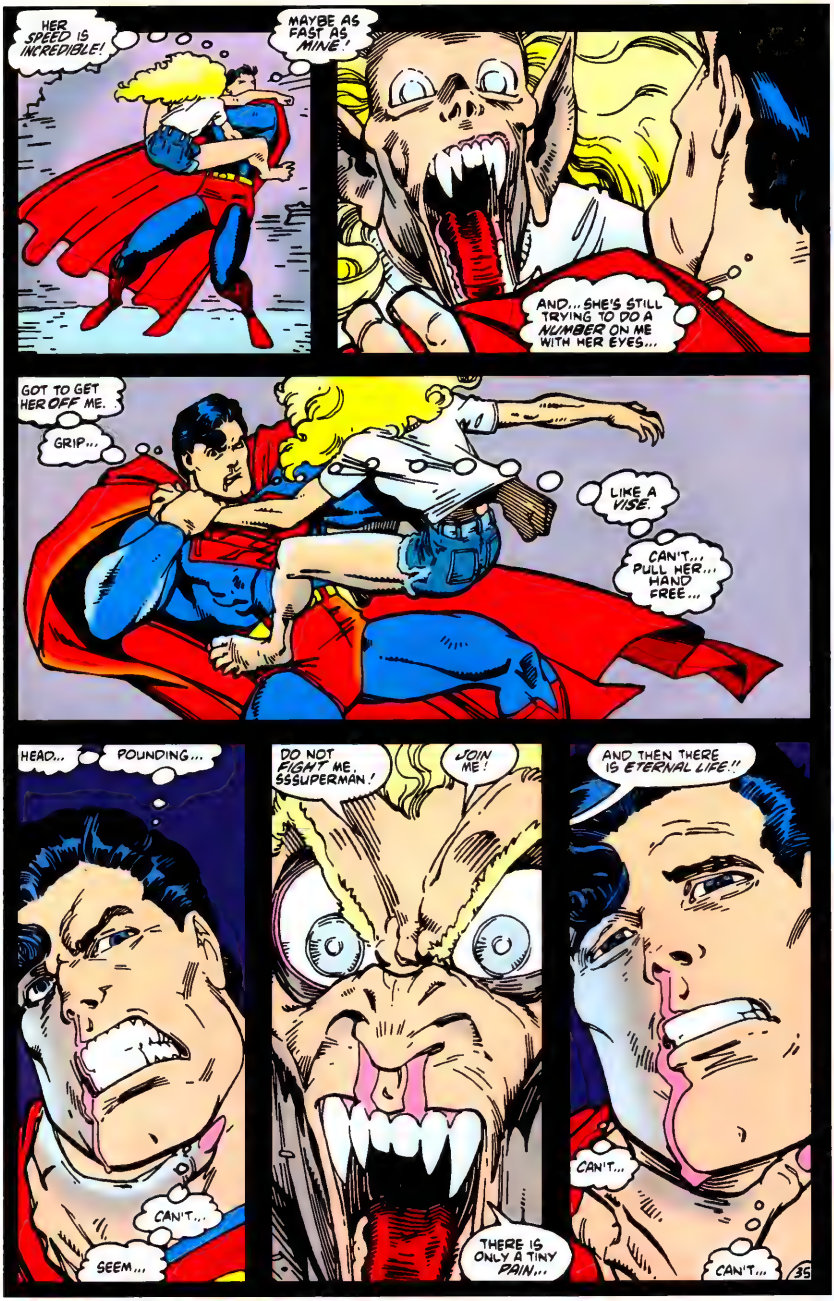

NEXT QUESTION: HOW DO I HANDLE THEM?
IF I REMEMBER MY BASIC VAMPIRE LORE, THEY AREN'T YET TO BE CONSIDERED "UNDEAD."
THEY'RE ENSLAVED TO THE VAMPIRE -- OR VAMPIRES -- THAT ORIGINALLY ATTACKED THEM...
BUT THEY HAVEN'T DIED YET, SO THEY CAN STILL BE SAVED.
"IF I CAN FIGURE OUT A WAY TO CONTAIN THEM WITHOUT KILLING THEM.
"SO FAR THEY AREN'T DEMONSTRATING ANY TRADITIONAL VAMPIRE POWERS...
"I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYONE TURN INTO A BAT, OR A WOLF, OR A MIST.
"THEY'RE NOT EVEN HURTING ANYONE, JUST THREATENING.
"BUT THEY ARE DOING A LOT OF PHYSICAL DAMAGE."
THEY'VE ALREADY WRECKED A GOOD QUARTER OF THE TOWN.
BUT... MAYBE IN DOING THAT THEY'VE PROVIDED ME WITH AT LEAST A PARTIAL SOLUTION TO MY CONTAINMENT PROBLEM!


GOT TO DO THIS IN THE RIGHT SEQUENCE.
MY SUPER-SPEED SHOULD ALLOW ME A DISTINCT ADVANTAGE.
I DON'T THINK ANY OF 'EM ARE REALLY AWAKE ENOUGH TO REACT TO WHAT I'M GOING TO DO.
STEP ONE:
GATHER ALL THE SLEEPWALKERS IN ONE PLACE.
STEP TWO:
SET UP A WALL OF HARD AIR AROUND THEM...
TO DISSUADE THEM FROM GOING ANY FURTHER...
WHILE I PICK UP SOME OF THE DEBRIS OF THEIR RAMPAGE...
AND USE IT...
...TO BUILD...
...A SOLID WALL AROUND THEM...

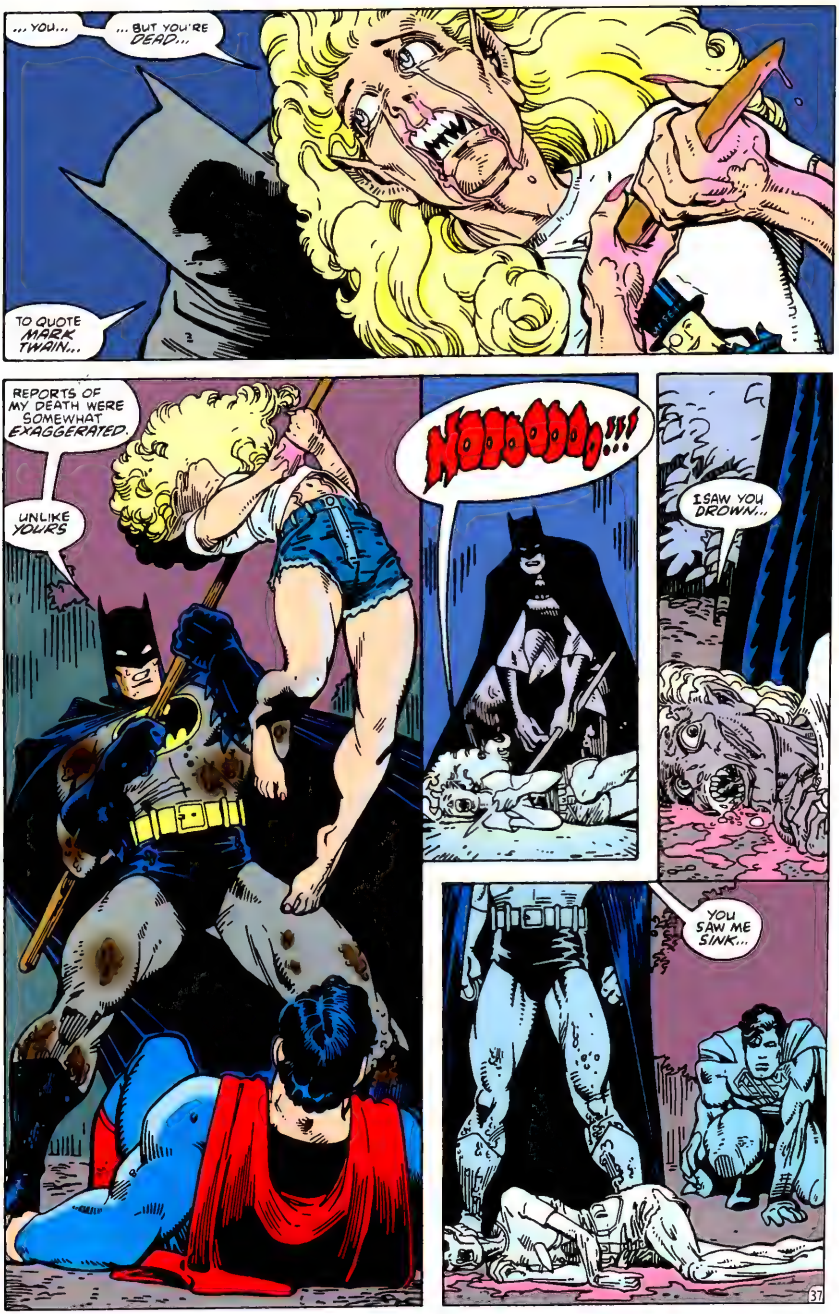
THERE!!
THAT OUGHT TO HOLD 'EM, UNLESS THEY SPROUT WINGS.
AND I DON'T THINK THEY CAN DO THAT AT THIS...
EH?
THAT CHILL.
IT JUST... INTENSIFIED...
...SSSUPERMAN...
LET ME GUESS.
YOU'D BE THE HOSTESS OF THIS LITTLE DANSE MACABRE...

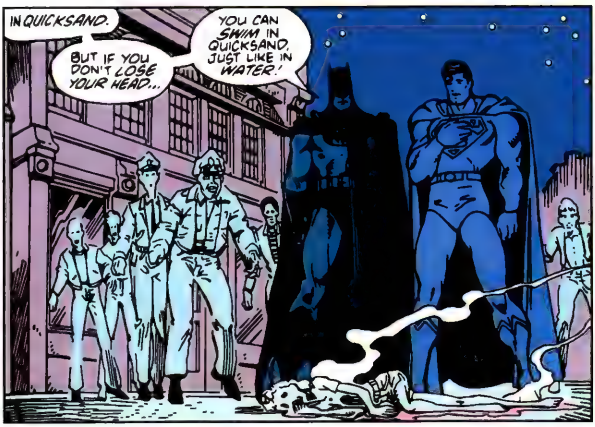

I AM ELLY MAE SSSKAGGSS, SSSUPERMAN.
BUT FOLKSSS 'ROUND HERE CALL ME SSSKEETER.
HER... EYES...
FEELS LIKE SHE'S STIRRING MY BRAIN WITH AN 'ICEPICK'.
SORRY, SKEETER.
I DON'T THINK YOUR TRICKS ARE GOING TO WORK ON ME.
KR-KAROOM!!!
MY...
CHEST...!!


SHE TORE RIGHT THROUGH MY COSTUME...
RIGHT THROUGH THE ELECTRO-CHEMICAL AURA THAT SURROUNDS MY BODY.
OF COURSE!
SHE'S A VAMPIRE!
SHE'S SUPERNATURAL! MAGICAL!
AND I'M VULNERABLE TO MAGIC!!
SORRY, MISS...
GENERALLY I MAKE IT A POINT TO AVOID PUNCHING OUT THE LADIES...
BUT THEN...
YOU'RE NO LADY ARE YOU?
HIGSSSSSS!!!!

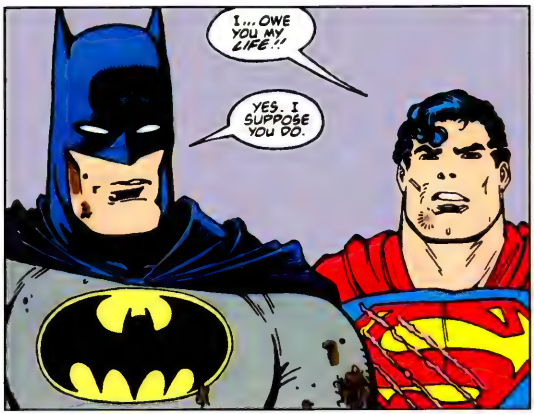

HER SPEED IS INCREDIBLE!
MAYBE AS FAST AS MINE'
AND... SHE'S STILL TRYING TO DO A NUMBER ON ME WITH HER EYES...
GOT TO GET HER OFF ME.
GRIP...
LIKE A VISE.
CAN'T... PULL HER... HAND FREE...
HEAD...
POUNDING...
CAN'T...
SEEM...
DO NOT FIGHT ME, SSSUPERMAN.'
JOIN ME!
THERE IS ONLY A TINY PAIN...
AND THEN THERE IS ETERNAL LIFE!"
CAN'T...
CAN'T...
35

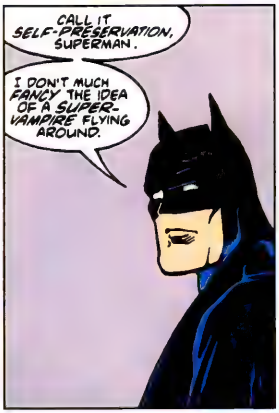
YOU HAVE NO RESSSISTANCE, SSSUPERMAN!
YOUR WILL ISSS MY WILL!
MY WILL...
MY WILL IS...
A MOMENT OF PAIN, SSSUPERMAN.
ONLY A TINY MOMENT OF...
...PAIN...?!?!?
36

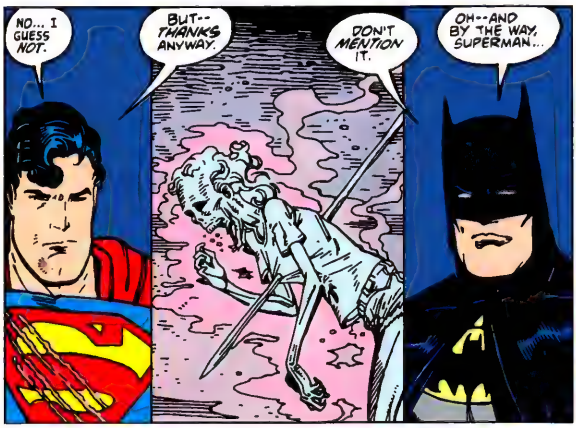

... YOU...
... BUT YOU'RE DEAD...
TO QUOTE MARK TWAIN...
REPORTS OF MY DEATH WERE SOMEWHAT EXAGGERATED.
UNLIKE YOURS
NOOOOO!!!
I SAW YOU DROWN...
YOU SAW ME SINK...

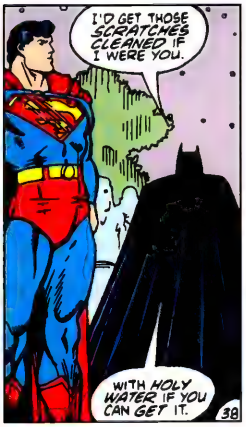

IN QUICKSAND.
BUT IF YOU DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD...
YOU CAN SWIM IN QUICKSAND, JUST LIKE IN WATER!

BATMAN...


I... OWE YOU MY LIFE!!
YES. I SUPPOSE YOU DO.

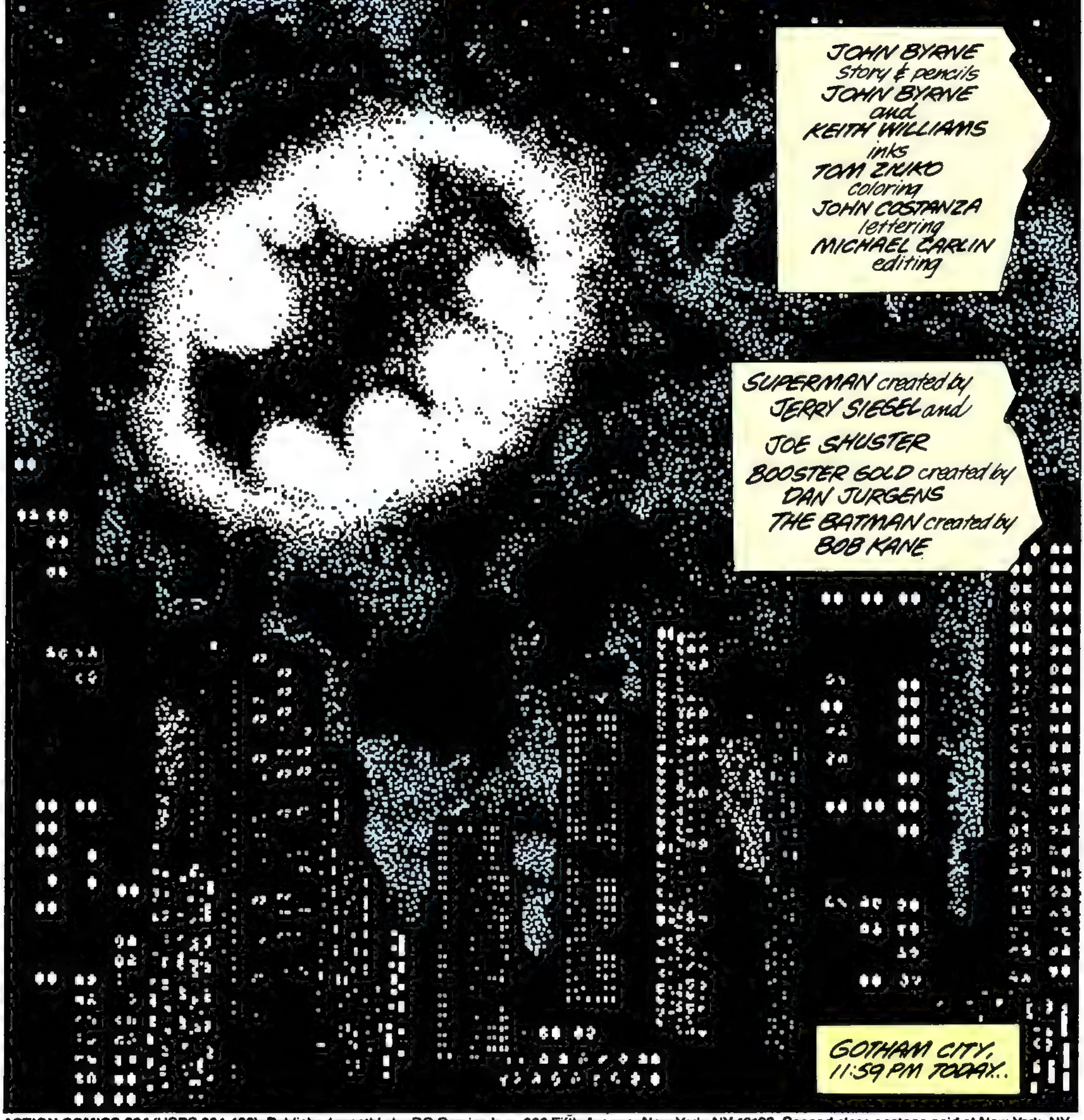

CALL IT SELF-PRESERVATION, SUPERMAN.
I DON'T MUCH FANCY THE IDEA OF A SUPER-VAMPIRE FLYING AROUND.


NO... I GUESS NOT.
BUT-- THANKS ANYWAY.
DON'T MENTION IT.
OH--AND BY THE WAY, SUPERMAN...


I'D GET THOSE SCRATCHES CLEANED IF I WERE YOU.
WITH HOLY WATER IF YOU CAN GET IT.

SIX HOURS LATER, GOTHAM CITY...
ALL THIS. ONE LITTLE GIRL DID ALL THIS?!
NOT A LITTLE GIRL, COMMISSIONER.
I CHECKED THE FAYERVILLE TOWN HALL BEFORE I LEFT. FOUND A BIRTH CERTIFICATE FOR ELLY MAE SKAGGS.
SHE WAS BORN TWO DAYS AFTER THE ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
SHE AND HER PARENTS BECAME VAMPIRES OVER A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.!
BUT... AT LEAST IT'S ENDED NOW, THANKS TO YOU AND SUPERMAN.
NOT QUITE.
ONE LAST THING TO DO BEFORE NIGHT FALLS.
YOU AND YOUR MEN ARE FREE TO LEAVE...
IF YOU DON'T FEEL LIKE WATCHING...
THE END

All That Glisters



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G-3378

THERE'S THE BAT-SIGNAL SOURCE...

ON THE ROOF OF THE OLD SPRANG BUILDING...

JUST LIKE YOU GUESSED, BATMAN.

IT WAS NO GUESS, ROBIN.

THE ANGLE OF THE IMAGE WAS WRONG FOR IT TO BE COMING FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

NOW, KEEP BOTH YOUR HANDS ON YOUR LINE!

HUH!

PRETTY SOPHISTICATED BIT OF HARDWARE.

WHICH ONE OF YOUR ENEMIES COULD WHIP UP SOMETHING LIKE THIS, BATMAN?

ANY ONE OF A SMALL ARMY, ROBIN. BUT THERE'S NO CRIMINAL BEHIND THIS.

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE!

OH...

WOW!!

I'M *SURPRISED* TO SEE YOU'VE BROUGHT YOUR YOUNG *PARTNER* WITH YOU, *BATMAN.*

SINCE YOU *DEDUCED* THIS SUMMONS CAME FROM ME, DIDN'T YOU THINK IT MIGHT BE *DANGEROUS?*

NO.

WOW!

I RECENTLY CALLED ON *YOU* FOR HELP, SUPERMAN, WHEN I ENCOUNTERED A SITUATION *BEYOND* MY MORTAL ABILITIES.

BUT I CAN'T *IMAGINE* A PROBLEM WHICH YOUR GREAT POWERS COULDN'T HANDLE...

UNLESS IT WAS ONE OF PURE *DETECTIVE WORK.*

HAVING MADE THAT DEDUCTION, I FELT *ROBIN* MIGHT ENJOY *MEETING* YOU...

R

WOW!

VERY *ASTUTE.*

YOU *PROVE* I WAS RIGHT TO THINK OF YOU FOR THIS.

I *DO* NEED YOUR SKILL AS THE *WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE.*

SCRAP BOOK

WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT *THIS?*

A SCRAP-BOOK?

AND CLIPPINGS ABOUT *YOU.*

UNEXCEPTIONAL PAPER STOCK. CONVENTIONAL BINDING. CLIPPINGS ABOUT AVERTED DISASTERS...

HMM...

WOW!

WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU NEED TO *KNOW?*

WITH YOUR POWERS I'D THINK YOU COULD DO A FAR MORE *DETAILED* ANALYSIS THAN I CAN.

TRUE. I CAN SEE RIGHT DOWN TO THE *MOLECULAR STRUCTURE* OF THE THING.

BUT AS FAR AS THINGS LIKE *FINGERPRINTS ...PAPER STOCK...*

I JUST DON'T HAVE THE *KNOW-LEDGE* TO *DECODE* SUCH THINGS.

HMM... YES, I SUPPOSE YOUR END OF THIS BUSINESS DOESN'T CALL FOR SUCH *DETAIL* WORK.

VERY WELL, SUPERMAN. MEET ME HERE AGAIN IN EXACTLY THREE DAYS.

ROBIN? IS THERE SOMETHING *YOU* WANTED TO ADD -- BESIDES "WOW"?

WOW!

I MEAN...

SUPERMAN... D'YOU THINK I COULD HAVE YOUR *AUTOGRAPH*?

AUTO-GRAPH...?

WELL...

ALL RIGHT. WHY NOT?

BUT LET'S DO THIS *RIGHT*, SHALL WE?

THE WORD "*SUPERMAN*" WRITTEN ON A PIECE OF *PAPER* WOULDN'T HAVE MUCH *SIGNIFI-CANCE*.

LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T FIND SOME-THING MORE *SUITABLE*.

LIKE THIS PIECE OF TIN *EDGING MATERIAL*.

IT PROBABLY BLEW OFF ONE OF THE OLDER BUILDINGS AROUND THIS ROOFTOP.

WITH MY LASER-LIKE *HEAT VISION* I CAN *TRIM* IT TO A USABLE SIZE...

THEN, MY *SUPER-HARD FINGERNAIL* CAN DO THE REST!

BEST TO ROBIN FROM SUPERMAN

HOW'S *THAT*?

WOW!
MY PLEASURE.
YES.
OH... AND I SUPPOSE CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER.
THANKS, SUPERMAN!
AND...THREE DAYS YOU SAID, BATMAN.
I HEAR TOMORROW-- OR ACTUALLY TODAY-- IS SUPERMAN DAY IN METROPOLIS.
YES. I TRIED TO TALK MAYOR BERKOWITZ OUT OF IT...
QUITE AN HONOR.
...BUT HE WASN'T ABOUT TO PASS ON THE CHANCE FOR SOME MEDIA-GRABBING HOOPLA!
WELL... THANKS AGAIN, BATMAN.
SEE YOU IN THREE DAYS.
FUNNY... THAT "CONGRATULATIONS" IS ABOUT THE WARMEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD OUT OF OUR DARK FRIEND.
I DIDN'T REALLY APPROVE WHEN I HEARD HE'D TAKEN ON A JUNIOR PARTNER, BUT NOW I'M NOT SO SURE.
ROBIN SEEMS TO HAVE HAD A...WELL, A HUMANIZING EFFECT ON THE BATMAN.
AND HE WAS RIGHT, TOO.
IT IS A TREMENDOUS HONOR TO HAVE A DAY DEDICATED TO ME BY THE PEOPLE OF MY ADOPTED HOME TOWN.
THE BATMAN WORKS AS WELL AS HE DOES IN GOTHAM CITY BECAUSE THE PEOPLE THERE TEND TO FEAR HIM.
BUT I GOTTA SAY...
5

"IT SURE IS GREAT TO BE LOVED..."

I DON'T SUPPOSE I'LL *EVER* REALLY GET *USED* TO ALL THIS.

I WAS A *SUPER-HERO* MYSELF FOR ABOUT FIVE MINUTES THERE... DOING ALL THE USUAL SUPER-HERO *STUFF*...

BUT THE IDEA OF *MICHAEL* BEING OFF IN SOME *ALIEN DIMENSION*...

THAT'S ALMOST TOO MUCH TO...

HUH?

BOOSTER GOLD SAYS:

"WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER *HERO*!!"

SUPER DAY!

WHAT IN THE NAME OF...??

I KNOW MICHAEL AND SUPERMAN HAVE NEVER EXACTLY BEEN ON THE BEST OF *TERMS*...

BUT *THIS* SEEMS A BIT *EXCESSIVE* EVEN FOR *HIM*!

AND WHY DIDN'T HE *TELL* ANY OF US ABOUT...

MICHAEL!!

HE'S *HERE*! HE'S *BACK*!

AND HE DIDN'T LET US *KNOW*!

BOOSTER!

BOOSTER!!

WAIT!!

NO GOOD. HE'S *IGNORING* ME.

BUT... *WHY?* WHAT THE *HECK* HAS GOT INTO HIM??

BARK BARK BARK!!

OKAY, JOEY, THAT'LL DO'ER.

TH' *TARP'S* ALL NICE 'N' TIED, READY F'R TH' BIG *UNVEILING.*

DEPT PUBLIC WORKS

HEY... LOOK! UP IN THE SKY...!!

HEY!!!

YOU CAN'T...

WRONG, MY FRIEND.

BWAM

I JUST *DID!!*

PERRY...

YOU'VE *GOT* TO BE *KIDDING!*

FAR FROM IT, *LOIS*. BOOSTER GOLD IS A *SIGNIFICANT* PART OF OUR METROPOLITAN LANDSCAPE.

NOBODY ON THIS PAPER COVERS THAT SCENE BETTER THAN *YOU*...

WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION OF *CLARK KENT*, AND HE'S VISITING HIS PARENTS IN *OHIO*.

KANSAS.

BUT... A *PRESS CONFERENCE*, PERRY?

PERRY WHITE EDITOR

I HAVEN'T BEEN TO A PRESS CONFERENCE IN A *MILLION YEARS!*

I KNOW. CONSIDER IT A *BROADENING* EXPERIENCE, LOIS.

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALISM ISN'T *ALL* INTRIGUE AND CLOAK 'N' DAGGER STUFF.

MAYBE NOT... BUT MY *READERS* EXPECT AN *ADVENTURE* WHEN THEY READ MY COLUMN.

NOT A QUESTION-AND-ANSWER SESSION!

LOIS... JUST DO AS YOU'RE *TOLD*, WOULD YOU, PLEASE?

JUST FOR THE *NOVELTY?*

ALL RIGHT...

I'LL GO LISTEN TO WHAT OUR SELF-AGGRANDIZING GOLDEN BOY HAS TO SAY.

BUT IT BETTER BE *GOOD!!*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS...

THANK YOU FOR COMING. WE HAVE A MATTER OF *GRAVE* IMPORTANCE TO DISCUSS.

THE PROBLEM... *SUPERMAN*...

AND HIS *CRIMES* AGAINST *HUMANITY!*

WHAT IN THE NAME OF...??

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO SUPERMAN TOOK IT UPON HIMSELF TO IGNORE THE *LAWS* OF THIS COUNTRY BY INVADING A FOREIGN LAND...

QURAC.

TRUE, QURAC WAS *EXPORTING TERRORISM*, BUT DOES SUPERMAN, A MERE *PRIVATE CITIZEN*, HAVE THE RIGHT TO *JEOPARDIZE* THIS COUNTRY BY WAGING *WAR* ON ANOTHER NATION?

DOES THE MAN *DARE* IMAGINE HIMSELF A *GOD?*

WHY OF ALL THE TWO-BIT, HIGH-HANDED, SELF-INFLATING...

SUPERMAN MUST *ANSWER* FOR HIS CRIME!

YOU MUST *DEMAND* AN EXPLANATION OF HIS *BETRAYAL!* NO SUPERHERO CAN BE ALLOWED TO BEHAVE THAT WAY!

MAYBE NOT...

BUT THAT'S PRETTY *BIG* TALK FROM SOMEBODY WHO EXPECTS TO GET *PAID* FOR HIS SERVICES.

WHATEVER SUPERMAN DOES, HE DOES OUT OF PURE *ALTRUISM!*

WHIZ

OF COURSE, *YOU* WOULD BE *EXPECTED* TO SAY THAT, MISS LANE.

YOU ARE, AFTER ALL, KNOWN IN THIS CITY AS "*SUPERMAN'S* GIRLFRIEND."

THAT HAPPENS TO BE A HIGHLY *MIS-LEADING* TITLE PINNED ON ME BY ONE OF THE *DAILY PLANET'S GOSSIPS.*

IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH WHAT I JUST SAID...

WHICH I *STAND* BY.

MMM. WELL, THE *DAILY PLANET* ISN'T EXACTLY *IMPARTIAL* IN THIS MATTER, EITHER.

YOUR MANAGING EDITOR, MR. WHITE, WROTE A FRONT PAGE EDITORIAL *ENDORSING* SUPERMAN'S ACTIONS AGAINST QURAC.

Daily Pl
THE SPIRIT
AMERICA LI
IN SUPERMA

AND THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION SAID THEY WERE PREPARED TO *BACK* SUPERMAN, IF NECESSARY.

SOME MIGHTY *HIGH-PLACED* FOLK WOULD SEEM TO BE IN *DIS-AGREEMENT* WITH YOUR POSITION, MR. GOLD.

THEN IT IS *HIGH TIME* THEY LEARNED THE *ERROR* OF THEIR THINKING, MISS LANE.

METROPOLIS HAS BEEN TOO *QUICK* TO ACCEPT SUPERMAN AT *FACE VALUE.*

BY THE TIME *I'M* FINISHED, IF HE HAS ANY FACE *LEFT*, ITS VALUE SHOULD BE ABOUT *ZERO!!*

PERHAPS WE REALLY *SHOULD* RECONSIDER THIS, MR. MAYOR.

DON'T BE SUCH A *JELLYFISH*, CARVER. I CONCEIVED *SUPERDAY* AS THE PERFECT *TRIBUTE* TO OUR CITY'S CHAMPION.

NOT TO MENTION A GOOD WAY TO GET THE PEOPLE THINKING *WARM THOUGHTS* ABOUT MY ADMINISTRATION.

I'M NOT ABOUT TO LET SOME UPSTART JOHNNY-COME-LATELY INTERFERE

DO I MAKE MYSELF *CLEAR?*

AS CRYSTAL, FRANK. BUT JERRY'S *RIGHT.*

THIS BOOSTER GOLD GUY IS THE HEAD OF A FAIRLY *SUBSTANTIAL* FINANCIAL SETUP.

HE COULD BE *USEFUL* TO US, COME ELECTION TIME.

MORE USEFUL THAN SUPERMAN?

C'MON, ART! THE MOST WE KNOW ABOUT BOOSTER GOLD IS THAT HE'S A SUPERHERO WHO SELLS HAIR CREAM.

I MEAN, TH GUY'S ONLY MOTIVATION IS *MOOLAH!*

NOT UNLIKE THIS CITY'S GOVERNMENT, EH, IRV?

ANYWAY... I DON'T REMEMBER OPENING THE FLOOR TO *DEBATE*, BOYS.

BOOSTED

SUPERDAY IT IS, AND SUPERDAY IT'S GONNA *STAY!*

I'M *GLAD* TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT, DADDY.

OH... HI, HONEY.

BOYS, I THINK YOU ALL KNOW MY DAUGHTER, *JULIANNA.*

OF COURSE, FRANK. VERY NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MISS BERKOWITZ.

YOU TOO, MR. CHASE. I GUESS THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU WAS THE NIGHT *LEX LUTHOR'S* YACHT WAS HIJACKED, NO?

SO YOU'RE IN *FAVOR* OF THIS FESTIVITY CONTINUING, MISS BERKOWITZ?

IN SPITE OF THE *SHIFT* IN PUBLIC SENTIMENT?

WHAT SHIFT, JERRY? METROPOLIS *LOVES* SUPERMAN!

HE'S THE *BEST* AND THE *BRIGHTEST*... AND HE'S *OURS!*

THERE YOU GO, JER. AN' AIN'T *NOBODY* LOOKS OUT FOR HER OL' DAD'S CAREER BETTER THAN JULIE.

MM. I'M STILL *UNSURE*, MR. MAYOR. THERE HAS BEEN SOME RUMBLING OF DISCONTENT IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT.

SHE SEES HERSELF PLAYING *FIRST LADY* TO THE FIRST *JEWISH PRESIDENT*, SOMEDAY.

EVERY TIME SUPERMAN ENGAGES SOME *FOE*, INSURANCE RATES *QUADRUPLE!*

DARN RIGHT!

I'LL TELL THE WORLD!

AND... Y'KNOW, I KINDA FEEL THE SAME WAY AS *BOOSTER* ON THIS QURAC THING.

GLAD TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT, MR. CHASE.

MR. MAYOR... I'M SORRY. I TRIED TO *STOP* HIM...

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, ANNIE.

PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER *COME IN*, BOOSTER.

NOW THEN...

START *EXPLAINING* YOURSELF, MISTER! SUPERMAN HAS THE *FULL SUPPORT* OF MY ADMINISTRATION.

WHERE DO *YOU* GET OFF MAKING WAVES?

MR. MAYOR...

I'VE MADE MY POSITION QUITE *CLEAR*, I THINK.

I BELIEVE SUPERMAN TO BE A *MENACE* AND -- WHAT MAY BE *WORSE* FOR A SO-CALLED SUPERHERO -- A *HYPOCRITE!*

I'M GOING TO *LURE* SUPERMAN OUT INTO THE *OPEN!*

AND THE BEST WAY I KNOW TO ACCOMPLISH *THAT*...

BWAM

...IS WITH THE *UNWILLING* AID OF A *DAMSEL IN DISTRESS!*

SUCH AS *YOU*, MS. BERKOWITZ!

HEY!!

NNOO!!

THIS ROOFTOP HERE IS SUFFICIENTLY *EXPOSED* THAT SUPERMAN SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE *FINDING* US.

ONCE YOU *CALL* HIM, THAT IS.

CALL HIM?!?

ARE YOU *NUTS*? I'M NOT GOING TO...

OH, BUT YOU *ARE*...

OW!

AAOWW!!!

HMM...

I DON'T THINK THAT WAS QUITE *LOUD* ENOUGH FOR EVEN *HIM* TO DISTINGUISH FROM ALL THE BACK-GROUND NOISE OF METROPOLIS.

WE'LL HAVE TO TRY *AGAIN*...

AND... UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, MS. BERKOWITZ...

" I'M AFRAID THIS IS GOING TO INVOLVE RATHER A GREAT DEAL OF PAIN..."

--TO SAY A VERY SPECIAL *THANK YOU* TO THE LADIES OF THE CLUB FOR HONORING ME WITH THIS BEAUTIFUL...

SUPERDAY

...SCREAM...

WHAT THE...?

SOMEBODY IN *PAIN*... CALLING FOR *HELP*...

ER... YOU'LL HAVE TO *EXCUSE* ME, LADIES.

THIS SOUNDS LIKE A JOB...

...FOR *SUPERMAN!*

THAT WAS QUITE *GOOD*, MS. BERKOWITZ.

ANOTHER *HALF DOZEN* OF THOSE AND WE SHOULD BE *DONE*...

YOU...; *choke*; ...*BRUTE!*

AND YOU CALL YOURSELF A *SUPERHERO!!*

OF COURSE!

WHO HAS THE GREATER *RIGHT?*

WELL...

SINCE YOU *ASK*...

GIVE ME A *SECOND* AND I'LL JOT DOWN A FEW *THOUSAND* NAMES...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MS. BERKOWITZ?

I CAME AS *QUICKLY* AS I COULD.

NO...*PERMAN-ENT* DAMAGE, SUPERMAN. I THINK YOU WERE JUST IN THE NICK OF...

SUPERMAN!!

WHOM!

I...*FELT* THAT!!

BOOSTER MUST'VE BEEN *WORKING OUT* SINCE OUR LAST GO ROUND...

HERE HE COMES AGAIN.

OKAY, BOOSTER, THAT WAS PRETTY *GOOD*...

LET'S TRY ONE WHEN I'M PAYING *ATTENTION*.

THA-A-AT'S BETTER!!

NOW...

BEFORE ANYONE *REALLY* GETS HURT, I THINK WE'LL JUST *FINISH THIS!!*

OH, WE'LL *FINISH IT*, ALL RIGHT, SUPERMAN.

BUT NOT THE WAY YOU *THINK!*

UNGH!!

YOU'VE BEEN TOP OF THE HEAP IN THIS TOWN TOO LONG, SUPERMAN.

YOU'VE GOTTEN *SOFT.*

NOW IT'S *PAYOFF* TIME!

WHAT'S... *UHF!* WHAT'S... HAPPEN-ING..??

'S'MATTER, SUPERMAN?

CAN'T *TAKE* IT?

UFH!

UNGH!

CAN'T...

...EVEN *THINK*...

...STRAIGHT...

BIG MAN!

BIG *HERO!*

THAT'S WHAT *THEY* THINK, SUPERMAN.

FOUGHT BOOSTER...

...ONCE BEFORE...

DIDN'T HAVE... THIS KIND OF... *POWER*...

WELL, TODAY THEY LEARN THE *TRUTH!!*

THERE'S ONLY *ONE* TOP DOG IN METROPOLIS, SUPERMAN...

...CAN'T...

...CAN'T...

...RE...

...SIST...

LOIS...

LOIS...YOU'VE BEEN WITH THIS PAPER *HOW MANY* YEARS NOW? SINCE YOU WERE *SIXTEEN*?

YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW BY NOW I CAN'T POSSIBLY *PRINT* THIS!

WHY NOT? YOU WANTED A STORY ON BOOSTER CLOD.

THAT'S WHAT I *GAVE* YOU.

WELL... NOT *QUITE*. I WANTED A *STORY*, NOT A *CRUCIFIXION*!

CRUCIFIXION?

THAT'S HARDLY AN *APPROPRIATE* ANALOGY... ALTHOUGH BOOSTER HIMSELF WOULD *LOVE* IT!

HE *DOES* SEEM TO SEE HIMSELF AS THE *SECOND COMING*.

YES...WELL, SOME OF OUR *READERS* WOULD PROBABLY *DISAGREE*.

NO MORE *ARGUMENT* NOW, GIRL. I WANT THIS *REDONE* BY *FIVE*!

HEY, MISS LANE! DIDJA *HEAR*?

BOOSTER GOLD'S BEATIN' TH' LIVIN' *SPIT* OUTTA SUPERMAN!!

WHAT...?!?

LITERALLY??

WHERE??

RIGHT NOW THEY'RE AT A *CONSTRUCTION SITE* OVER ON 23RD AN' MONROE.

BLAST! AND *JIMMY OLSEN'S* COVERING THAT AUTO SHOW OVER IN BAKERLINE.

GUS...

I NEED A *CAMERAMAN*... AND YOU'RE ELECTED!

HEY... YOU *GOT IT*, MISS LANE!!

SKREEEE!

THERE THEY ARE, GUS!!

LOOK OUT!

LOOK OUT!

LET ME THROUGH!

HEY, LOOK!

IT'S LOIS LANE!

OH, NO!

OH, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!

HERE HE IS, FOLKS! THE GREAT AND POWERFUL SUPERMAN!

AND YOU'LL NOTICE THAT HE WAS NO MATCH FOR BOOSTER GOLD!

DOESN'T LOOK SO POWERFUL NOW, DOES HE?

YEAH.

AND HE HASN'T EVEN FOUGHT THE REAL BOOSTER GOLD YET!

GIVE IT UP, BUDDY!

THE LAST THING I NEED IS A CHEAP, TWO-BIT *IMPOSTOR* INVADING *MY* TURF!

HEY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE *TALKING* ABOUT!

THE ONLY IMPOSTOR I SEE IS *YOU!*

WHADDAYA THINK, MISS LANE? WHO'S THE *REAL* McCOY?

I DON'T HAVE ANY IDEA, GUS.

BUT I KNOW THAT SUPERMAN IS IN *TROUBLE...*

AND IT LOOKS LIKE THINGS ARE GOING TO GET A LOT *WORSE!*

To be continued...
IN BOOSTER GOLD #23!
THEN JOIN US BACK HERE TO MEET
THE GHOST OF SUPERMAN
IN ACTION #595!

BOOSTER GOLD™ AND SUPERMAN® IN BLIND OBSESSION

Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

HERE HE IS, FOLKS! THE GREAT, POWERFUL **SUPERMAN**... AND YOU'LL NOTICE THAT HE WAS NO MATCH FOR **BOOSTER GOLD!**

DOESN'T LOOK SO POWERFUL NOW, DOES HE?

YEAH... AND HE HASN'T EVEN FOUGHT THE REAL **BOOSTER GOLD** YET!

CONFUSED? YOU WON'T BE IF YOU DIG UP A COPY OF ACTION COMICS #594 FOR DETAILS! --BARBARA.

G-3302

DAN JURGENS — STORY AND PENCILS
ROY RICHARDSON — INKS
STEVE HAYNIE — LETTERS
GENE D'ANGELO — COLORS
BARBARA RANDALL — EDITOR

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WHADDYA THINK, MISS LANE? WHO'S THE REAL McCOY?

HEY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! THE ONLY IMPOSTOR I SEE HERE IS *YOU!*

I DON'T HAVE ANY IDEA, GUS, BUT I DO KNOW THAT SUPERMAN IS IN TROUBLE...

...AND IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THINGS ARE GOING TO GET A LOT *BETTER!*

HEY, THIS IS JUST *NOT COOL!* FIRST SUPES HERE DECIDES TO PICK A FIGHT WITH ME...

...AND THEN HE CALLS IN SOME FAKE BOOSTER TO HELP HIM OUT...

WELL, EVEN TOGETHER, YOU GUYS DON'T HAVE THE *STUFF* TO BURY ME!

VEEEP

WEIRD. APPARENTLY THIS *FAKE* HAS BEEN GOING AROUND TOWN FOR A WEEK SLAMMING SUPERMAN FOR INVADING QURAC!

AND THEN I GET BACK TO TOWN AND FIND THE TWO OF THEM TEARING UP METROPOLIS!

WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO PUT UP WITH IT, BOZO, AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO CONFUSE THE PRESS BY CALLING ME A FAKE WHEN I'M THE ONE, *TRUE BOOSTER GOLD!*

WHAT THE --NOT *TWO* OF THEM?

THINGS ARE *FINALLY* STARTING TO MAKE SENSE!

I WASN'T TOO SURPRISED WHEN BOOSTER CRITICIZED ME IN PUBLIC, BUT WHEN HE ATTACKED ME ON SUPERMAN DAY I BEGAN TO WONDER!

ESPECIALLY WHEN HE STARTED TO TEAR INTO ME!

I'D MET BOOSTER BEFORE* AND HE HAD NOWHERE *NEAR* THE STRENGTH HE-- OR WHOEVER-- HAD TODAY!

*BG#6&7--B.

THE PROBLEM NOW--WHO'S REAL?

SUPERMAN, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? YOU LOOK SHAKEN!

JUST NEED ... A FEW MINUTES TO RECOVER, LOIS!

UNF! WHOEVER THIS GUY IS, HE'S GOOD--*REAL* GOOD! BUT I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE HE WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO DUKE IT OUT WITH SUPES BACK THERE AND COME OUT ON TOP!

BACK OFF, YOU FAKE! SUPERMAN HAS TO BE BROUGHT TO TRIAL FOR CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY...

...AND I'M *JUST* THE GUY TO DO IT!

VEEEEP

YEOWW! DIDN'T PUT MY FORCE FIELD UP IN TIME!

UH-OH... THINGS ARE STARTING TO GET OUT OF HAND!

BETTER STEP BACK, LOIS, THIS MAY NOT BE A SAFE AREA!

WHITE FREIGHTLINER

SPTANNNG

WHO *CARES*? THERE'S A STORY HERE AND *I* PLAN TO GET IT!

HMM... NO BROKEN BONES, AND SINCE YOU'RE NOT ATTACKING, I THINK IT'S SAFE TO SAY THAT YOU'RE THE AUTHENTIC *CORPORATE CRUSADER!*

HEY, BIG BLUE, EVER HEAR OF THE RIGHT TO *PRIVACY*?

YES, YOU'RE THE REAL THING ALL RIGHT! AND THAT MEANS *HE'S*--

SHWACK

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SUPES? FORGET YOUR WHEATIES THIS MORNING?

VEEEP

SKIZZLE

JUST HANG BACK AND LET BOOSTER GOLD PROTECT YOU JUST LIKE HE WOULD ANY GIRL SCOUT!

SERIOUSLY THOUGH, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? I THOUGHT NOTHING LESS THAN A RAW NUKE BLAST COULD MUSS YOUR HAIR!

I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT! YOUR DOPPELGANGER DOESN'T SEEM THAT POWERFUL ON THE SURFACE, BUT--

--BUT HE'S KICKING YOUR LITTLE RED UNDIES!

WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT A ***DUAL ATTACK*** CAN DO!

LET'S MOVE, THEN --BEFORE HE CAN DRAW A ***BEAD*** ON US!

BACK FOR MORE? THEN I'LL HAVE TO TAKE ***BOTH*** OF YOU DOWN.

ARGGH!

VEEP

VEEP

WOWZER! SUPES ISN'T ***NEARLY*** AS TOUGH AS I THOUGHT! AND TO THINK THAT METROPOLIS NAMED A DAY AFTER ***HIM*** AND NOT ***ME!***

WELL, WHEN I PULL SUPEY'S CAPE OUT OF THE FIRE, THIS CITY WILL KNOW WHO THE ***REAL*** HERO IS!

WHO'S MADE THE ***REAL*** SACRIFICES...

SAY, KIDDO, IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO...

WE JUST BURIED MICHELLE*, DIRK. THERE'S NOTHING YOU OR ANYONE CAN DO.

JUST LEAVE ME ALONE.

OKAY, SURE...

*BOOSTER'S SISTER, SEE LAST ISSUE --BARBARA.

NO.

I'M SORRY, MICHAEL, BUT WE ***CAN'T*** LEAVE YOU ALONE. YOUR BEHAVIOR HAS BEEN VERY ***STRANGE*** LATELY, AND I THINK YOU OWE US AN EXPLANATION.

AT THE VERY TIME YOU WERE SUPPOSEDLY IN ANOTHER DIMENSION TRYING TO SAVE MICHELLE, YOU WERE ***HERE*** IN METROPOLIS!

I ***SAW*** YOU ...AND YOU ***IGNORED*** ME!

TO BE BLUNT...

...YOU'RE NUTS, TRIXIE.

ASK THE JUSTICE LEAGUE. ASK THE ENTIRE CITY OF MINNEAPOLIS. I WAS EITHER THERE OR DIMENSION X.

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR ANTI-SUPERMAN CAMPAIGN? YOUR PRESS CONFERENCE?

I DON'T KNOW ***WHAT*** YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

HERE, I'VE GOT THE NASTY BIT OF BUSINESS ON TAPE! AND I PROMISE YOU...

...IT'S ***NOT*** A PRETTY SIGHT!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS...THANK YOU FOR COMING.

WE HAVE A MATTER OF GRAVE IMPORTANCE TO DISCUSS.

THE PROBLEM... SUPERMAN...

...AND HIS CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY.

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO, SUPERMAN TOOK IT UPON HIMSELF TO IGNORE THE LAWS OF THIS COUNTRY BY INVADING A FOREIGN LAND, QURAC.*

*ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #427 -- BARBARA.

TRUE, QURAC WAS EXPORTING TERRORISM, BUT DOES SUPERMAN, SIMPLY A PRIVATE CITIZEN, HAVE THE ***RIGHT*** TO ***JEOPARDIZE*** THIS COUNTRY BY WAGING WAR ON ANOTHER NATION?

DOES THE MAN DARE IMAGINE HIMSELF A ***GOD?***

SUPERMAN MUST ANSWER FOR THIS CRIME.

YOU MUST DEMAND AN EXPLANATION FOR THIS ***BETRAYAL!*** NO SUPERHERO CAN BE ALLOWED TO BEHAVE THIS WAY!

THAT'S ***CRAZY!*** SURE, I AGREED WITH WHAT THAT IMPOSTOR SAID, BUT THAT ISN'T ***ME!*** I'D ***NEVER*** RIP SUPERMAN IN PUBLIC!

THEN WHO IS IT?

WAIT-- THE TAPE STOPPED! THIS IS A LIVE PICTURE!

WE BRING YOU TO AN INCREDIBLE SCENE! WE'RE HERE AT ***SUPERMAN DAY***... A DAY OF TRIBUTE TO THE MAN OF STEEL!

BUT, MOMENTS AGO, THAT CELEBRATION WAS RUINED WHEN SUPERMAN WAS ***VICIOUSLY*** ATTACKED BY BOOSTER GOLD!

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A FAKE BOOSTER RUNNING AROUND, PEOPLE, AND THERE'S NO ***WAY*** I'M GOING TO LET HIM STEAL MY ***THUNDER!***

AND THAT'S HOW I WOUND UP HERE, SAVING SUPERMAN'S REAR!

UHN... CAN'T STAND TO GET CLOSE...

AND RIGHT NOW IT'S TIME TO PUT THIS EDITION TO BED!

WE'VE BEEN PUSSYFOOTING AROUND TOO LONG, SUPES! IGNORING THE ***OBVIOUS*** ANSWERS!

OBVIOUS ANSWERS...

SHHHRIP

HEY, WHERE I COME FROM, ANDROIDS ARE AS COMMON AS STOPLIGHTS! YOU LEARN TO RECOGNIZE THE LITTLE BUGGERS AFTER AWHILE!

AND ONCE YOU KNOW THAT THIS GUY IS NOTHING MORE THAN A HUMAN VOLKSWAGEN...

...YOU DON'T HAVE TO HOLD BACK!

VEEP VEEP VEEP

SKRAKK

NO! SUPERMAN MUST ANSWER FOR HIS *CRIMES!*

HE *MUST* BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE!

CARE TO DO THE HONORS?

NO... THERE'S STILL SOMETHING AFFECTING ME... WEARING ME DOWN.

OH YEAH? WELL, WHAT SAY WE FIND OUT WHAT MAKES THIS BABY TICK?

SKRTCHH

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE A GOOD PARTY?

SUDDENLY, THE SECRET STANDS REVEALED.

THE POWER SOURCE...

...THE KEY TO SUPERMAN'S WEAKNESS...

...IS MADE EVIDENT.

HEY, NICE GLOW. A GUY COULD HAVE A GREAT RING MADE OUT OF THIS STUFF.

KRYPTONITE! GET IT AWAY FROM ME!

HMM.

THIS STUFF REALLY GETS TO YOU, HUH?

NO WONDER THAT ANDROID WAS ABLE TO TRASH YOU.

HEY, MAYBE I'LL HANG ON TO THIS THING.

YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN IT MIGHT COME IN HANDY.

AT LEAST I KNOW THAT IT WILL KEEP YOU OFF MY BACK!

I DON'T KNOW HOW THE ***LEAGUE*** PUTS UP WITH YOU, GOLD.

WHAT A ***FINISH!*** DO YOU TWO CARE TO COMMENT PUBLICLY?

GREAT FOOTAGE! THE NETWORK IS GONNA LOVE THIS!

WHAT ABOUT THE ANDROID, SUPERMAN? SOMEONE HAD TO BUILD IT... SEND IT AFTER YOU! ANY IDEAS?

LET'S JUST SAY THAT I HAVE MY SUSPICIONS, LOIS.

SUSPICIONS INDEED.

YOU'RE QUITE AWARE THAT ONLY ONE MAN COULD HAVE CONCEIVED ALL OF THIS, AREN'T YOU, SUPERMAN?

AND YOU ALSO KNOW THAT YOU WILL NEVER ASSEMBLE THE PROOF NECESSARY TO CONVICT ***LEX LUTHOR!***

SECURE ALL DATA RECORDED DURING SUPERMAN'S BATTLE WITH THE ANDROID! I WANT IT ANALYZED AND WILL EXPECT A COMPLETE REPORT ON MY DESK IN THIRTY MINUTES!

YES, ***SIR,*** MR. LUTHOR!

SUPERMAN HAS BEEN A THORN IN MY SIDE SINCE HIS VERY ARRIVAL! I WAS SO OBSESSED WITH HIS PRESENCE THAT I NEGLECTED THAT YOUNG UPSTART, ***BOOSTER GOLD!***

BUT NO MORE! THE PLAN I'VE DEVISED IS SO PERFECT... SO ELABORATE... THAT BOOSTER GOLD WILL STILL BE BLAMED FOR THE ATTACK ON SUPERMAN!

AND ULTIMATELY, METROPOLIS WILL RID ITSELF OF BOOSTER'S BRASH PRESENCE!

MR. LUTHOR, WE'VE JUST GOTTEN WORD THAT LEXCORP HAS ACQUIRED ***SILVER OPTICS!*** IT TOOK AN ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF MONEY, BUT WE WERE ABLE TO OUTBID ***BOOSTER GOLD INTERNATIONAL!***

WONDERFUL!

WONDERFUL! THAT CHILDISH SUPERHERO WAS A FOOL TO THINK HE COULD COMPETE WITH ME IN THE BUSINESS WORLD!

MISS CARNE, THERE IS AN OFFICE BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET FROM GOLD'S MANSION! BUY IT!

YES, SIR, MR. LUTHOR!

BUT MAY I ASK WHY, SIR?

NATURALLY. YOU WILL RE-LOCATE SILVER OPTICS THERE IMMEDIATELY. JUST TO SPITE GOLD, OF COURSE.

AND NOW, LET US MOVE ON TO PHASE TWO OF OUR PLAN.

WE'VE SEPARATED THE MEN FROM THE BOYS...

...NOW LET'S PUT THE CHILDREN IN THEIR PLAYPEN.

"NOTIFY THE OPERATIVE PROVIDING THESE SPLENDID PICTURES...

"...THAT HE IS TO PROCEED."

MESSAGE RECEIVED, MR. LUTHOR.

AND ATTACK DOG ONE CAN'T WAIT TO CARRY IT OUT!

HEY, SUPES, IF YOU KNOW WHO RIGGED THIS DEAL, LET'S GO *KNOCK* HIM AROUND A LITTLE BIT.

BECAUSE IF WE DON'T DO OUR DUTY, LITTLE LOIS HERE WILL PROBABLY USE HER COLUMN TO ENGAGE IN SOME *BOOSTER BASHING!*

I...AH...DO REMEMBER WHAT SHE WROTE A FEW WEEKS AGO...

YOU OBJECT TO WHAT I WROTE?*

*BOOSTER #19--B.

YEAH! AND I ALSO OBJECT TO *SUPERMAN DAY,* AS WELL AS THE WAY THE PRESS HAS RIPPED ME OVER MY DOUBLE'S COMMENTS!

HE *WASN'T* ME, BUT HAS IT OCCURRED TO YOU THAT HE MAY HAVE BEEN *RIGHT?*

POWER UP.

READY TO STRIKE TARGET *SUPERMAN.*

KZACK

UGH! WHAT *NOW?*

I'D SAY IT LOOKS LIKE A BACKUP!

THIS...IS GETTING *MONOTONOUS!*

DON'T WORRY, SUPERMAN, IT WON'T LAST FOR LONG!

SO WHO'S THIS BOZO?

AND WHY ISN'T HE ATTACKING YOU, TOO?

OBVIOUSLY, HE'S AFRAID OF THE *REAL* MUSCLE AROUND HERE! ESPECIALLY WHEN MY FORCE FIELD MAKES ME INVINCIBLE!

INVINCIBLE, YES? UNSTOPPABLE?

NO WAY!

A POWERFUL BLAST OF COMPRESSED AIR SHOULD BLOW YOU AWAY LIKE A KANSAS TORNADO!

INSTRUCT OUR OPERATIVE TO BE LESS HARSH WITH BOOSTER GOLD. IT MUST BE OBVIOUS TO EVERYONE THAT HE'S ONLY INTERESTED IN SUPERMAN!

AND MOST OF ALL...

...TELL HIM TO GET ME BACK MY *KRYPTONITE!*

MESSAGE RECEIVED AND UNDERSTOOD! AND IF THE DRONE YOU EQUIPPED ME WITH WORKS AS WELL AS THIS ARMOR...

...THE *KRYPTONITE*...

...IS AS GOOD AS YOURS!

HUNH?

ON YOUR FEET ALREADY, SUPERMAN? THAT BLAST SHOULD HAVE KNOCKED YOU TO KINGDOM COME!

NO. NOT ANYMORE.

I'VE BEEN BEATEN, TRASHED, PUSHED AROUND, AND I'M SICK OF IT.

IN SHORT... IT'S *OVER!*

GIVE UP *...NOW.*

GIVE UP?

NEVER! THIS ENERGY STAFF HAS ENOUGH POWER TO FRY YOU, SUPERMAN!

LET'S SEE WHAT YOUR ANSWER IS TO *THIS!*

KZZZAK

NO! *NO!* I WAS TOLD... *PROMISED*... THAT YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SURVIVE A CLOSE-RANGE BLAST.

THEY WERE WRONG, FELLA. JUST LIKE YOU WERE WRONG TO BE HERE.

AND NOW, IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED A *LESSON.*

GULP.

IT'S SAID THAT THOSE WHO LIVE BY THE SWORD ARE DESTINED TO DIE BY THE SWORD.

I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU THE TRUTH IN THAT STATEMENT!

NO! MY *ENERGY STAFF--*

YOUR *ENERGY STAFF...*

...SEEMS TO BE *MELTING!*

AH... WHAT HAVE WE HERE? A CAMERA LENS?

MERCY.

WHO'S ON THE RECEIVING END, I WONDER?

PLEASE.

ARE YOU ENJOYING THIS, LUTHOR?

ARE YOU ENJOYING WATCHING AS I RIP THIS ARMOR APART .JUST LIKE YOUR PLANS, LUTHOR?

YOU'VE **FAILED** ONCE AGAIN, LUTHOR! YOU'VE--

MERCY.

WHAT IS **THIS**?

AN EMPLOYEE BADGE FROM BOOSTER GOLD INTERNATIONAL?

YEAH! AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT, BUB! BOOSTER WANTED ME TO PUT YOU IN YOUR PLACE! HE **HIRED** ME TO ATTACK YOU!

CLEARANCE

SECURITY

ROBERTS, WILL

ELECTRONICS GROUP

TER GOLD

RNATIONAL

CUT THE ACT, ROBERTS, THE PRESS ISN'T ANYWHERE NEAR US.

INTERESTING. EVEN YOUR ARMOR IS MADE FROM **BGI** COMPONENTS!

HEY, YOU AREN'T BELIEVING ALL THIS STUFF, ARE YOU, SUPES?

BGI

HI, BOSS!

I MEAN, WE MAY HAVE OUR DIFFERENCES, BUT WHEN I HAVE A GRIPE WITH YOU, I'LL DROP IT ON YOUR FRONT STEP MYSELF!

OH, I REALIZE THIS IS AN **OBVIOUS** FRAME-UP.

IT WAS INTENDED THAT I RIP THE ARMOR APART IN FRONT OF THE PRESS!

THAT WOULD HAVE FUELED SPECULATION THAT YOU MASTERMINDED TODAY'S EVENTS.

THIS WHOLE THING *STINKS!*

I'VE SAVED METROPOLIS A *NUMBER* OF TIMES! BUT THEY DON'T HAVE A *BOOSTER GOLD* DAY!

HOW DO YOU RATE?

I DIDN'T DECIDE TO HAVE THE DAY, BOOSTER, THE *PEOPLE* DID. MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE THEY *TRUST* SOMEONE WHO CAN'T BE BOUGHT.

IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT...

YEAH, I *DON'T* LIKE IT ONE BIT! SO WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO...

...LEAVE TOWN?

UMM... RIGHT. SO WHO SET THIS UP? ANY IDEAS?

SOMEONE VERY POWERFUL.

EXCORP

SOMEONE WHO THINKS HIMSELF UNTOUCHABLE... ABOVE THE LAW.

"SOMEONE WE'LL HAVE TO PROVE *WRONG!*"

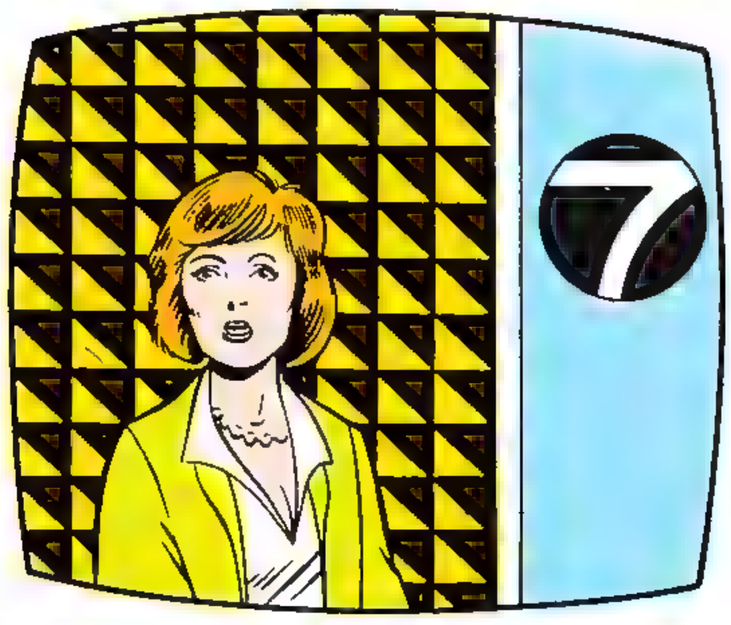
A TOAST, LADIES, TO THE SWEET FRAGRANCE OF VICTORY.

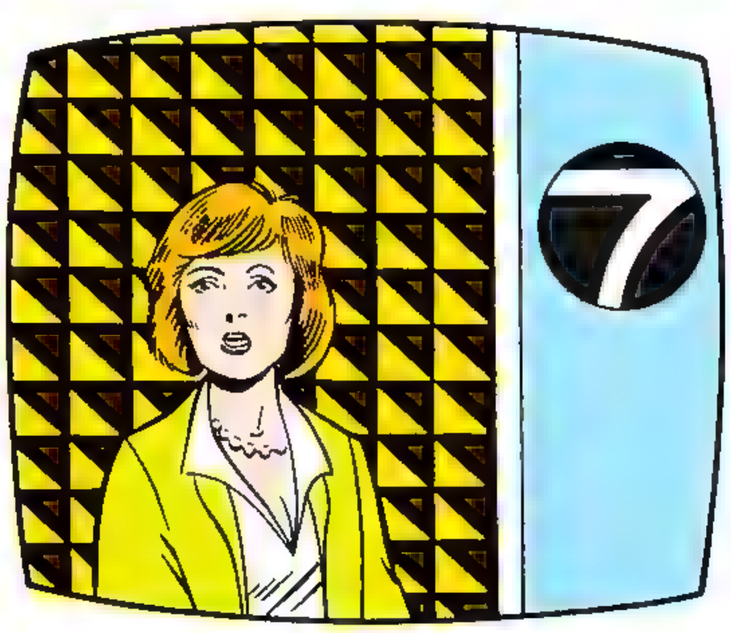
EVEN THOUGH THINGS DIDN'T WORK AS WELL AS PLANNED, BOOSTER GOLD IS *THROUGH* IN METROPOLIS!

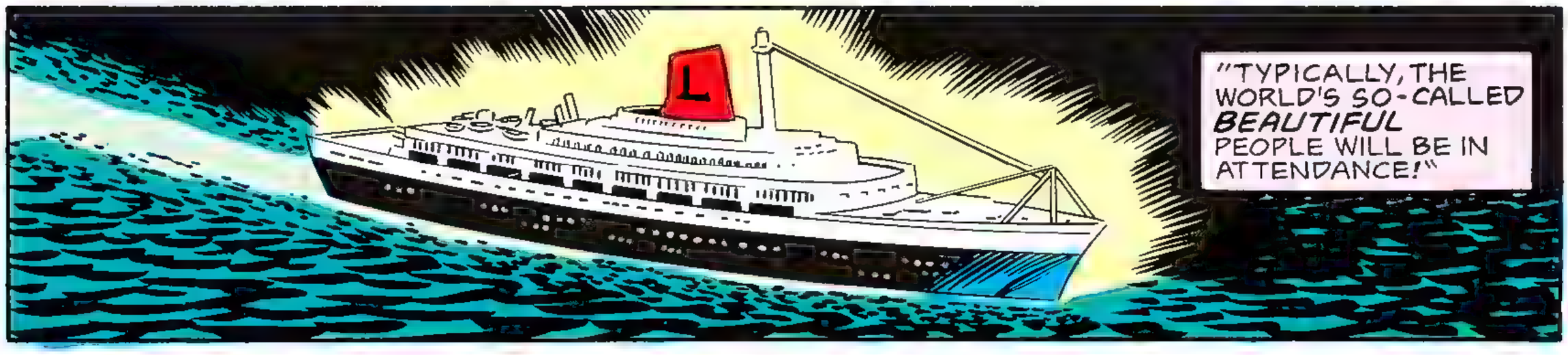
"...DAMAGES ESTIMATED AT ALMOST A MILLION BUT THERE ARE NO INJURIES TO REPORT. SUPERMAN REFUSED COMMENT, BUT AN OUTGOING BOOSTER GOLD HAD THIS TO SAY..."

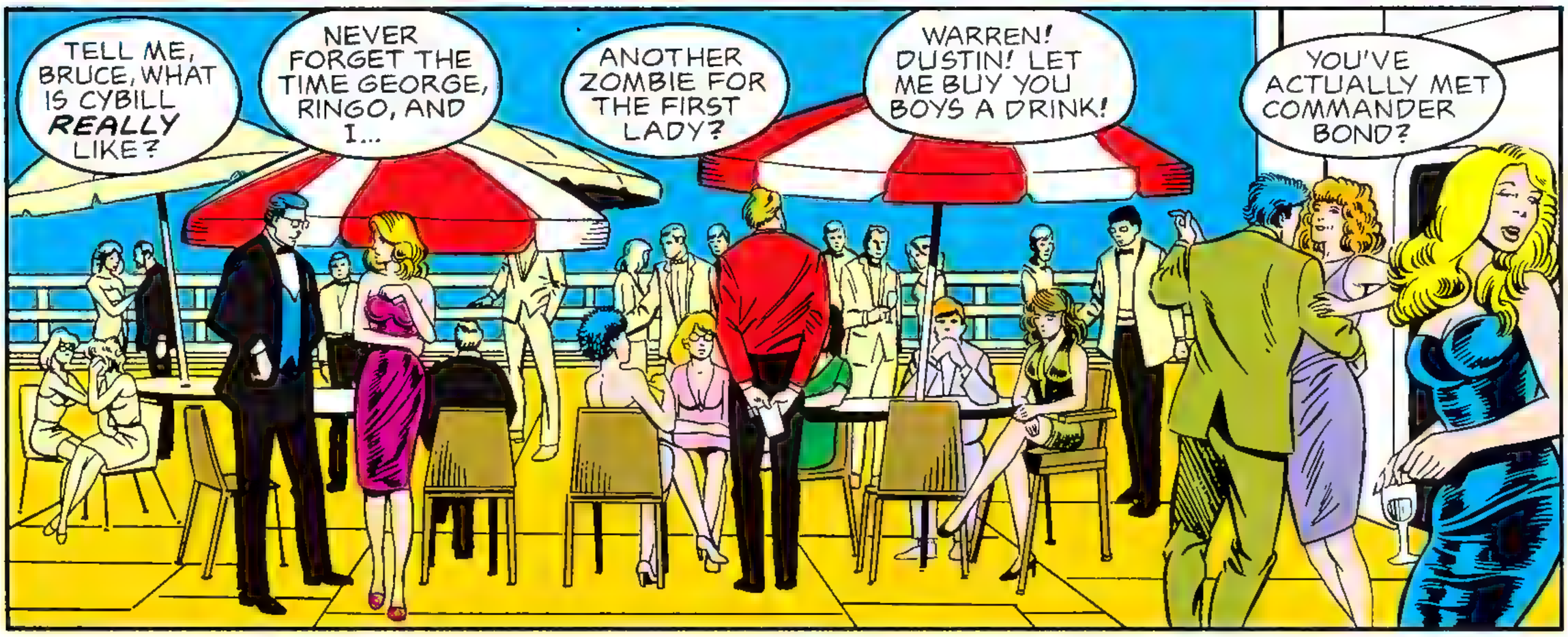
"...CERTAINLY DON'T CONSIDER MYSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR SOMETHING LIKE THAT WHEN AN ANDROID ATTACKS SUPERMAN! REMEMBER, IT WAS YOURS TRULY WHO ***SAVED*** THE MAN OF STEEL!"

"INDEED IT WAS. WE'LL RETURN IN A MOMENT WITH A REPORT ABOUT TONIGHT'S GALA AFFAIR ABOARD THE LUTHOR YACHT!









BOOSTER GOLD, AT YOUR SERVICE.

THIS AFFAIR IS *INVITATION ONLY*, MR. GOLD.

REALLY? MINE MUST STILL BE UNDER THE DOOR MAT.

BY THE WAY, CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR ACQUISITION TODAY. I KNEW THAT IF I BID SILVER OPTICS' PRICE UP YOU'D PAY DOUBLE ITS WORTH!

YOU SEE... ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, I *CAN* DO BETTER!

REALLY, MR. GOLD?

HEY, LEX, YOU HAVEN'T INTRODUCED ME TO YOUR RAVISHING DATE HERE!

OH YEAH?

I'LL THANK YOU TO DISPLAY A SENSE OF DECORUM, MR. GOLD!

PSST PSST PSST...

BY ALL MEANS! YOUR PLACE OR MINE?

SEE YOU AROUND, LEX! MAYBE YOUR NEXT ANDROID SHOULD BE FEMALE!

SKASH

ACROSS THE BAY AT BOOSTER'S MANSION...

PING

File Edit view Special

BOOSTER GOLD INTERNATIONAL

CORPORATE ACCOUNT

BALANCE.....$ 0.00

File Edit view Special

BOOSTER GOLD INTERNATIONAL

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BALANCE.....$ 0.00

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BOOSTER GOLD PERSONAL ACCOUNT

BALANCE.....$ 0.00

File Edit view Special

SUMMARY

ALL ASSETS DEPLETED

CORPORATE DEBTS OUTWEIGH CORPORATE ASSETS 2 TO 1

YOU'RE BROKE, GOLD...NOW I OWN YOU BODY AND SOUL!

NEXT ISSUE: BETRAYAL!

22

SUPERMAN

Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

LOST LOVE

John Byrne writer/penciller * Karl Kesel inker
Tom Ziuko colorist * John Costanza letterer
Michael Carlin : editor

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF WAYNE BORING, THE FIRST LORI ARTIST

THE RUGGED ATLANTIC COASTLINE NORTH OF METROPOLIS.

7:23 A.M.

THERE HE IS...

SUPERMAN! WELCOME!

THANK YOU FOR COMING!

I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE, RONAL.

IT'S NOT EASY TO IGNORE THE SUMMONS OF A TELEPATH LIKE YOURSELF!

0E3-60

YOUR *TONE* IS BITTER STILL, SUPERMAN.

I AM... SORRY TO HEAR THIS.

WHAT DID YOU *EXPECT*, RONAL?

I *LOVED* LORI... AND YOU TOOK HER *AWAY* FROM ME.

AND YOU *HATE* ME FOR THAT. YES, I UNDERSTAND.

BUT TODAY WE MUST PUT *ASIDE* SUCH DIFFERENCES, SUPERMAN.

FOR TODAY IS THE ANNIVERSARY OF LORI'S *DEATH*. AND I WOULD LIKE YOU TO PARTICIPATE WITH ME IN A SPECIAL *MEMORIAL*.

MEMORIAL?

LOOK, SUPERMAN...

LOOK OUT TO *SEA*! WAITING THERE IS THE GREATEST *POET* IN ALL THE WORLD.

TELL *HIM* THE STORY OF YOUR LOVE FOR *LORI LEMARIS*...

AND HE WILL MAKE OF IT A *SONG* THAT WILL LAST THROUGH ALL THE AGES OF THE WORLD!

RONAL, THAT'S... *BEAUTIFUL*!

AND SUCH A *PERFECT* WAY TO COMMEMORATE HER.

ALL RIGHT. I'LL TELL OUR STORY...

"A STORY THAT BEGAN ONE YEAR BEFORE I ADOPTED MY SUPERMAN IDENTITY.

"I WAS A *SENIOR* AT THE *UNIVERSITY* OF METROPOLIS..

HELP!

OH, HELP!!!

HOLY...!! THAT GIRL'S WHEELCHAIR'S GOT *AWAY* FROM HER!

AND IT'S GAINING *SPEED!*

HELP!!

PLEASE, HELP!!!

"I HAD ONLY *SECONDS* IN WHICH TO ACT.

"*IN LESS THAN A MICROSECOND A DOZEN REACTIONS RACED THROUGH MY BRAIN.*"

I DON'T WANT TO *REVEAL* MY POWERS TO THE WORLD...

BUT I THINK THERE'S A WAY TO *HELP* HER WITHOUT GIVING UP MY *SECRET!*

"*WITH MY HEAT-VISION-- INVISIBLE TO HUMAN EYES--I MELTED THE RUBBER ON THE CHAIR'S TIRES.*

"*THE STICKY, MELTED RUBBER GRIPPED THE COBBLESTONES AND...*"

OHH!

NOW I CAN SAFELY *CATCH* HER BY RUNNING AT *NORMAL SPEED!*

DON'T *WORRY*, MISS!

I'VE *GOT* YOU...

OH!

"*AND SHE GOT ME!*

"*I LOOKED INTO EYES AS DEEP AND MYSTERIOUS AS THE SEA...*

"*AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE...I FELL IN LOVE.*"

"THEN SHE SPOKE, AND HER VOICE WAS MUSICAL...

"WITH JUST THE SLIGHTEST HINT OF A FOREIGN ACCENT."

THANK YOU! I WOULD HAVE BEEN IN GREAT TROUBLE BUT FOR YOU, MISTER... MISTER...?

KENT. CLARK KENT. I'M GLAD I COULD BE OF HELP, MISS...?

LORI. MY NAME IS LORI LEMARIS.

OH... LOOK AT MY POOR TIRES!

HOW IN THE WORLD DID THAT HAPPEN?

UH-OH... I WAS SO BUSY BEING CLEVER WITH MY HEAT-VISION I DIDN'T CONSIDER HAVING TO EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED AFTERWARDS...

ER...

AH...

I SUPPOSE THE SPEED OF THE SPINNING WHEELS MUST HAVE CREATED A GREAT DEAL OF FRICTION!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN THAT WHICH MELTED THE RUBBER--YES?

ER... YES. THAT SOUNDS LOGICAL.

SHE SAID THAT AS IF WE BOTH KNOW IT ISN'T TRUE!

THANK YOU AGAIN, MR. KENT. I... HOPE I WILL SEE YOU AGAIN...

CLARK.

AND I HOPE SO TOO, LORI.

"IN FACT, I DIDN'T GET MORE THAN A GLIMPSE OF HER AGAIN FOR ALMOST A WEEK.

"THEN, ONE MONDAY MORNING MY BIOLOGY PROFESSOR TOOK US ON A FIELD TRIP TO THE ARK, METROPOLIS FAMOUS FLOATING AQUARIUM.

THE ARK

THE ARK

METROPOLIS HARBOR AUTHORITY

LEXCORP

4

"AND THERE SHE WAS."

LORI!

CLARK!

OH, CLARK! IT IS SO GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

HOW HAVE YOU *BEEN?*

WELL...ER...LET'S JUST SAY I'M *BETTER* NOW THAT I'M TALKING TO *YOU* AGAIN, LORI.

HOW VERY *SWEET* OF YOU TO SAY SO!

BUT WHATEVER ARE YOU DOING *HERE?* I THOUGHT YOU WERE A *JOURNALISM MAJOR.*

SHE MUST HAVE *INQUIRED* ABOUT ME FROM THE OTHER STUDENTS! OH... *WOW!*

I'VE GOT A *MINOR* IN JUST ABOUT *EVERYTHING,* LORI. A *GOOD REPORTER* NEEDS TO KNOW ALL KINDS OF THINGS.

AND WHAT MAKES *YOU* WANT TO BE A REPORTER, CLARK?

YOU SEEM TOO... *MILD-MANNERED* FOR SUCH A NASTY, *NOSY* JOB.

DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'S SO NASTY?

I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD WAY TO KEEP TABS ON WORLD EVENTS-- TO HAVE IMMEDIATE KNOWLEDGE OF TROUBLE THAT MIGHT NEED MY *SPECIAL* HELP.

"AS LORI AND I CHATTED, I HAD NO IDEA SOME VERY *SERIOUS* TROUBLE WAS HEADING OUR WAY..."

THAT *TUG'S* GONE OUT OF CONTROL!!

IT'S HEADED STRAIGHT AT THE *ARK!!*

RUNG!

METROPOLIS PORT AUTHORITY

IT MAKES ME SO *SAD* TO SEE ALL THESE BEAUTIFUL CREATURES *CAGED* LIKE...

OHH!!

SOMETHING *HIT* THE ARK!!

SHE'S *FOUNDERING*!!

LORI!!!

CLARK!

NO! HELP THE *OTHERS*!

I WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

BRAVE GIRL! SHE DOESN'T WANT TO SEEM *HELPLESS* IN MY EYES! BUT WITHOUT THE USE OF HER *LEGS* SHE'LL *SINK* LIKE A *STONE*!

THEY CAN FEND FOR THEM-SELVES, LORI...

AT LEAST UNTIL I GET *YOU* TO SAFETY!

THE *FISH*, CLARK! *HELP* THE FISH!

NOW, STAY HERE...

THIS POLLUTED RIVER WATER WILL *POISON* THEM!

AND IT WON'T DO THE *PEOPLE* MUCH GOOD, EITHER!

BUT LORI'S *RIGHT*! THE FISH MUST BE *SAVED*.

AND THE BEST WAY I CAN HELP *MAN* AND *BEAST* ALIKE...

IS TO GET *UNDER* THE ARK AND FIND SOME WAY TO *BEACH* HER...

AND MY *X-RAY VISION* SHOWS ME *JUST* THE WAY TO DO THAT!

THE TUG WAS OUT OF CONTROL BECAUSE OF A *FIRE* IN THE ENGINES. THE *CREW* HAD ABANDONED SHIP!

NOW... I CAN *SEPARATE* THE TUG AND THE ARK, AND WHEN THE TUG *BLOWS...*

THERE!

PEOPLE WILL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO THINK THE FORCE OF THE BLAST PROPELLED THE *ARK* INTO DRYDOCK.

NOW TO... *EH?*

CORI!!

WHAT IN BLAZES IS SHE DOING??

GOT TO GET TO HER BEFORE...

GREAT SCOTT!! THE GIANT OCTOPUS FROM THE ARK!!

IT MUST'VE SLIPPED OUT OF THE BREACH IN THE HULL WHEN I PUSHED AWAY THE TUG!

AND NOW IT'S GOT LORI!!

"BEFORE I COULD RECOVER FROM THAT SHOCK, I RECEIVED ANOTHER..."

IT'S NOT HURTING HER...

HER... HER LIPS ARE MOVING.

IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER I'D ALMOST THINK SHE WAS...TALKING TO IT!!

IT'S SWIMMING OUT TO SEA...

LEAVING LORI UNHARMED!

LORI...

WHAT HAPPENED? THAT MONSTER HAD YOU IN ITS GRIP...

OH...THEY ARE REALLY VERY TIMID, CLARK.

YOUR SUDDEN APPROACH MUST HAVE STARTLED IT... FRIGHTENED IT INTO SWIMMING AWAY.

MAYBE...

BUT THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHAT YOU WERE *DOING* IN THE WATER IN THE *FIRST* PLACE!

I... THOUGHT I SAW A *CHILD.*

SOMEONE WHO HAD *FALLEN* FROM THE ARK.

I WANTED TO *HELP.*

THAT'S VERY *COMMENDABLE,* LORI.

BUT ALSO VERY *FOOLISH.*

THE WEIGHT OF THIS WET BLANKET WOULD HAVE HELD YOU UNDER EVEN IF YOU COULD USE YOUR LEGS.

I'M AMAZED IT DIDN'T COME FREE WHEN THE OCTOPUS GRABBED YOU.

I... HAVE IT VERY SECURELY FASTENED AROUND ME, CLARK.

I DO NOT WANT ANYONE TO *SEE* MY LEGS.

NOT EVEN YOU.

PROMISE ME NOW, CLARK.

PROMISE YOU WILL NEVER TRY TO SEE MY LEGS.

LORI, I...

PLEASE, CLARK.

WE BOTH HAVE OUR SECRETS.

PROMISE ME THAT YOU WILL *RESPECT* MINE.

"*THE WAY SHE SAID IT... 'WE BOTH HAVE OUR SECRETS'...*

"*IT WAS LIKE SHE'D LOOKED RIGHT DOWN INTO MY SOUL...*"

I... PROMISE, LORI.

LORI...

...CLARK...

"WELL... AFTER THAT, AS FAR AS I WAS CONCERNED, THERE WAS NO GOING BACK.

"LORI AND I BEGAN A ROMANCE THAT BECAME THE TALK OF THE SCHOOL.

"BUT THERE WAS STILL ONE LAST MYSTERY..."

OH--LOOK AT THE TIME! I MUST GET BACK TO MY *TRAILER*, CLARK.

EVERY NIGHT SHE HAS TO BE HOME BY ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

WHY, I WONDER?

"EVEN IN THAT I CHOSE TO RESPECT LORI'S NEED FOR PRIVACY.

"UNTIL, ONE DAY JUST THREE MONTHS AFTER WE FIRST MET...

"I TOOK LORI TO HER FAVORITE SPOT.. *THIS* SPOT... AND..."

LORI... I BROUGHT YOU HERE TO ASK YOU TO *MARRY* ME...

BUT... BEFORE I CAN DO THAT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT ME YOU HAVE TO KNOW.

I'M NOT *LIKE* OTHER MEN, LORI. I...

I KNOW, MY DARLING. YOU HAVE GREAT *POWERS*. POWERS YOU WISH KEPT *SECRET* FROM THE WORLD.

YOU... YOU *KNOW*?!

HOW? WHEN DID I GIVE MYSELF AWAY?

YOU... DID NOT. I CANNOT TELL YOU HOW I KNOW...

OH... DO NOT LOOK SO *HURT*, MY POOR CLARK. YOU HAVE SHARED YOUR GREATEST SECRET WITH ME, YET STILL I WILL NOT OPEN MYSELF TO YOU.

I KNOW IT MUST SEEM *CRUEL* OF ME.

BUT I AM NOT BEING CRUEL, CLARK. PLEASE UNDERSTAND IT, IS ALL PART OF THE REASON I WAS SENT TO AMERICA..

AND PART OF WHY I CAN *LOVE* YOU WITH ALL MY HEART--BUT NEVER MARRY YOU.

BUT... WHY, LORI? YOU MUST TELL ME WHY! IF YOU TRULY LOVE ME YOU OWE ME THAT MUCH!

IS IT... IS IT BECAUSE OF YOUR PARALYSIS? YOU KNOW THAT DOESN'T AFFECT THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT YOU.

BUT... I COULD SEARCH THE WHOLE WORLD...

NO, CLARK, NO. IT IS NOT THAT.

PLEASE... DO NOT ASK ANY MORE QUESTIONS.

JUST... TAKE ME HOME...

"AND THEN IT HIT ME, WITH ALL THE CERTAINTY YOUTH AND INEXPERIENCE COULD BRING..."

IT'S... ANOTHER MAN!!

"I WON'T PRETEND TO BE PROUD OF WHAT FOLLOWED. SPURRED ON BY IRRATIONAL JEALOUSY I BROKE MY PROMISE TO LORI. THAT NIGHT I USED MY POWERS TO SPY ON HER."

LORI REPORTING. I CANNOT CONTINUE WITH MY MISSION IN AMERICA. I MUST COME HOME...

SO THAT'S WHY SHE HAD TO BE HOME EACH NIGHT AT ELEVEN! TO MAKE SECRET RADIO TRANSMISSIONS!

HER "MISSION" SHE SAID.

GOOD LORD!

COULD LORI BE AN AGENT OF SOME FOREIGN POWER?

A SPY???!

"I KNEW SENSITIVE GOVERNMENT RESEARCH WAS BEING CARRIED OUT AT U.M.

"I CHECKED TO SEE IF LORI'S CLASSES MIGHT HAVE TOUCHED ON ANY OF THEM."

HISTORY... ARCHEAOLOGY... MARINE BIOLOGY... CLASSICAL MYTHOLOGY...

NOTHING SINISTER IN HER FILES.

"I DECIDED TO SEARCH HER TRAILER."

NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY HERE EITHER...

EXCEPT...

THAT BED IS AWFULLY HIGH...

"MY X-RAY VISION TOLD ME THE REASON FOR THE PECULIAR SHAPE OF THE BED."

IT'S NOT A BED AT ALL!

IT'S A GIANT *FISH TANK*, FILLED WITH *SEAWATER!*

"TO THIS DAY I'M NOT SURE WHAT HAPPENED NEXT. MY MIND RACED..

"AND AN *IMPOSSIBLE* CONCLUSION SPRANG INTO MY HEAD."

THE WHEELCHAIR... "*TALKING*" TO THE OCTOPUS... THE TANK OF SALT WATER...

IT'S *CRAZY*... AND YET SOMEHOW IT ALL *ADDS UP!!*

"A MOMENT LATER I WAS FLYING TOWARDS LORI'S FAVORITE SPOT."

IT'S THE MOST INCREDIBLE... THE MOST FANTASTIC SOLUTION.

YET IT'S THE ONLY ONE THAT FITS *ALL* THE DETAILS.

THERE'S LORI.

SHE'S TRYING TO GET OUT TO THAT SPUR OF ROCK.

SHE LOOKS SO *HELPLESS*... *STRANDED*...

BUT, THEN, WITHOUT HER WHEELCHAIR SHE'S A FISH OUT OF WATER!

NEED A *LIFT*, LORI?

CLARK!

YOU *CAME* AFTER *ME*...!?!

YOU *SHOULD NOT* HAVE!

I WANTED TO LEAVE WITHOUT SEEING YOU AGAIN.

WITHOUT CAUSING YOU ANY MORE *PAIN*...

TOO LATE FOR THAT, LORI.

BUT...IF YOU'RE *DETERMINED* TO LEAVE ME, AT LEAST I CAN TAKE YOU *HOME!*

OH, CLARK...

I *LOVE* YOU. I LOVE YOU *SO MUCH...*

BUT IF YOU HAVE *DEDUCED* WHERE I *LIVE...*

YOU MUST NOW UNDERSTAND WHY OUR LOVE CAN NEVER BE.

I...DO...

IS THIS A GOOD SPOT?

YES...

THIS WILL DO JUST *FINE.*

"A QUICK TWIST OF HER SLENDER WRIST AND THE EVER SWADDLING BLANKET CAME AWAY...

"AND I SAW LORI AS IF FOR THE *FIRST TIME!*"

INCREDIBLE!

EVEN THOUGH I'D *GUESSED*...EVEN THOUGH I'M *SEEING* IT WITH MY OWN EYES...

I STILL CAN'T REALLY *BELIEVE* IT!

LORI IS A MERMAID!!

SHE'S VANISHED UNDER THE WAVES.

BUT I *CAN'T* LET HER GO.

NOT *YET!*

AND SO YOU *SEE* ME FOR WHAT I *AM*, CLARK.

DO I REVOLT YOU?

NO. I SEE IN YOUR MIND THAT I DO NOT.

"IT WAS LORI'S VOICE, BUT SPEAKING *INSIDE* MY MIND. SHE WAS A NATURAL *TELEPATH!*"

THIS IS ALL SO *FANTASTIC*, LORI. YOU MUST TELL ME HOW IT *HAPPENED!*

"YES... PERHAPS I MUST. I AM A *CREATURE* OF THE *SEA*, BELOVED.

"A CREATURE OUT OF *LEGEND*... WITH A *LEGENDARY* HOME.

"THE LOST CONTINENT OF *ATLANTIS!!*

"45 THOUSAND YEARS AGO A GREAT *CATACLYSM* CAUSED THE ISLAND KINGDOM TO *SINK* UNDER THE OCEAN WHICH NOW BEARS ITS NAME.

"TWO GREAT CITIES *SURVIVED*, PROTECTED BY HUGE DOMES OF PERFECT CRYSTAL.

"ONE DAY, MANY YEARS LATER, THE SCIENTISTS OF ATLANTIS DEVELOPED A *SERUM* WHICH ALLOWED HUMANS TO *BREATHE* UNDER WATER.

"BUT FOR SOME, FOR MY ANCESTORS, IT HAD AN UNEXPECTED *SIDE EFFECT.*

"WITHIN TEN GENERATIONS MY PEOPLE HAD *MUTATED* INTO A RACE OF TRUE *MERFOLK!*

"TO BETTER COMMUNICATE IN THE DEEP WE LEARNED THE ART OF TELEPATHY-- MIND READING. THAT WAS HOW I KNEW OF YOUR POWERS, AND HOW I 'SPOKE' TO THE GIANT OCTOPUS.

"OVER THE CENTURIES WE OBSERVED OUR SURFACE-DWELLING BROTHERS... AND SOMETIMES WE WERE SEEN OURSELVES.

"WE SENT OUR EXPLORERS TO THE DISTANT CORNERS OF THE WORLD, ESTABLISHING FAR FLUNG MERFOLK COMMUNITIES.

"SOME OF THOSE COLONIES LOST TOUCH WITH ATLANTIS."

THAT IS WHY I CAME TO AMERICA. MY FAMILY--MY MOTHER, FATHER, AND YOUNGER SISTER--ARE ALL THAT REMAIN OF ONE SUCH LOST COLONY.

AND *THAT'S* WHY YOU CHOSE THE COURSES YOU TOOK! YOU WERE HOPING TO FIND SOME *CLUE* TO THE LOCATION OF *ATLANTIS!*

BUT... I CAN *HELP* YOU, NOW! WITH MY POWERS I COULD SEARCH...

NO, CLARK.

YOU BELONG TO THE SURFACE WORLD. YOUR POWERS ARE NEEDED THERE. IT IS JUST ONE MORE THING TO MAKE OUR LOVE *IMPOSSIBLE.*

NOW... FOR THE LAST TIME... WE MUST SAY *FAREWELL...*

"LORI'S LOGIC WAS *UNASSAILABLE!*

"WITH A BREAKING HEART I KISSED HER ONE MORE TIME...

"AND SAID MY LAST GOOD-BYE TO MY BEAUTIFUL MERMAID SWEETHEART.

"I TRIED TO PUT LORI OUT OF MY MIND. FOR SEVERAL YEARS I ALMOST SUCCEEDED.

"THEN, SHORTLY AFTER I FIRST ADOPTED MY COSTUMED IDENTITY AS SUPERMAN, I MET ANOTHER NOVICE HERO--ONE WITH MANY OF THE SAME ABILITIES AS LORI LEMARIS.

"HIS NAME WAS ARTHUR CURRY... BUT HE CALLED HIMSELF

AQUAMAN™

"FROM AQUAMAN I LEARNED THE HIDDEN LOCATION OF ATLANTIS.

"IT SET THE OLD FLAMES RAGING IN MY HEART. FOR WEEKS I PORED OVER NEWS ARTICLES FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD..."

GOLLY, MISS LANE--WHY IS MR. KENT SUDDENLY SO INTERESTED IN *MERMAID* STORIES?

MER... MAIDS...??

"ONE DAY I FOUND A MAN NAMED *HANS SCHMIDT*..."

HER EYES ARE AS *GREEN* AS THE SEA. HER HAIR IS SOFT, SHINY...

SHE'S TOO *BEAUTIFUL* TO BE HUMAN, AND I MEAN TO *HAVE* HER...

ALIVE OR DEAD!!

THE DESCRIPTION FITS LORI *PERFECTLY*... BUT THE OTHER FISHERMEN HEREABOUTS SAY SCHMIDT IS *MAD*... *HALLUCINATING*...

I MUSTN'T ALLOW *WISHFUL THINKING* TO *FOOL* ME...

"AT *DUSK* I WENT TO THE SPOT WHERE SCHMIDT SAID HE'D MOST OFTEN SEEN HIS MERMAID."

LORI... YOU CAN READ MINDS. IF YOU *ARE* OUT THERE NOW, PLEASE COME...

COME TO ME...

"SHE CAME!"

LORI!!! IT'S *REALLY* YOU!

OH, CLARK! I HAVE *MISSED* YOU SO MUCH! MANY TIMES, ALONE AT NIGHT, I HAVE REACHED OUT WITH MY MIND TO TOUCH YOUR THOUGHTS. THE LOVE I FOUND THERE *WARMED* ME.

AND I READ YOUR THOUGHTS *NOW*...

LORI... LORI, I HAVE *WONDERFUL* NEWS FOR YOU!

I KNOW, CLARK. I READ THAT ALSO, IN YOUR THOUGHTS.

YOU HAVE FOUND ATL...

LORI!!!

HAHA!

I SAID I'D HAVE THE SEA WITCH!

HER *CORPSE* WILL BE WORTH *THOUSANDS* TO A CIRCUS SIDESHOW!!

SCHMIDT!! YOU MURDERING *DEVIL!* I'LL... I'LL...

WH-WHAT'S *WRONG* WITH YOU, MAN?

IT'S ONLY A *FISH!*

"ONLY MY SUPER-STRONG WILL KEPT ME FROM TEARING SCHMIDT LIMB FROM LIMB!"

RUN, SCHMIDT! *RUN!*

BUT IF SHE *DIES*, THERE'LL BE NO *CORNER* OF THE *UNIVERSE* WHERE YOU CAN *HIDE* FROM *ME!!*

YOU'RE *MAD!!*

MAD!!!

"CHANGING TO MY NEW COSTUMED IDENTITY I SPED ACROSS THE NORTH ATLANTIC TOWARDS THE COORDINATES TOLD TO ME BY AQUAMAN.

"I DARED NOT USE MY FULL SUPER-SPEED FOR FEAR OF HARMING LORI. AS THE VAST OCEAN SEEMED TO CRAWL BY, SHE SLIPPED LOWER AND LOWER..."

HANG ON, MY DARLING!! WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

HANG ON!

"REACHING AT LAST THE FABLED CITY OF TRITONIS I FOUND AN ESCORT PARTY WAITING."

GREETINGS, SUPERMAN. WE ARE AWARE OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

COME THIS WAY, QUICKLY.

THEY'RE ALL TELEPATHIC, JUST AS LORI SAID.

"THEN, WHAT SEEMED AN ETERNITY LATER..."

DOCTOR...?

SHE WILL LIVE, SUPERMAN. BUT THE KNIFE SEVERED HER SPINAL COLUMN.

SHE WILL BE PARALYZED FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE.

NO! NO! I CAN'T ACCEPT THAT! I WON'T ACCEPT IT!. THERE MUST BE SOMETHING TO BE DONE!

WELL... I HESITATE TO OFFER FALSE HOPE, SUPERMAN, BUT THERE IS A YOUNG INTERN HERE IN TRITONIS.

HIS METHODS ARE UNCONVENTIONAL ...BUT HE HAS ACHIEVED STARTLING SUCCESS WITH TEST ANIMALS.

"AND SO THAT BRILLIANT YOUNG REBEL WAS SUMMONED..."

SUPERMAN, THIS IS DOCTOR RONAL...

THIS IS A GREAT HONOR, SUPERMAN.

PLEASE... LET'S NOT WASTE TIME CHATTING! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP LORI...

"DAYS STRETCHED INTO WEEKS, AND WEEKS INTO MONTHS. AGAIN AND AGAIN I RETURNED TO ATLANTIS TO CHECK ON LORI'S PROGRESS. THEN, ONE DAY..."

LORI!!

YOU'RE WELL AGAIN! NOW WE CAN MARRY AT LAST!

CLARK...

"THAT'S THE THING ABOUT TELEPATHY... ONE WORD, YET IT HELD ENOUGH EMOTION, ENOUGH MINGLED JOY AND SORROW TO FILL A THOUSAND ENCYCLOPAEDIAS."

RONAL!!

YOU... YOU'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH RONAL!!

HOW COULD YOU? HOW COULD YOU BE SO UNFAIR? SO UNFEELING?

CLARK!

DON'T YOU SEE? IT IS AS I SAID SO LONG AGO... THIS LOVE OF OURS WAS NEVER MEANT TO BE.

IT WAS MORE PITY THAN LOVE THAT DREW YOU TO ME, CLARK. YOU SAW WHAT YOU THOUGHT WAS A BRAVE, CRIPPLED GIRL FIGHTING TO OVERCOME HER HANDICAP.

THE IMAGE TOUCHED YOUR HEART, AND YOU MISTOOK IT FOR LOVE... AS DID I.

BUT NOW... NOW I HAVE FOUND A MAN OF MY OWN KIND. AND AT LAST I UNDERSTAND TRUE LOVE.

AND YOU...

I SEE IN YOUR MIND THAT YOU HAVE ALSO FOUND ANOTHER.

A HUMAN WOMAN NAMED LOIS LANE. SHE IS THE ONE FOR YOU, CLARK. NOT ME.

LORI...

NO. SAY NOTHING MORE. GRANT ME ONE LAST KISS... ONE SAD COMMEMORATION OF WHAT COULD NEVER BE...

"AND LORI WAS GONE FROM MY LIFE...

"FOREVER..."

I NEVER SAW LORI AGAIN. A FEW MONTHS AGO I LEARNED I NEVER *WOULD*.

YES. SHE *DIED* DEFENDING THE CITY SHE'D SEARCHED SO *LONG* TO FIND.

AND SO... WE HAVE *BOTH* LOST HER NOW, SUPERMAN.

YES. MY PART IN HER STORY IS *DONE*. IS IT ENOUGH FOR YOUR *POET*?

MORE THAN ENOUGH, SUPERMAN. ALREADY HE *SPINS* THE TALE OF LORI LEMARIS INTO AN EPIC POEM TO *SING* ACROSS THE BOUNDLESS SEAS.

AND IT WILL *ENDURE*... FOR SO LONG AS THE *GREAT WHALES* ENDURE!

8:17 A.M.

THE SONG BEGINS...

MEANWHILE...

LOOK! THE FRONT DOOR'S *OPEN!*

I *TOLD* YOU THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG!

THE HOUSE *LOOKS* PEACEFUL ENOUGH...

LOOKS CAN BE *DECEIVING*, JONATHAN. YOU KNOW THAT.

LANA HASN'T ANSWERED HER *PHONE* IN *THREE DAYS!*

LANA?

LANA, HONEY?

ARE YOU *THERE?*

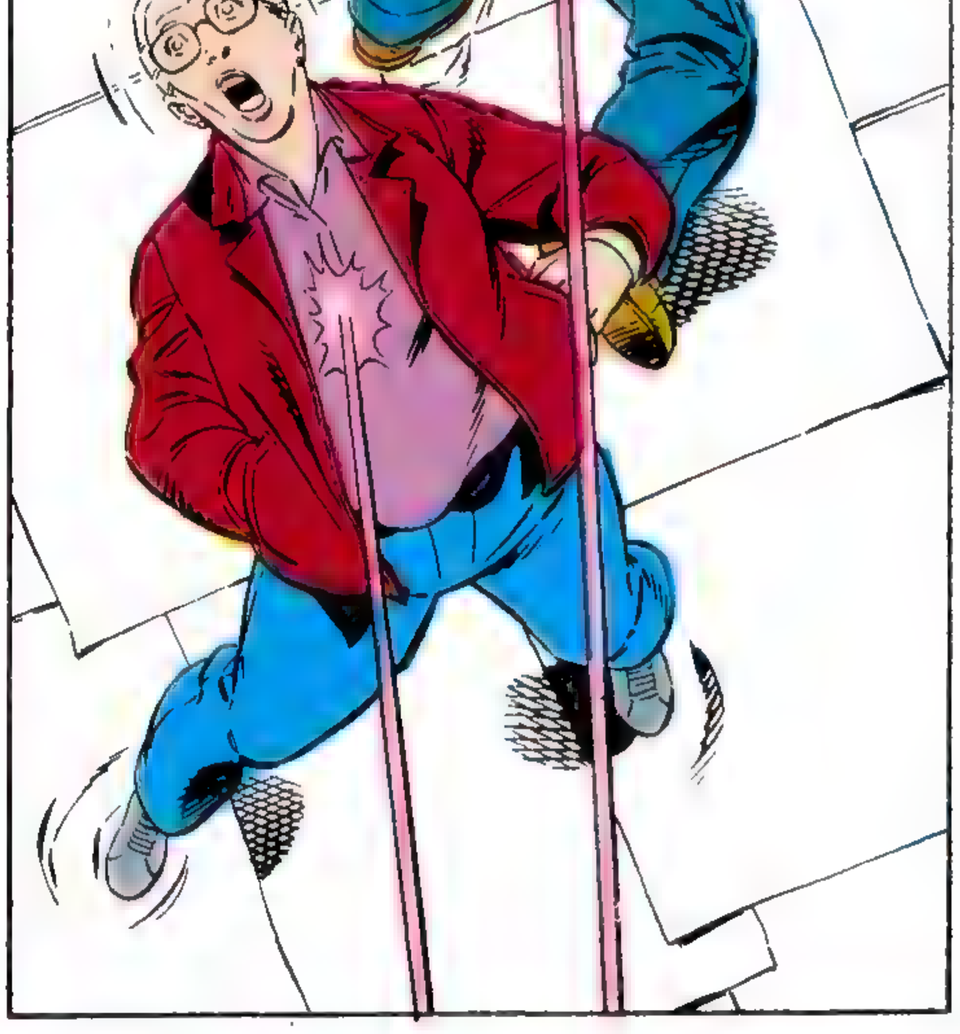
HM! LOOKS AS IF SHE LEFT IN A *HURRY!*

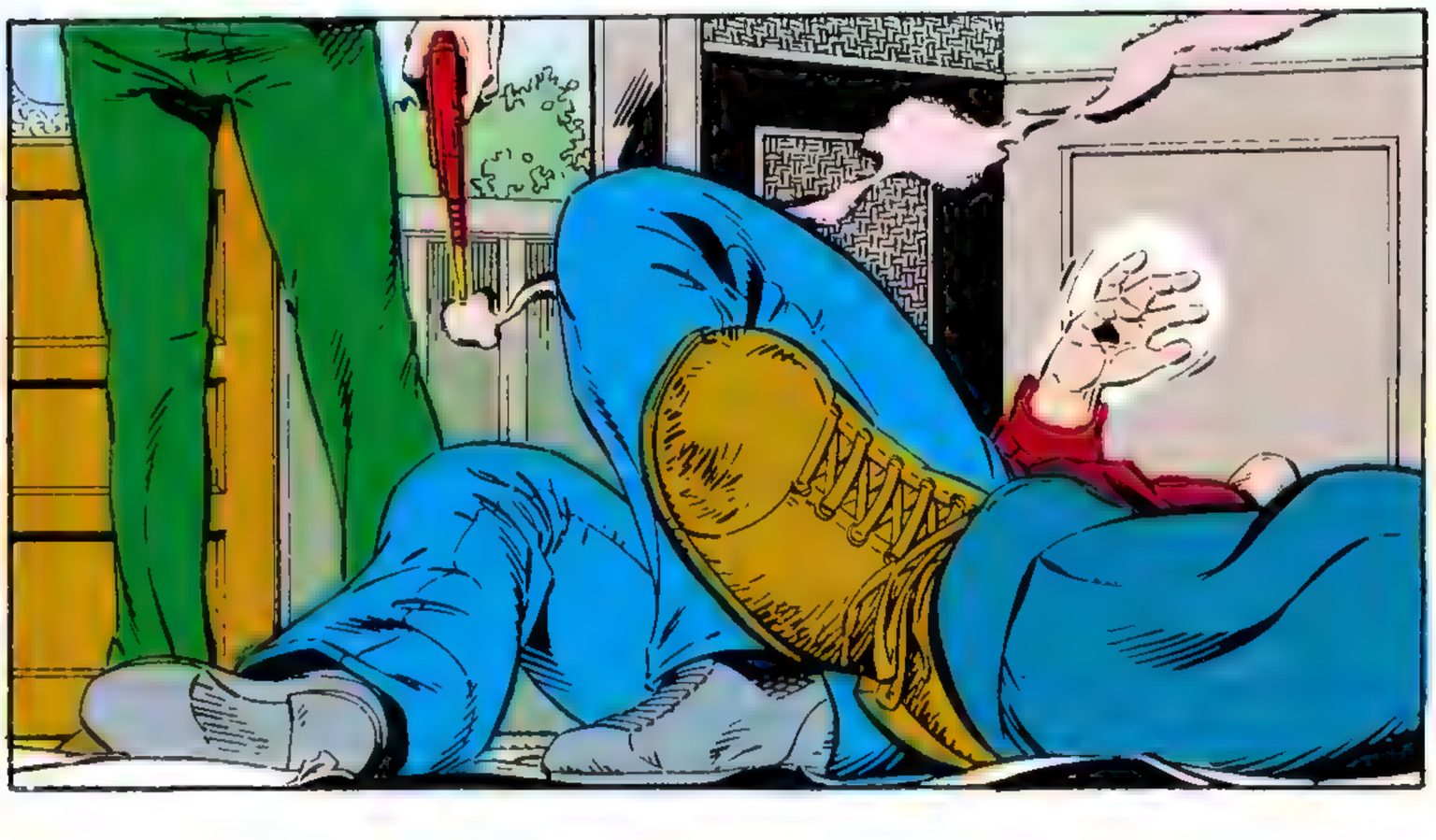
WALLPAPER HALF UP. PASTE *DRY* ON THE BRUSH.

PA...

DID YOU JUST HEAR...

OH, HELLO! WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HE...





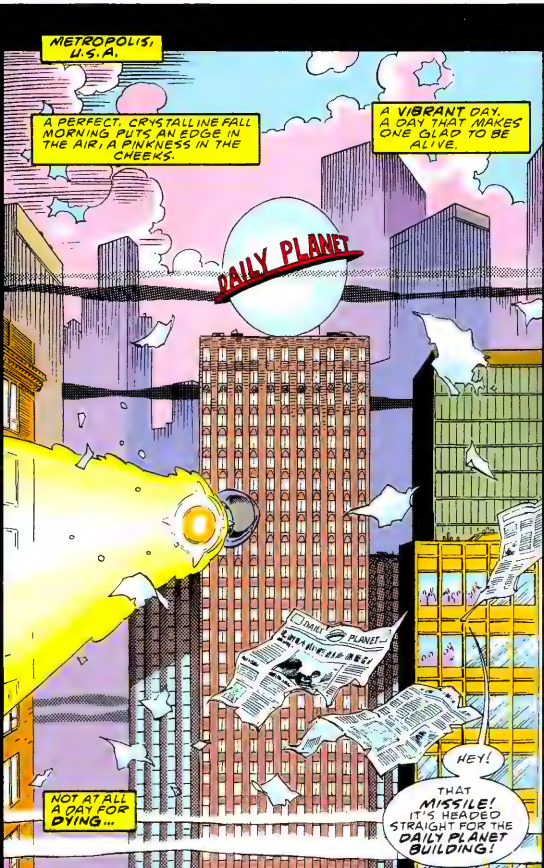
NEXT ISSUE:

AN EPIC SAGA OF LOVE AND BETRAYAL BEGINS HERE AS SUPERMAN MAKES THE MILLENNIUM CONNECTION.

Be here for...

TOYS IN THE ATTIC

IN 30 DAYS!



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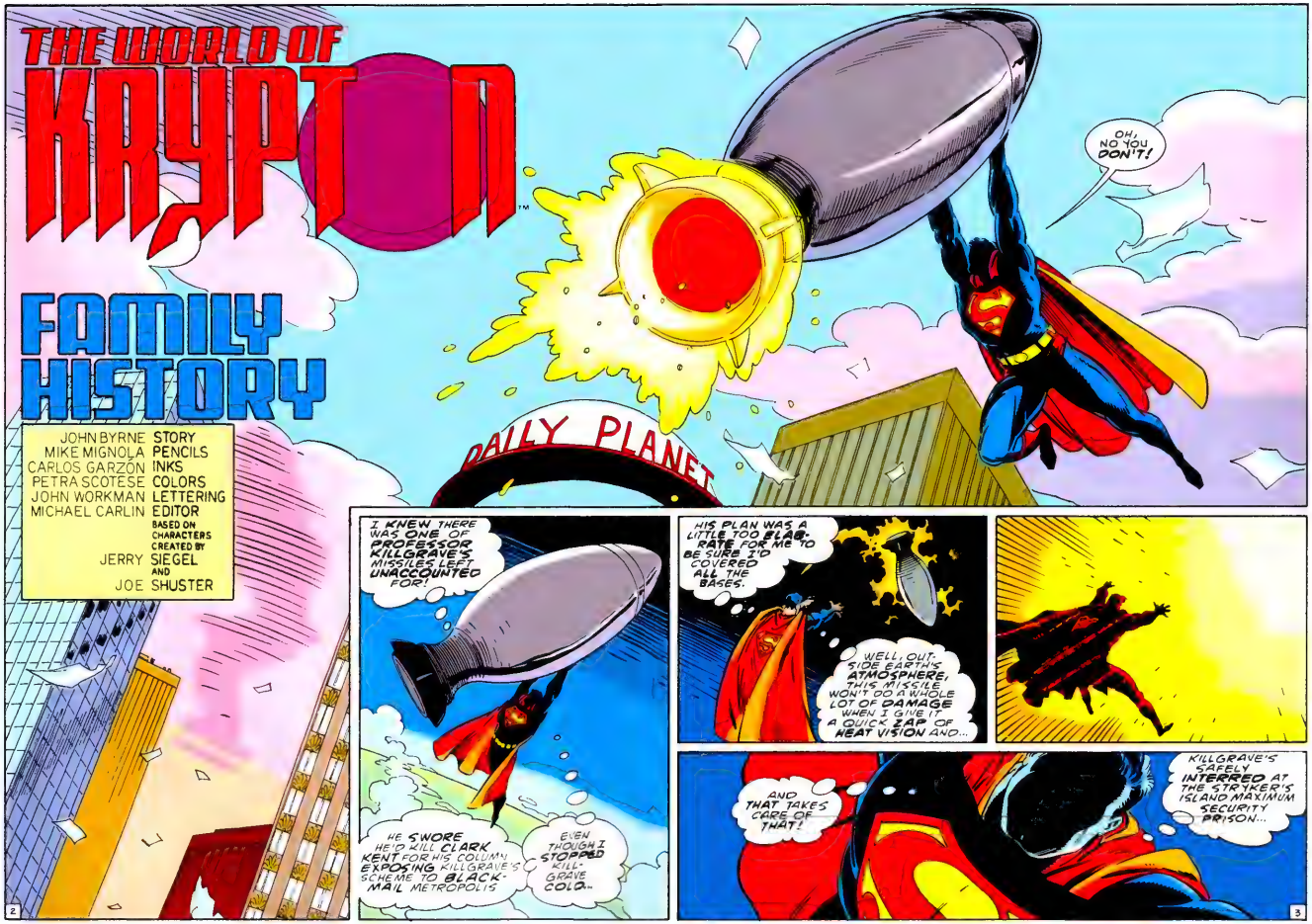
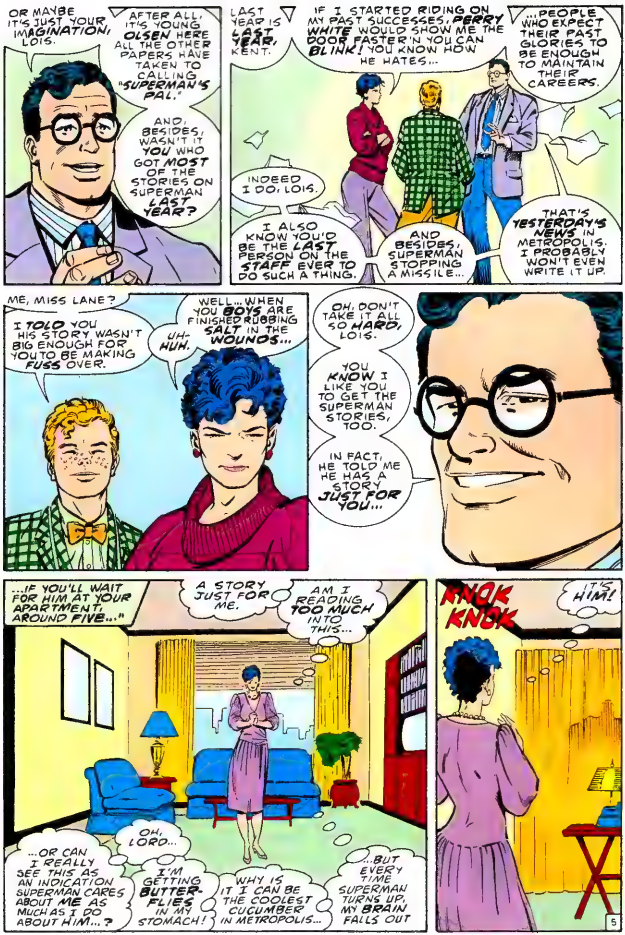
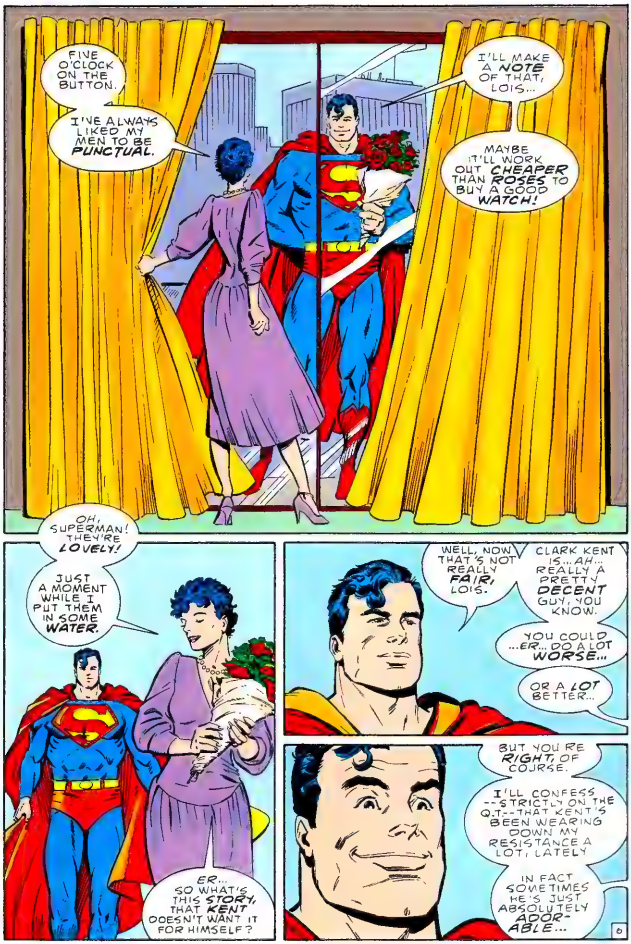
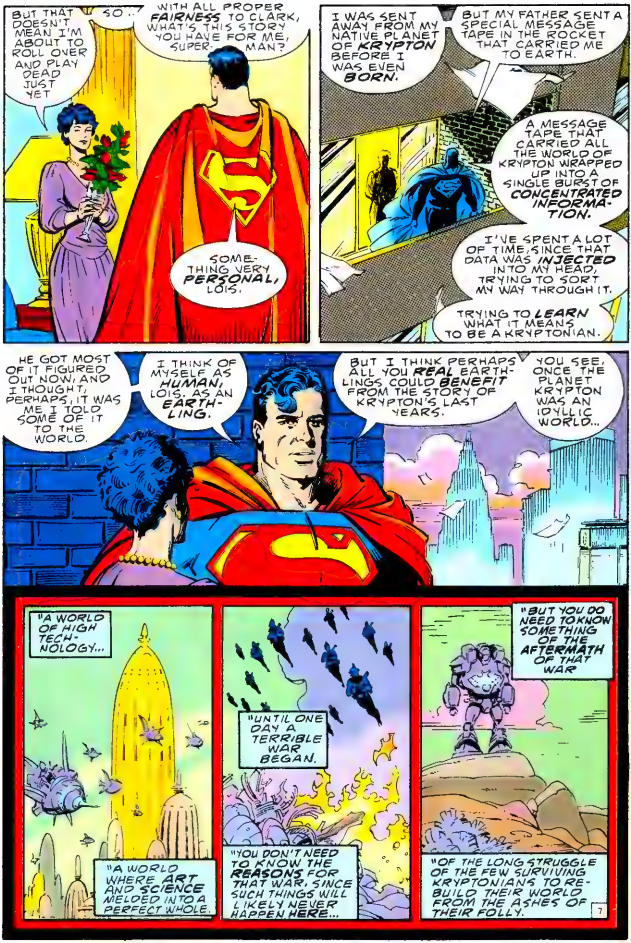
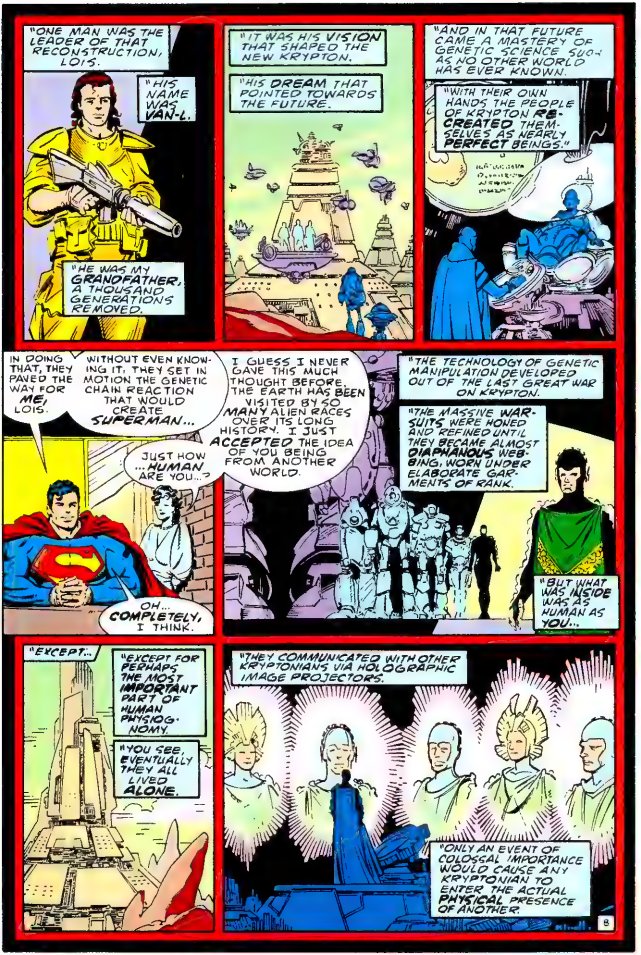

THE WORLD OF KRYPTON
FAMILY HISTORY
JOHN BYRNE STORY
MIKE MIGNOLA PENCILS
CARLOS GARZON INKS
PETRA SCOTESE COLORS
JOHN WORKMAN LETTERING
MICHAEL CARLIN EDITOR
BASED ON CHARACTERS CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
OH, NO YOU DON'T!
DAILY PLANET
I KNEW THERE WAS ONE OF PROFESSOR KILLGRAVE'S MISSILES LEFT UNACCOUNTED FOR!
HE SWORE HE'D KILL CLARK KENT FOR HIS COLUMN EXPOSING KILLGRAVE'S SCHEME TO BLACKMAIL METROPOLIS
EVEN THOUGH I STOPPED KILLGRAVE COLD...
HIS PLAN WAS A LITTLE TOO FLAGRANTE FOR ME TO BE SURE I'D COVERED ALL THE BASES.
WELL, OUTSIDE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE, THIS MISSILE WON'T DO A WHOLE LOT OF DAMAGE WHEN I GIVE IT A QUICK ZAP OF HEAT VISION AND...
AND THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT!
KILLGRAVE'S SAFELY INTERRED AT THE STRYKER'S ISLAND MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON...
2
3

SO IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR ME TO DROP INTO THIS CONVENIENTLY DARK ALLEYWAY...
...AND GET BACK TO THE REAL REASON KILLGRAVE'S PLAN TO BLOW UP THE PLANET BUILDING WOULDN'T HAVE DONE HIM ANY GOOD, ANYWAY...
SAY... ISN'T THAT CLARK KENT HE LOOKS JUST LIKE THE PICTURE AT THE TOP OF HIS COLUMN...
C'MON, JIMMY!
YOU'LL NEVER MAKE REPORTER IF YOU'RE NOT FAST ENOUGH TO GET OUT OF THE OFFICE WHEN A STORY HAPPENS RIGHT OVER YOUR HEAD!
JEEZ, MISS LANE!
DIDJA HAFTA COME INTA THE MEN'S ROOM TO GET ME...?!?
MORNIN' LOIS... JIMMY...
:GEK:
OHHH... NUTS!
AT BASE, JIMMY.
LOOKS LIKE MISTER JOHNNY-ON-THE-SPOT KENT HAS BEATEN ME TO THE STORY AGAIN!
HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO BE FIRST ON THE SCENE FOR ALL THE SUPERMAN STORIES, KENT?
LUCK? CLEAN LIVING?
4


OR MAYBE IT'S JUST YOUR IMAGINATION, LOIS.
AFTER ALL, IT'S YOUNG OLSEN HERE ALL THE OTHER PAPERS HAVE TAKEN TO CALLING "SUPERMAN'S PAL."
AND, BESIDES, WASN'T IT YOU WHO GOT MOST OF THE STORIES ON SUPERMAN LAST YEAR?
LAST YEAR IS LAST YEAR, KENT.
IF I STARTED RIDING ON MY PAST SUCCESSES, PERRY WHITE WOULD SHOW ME THE DOOR FASTER'N YOU CAN BLINK! YOU KNOW HOW HE HATES...
...PEOPLE WHO EXPECT THEIR PAST GLORIES TO BE ENOUGH TO MAINTAIN THEIR CAREERS.
INDEED I DO, LOIS.
I ALSO KNOW YOU'D BE THE LAST PERSON ON THE STAFF EVER TO DO SUCH A THING.
AND BESIDES, SUPERMAN STOPPING A MISSILE...
THAT'S YESTERDAY'S NEWS IN METROPOLIS. I PROBABLY WON'T EVEN WRITE IT UP.
ME, MISS LANE?
I TOLD YOU HIS STORY WASN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO BE MAKING FUSS OVER.
UH-HUH.
WELL... WHEN YOU BOYS ARE FINISHED RUBBING SALT IN THE WOUNDS...
OH, DON'T TAKE IT ALL SO HARD, LOIS.
YOU KNOW I LIKE YOU TO GET THE SUPERMAN STORIES, TOO.
IN FACT, HE TOLD ME HE HAS A STORY JUST FOR YOU...
...IF YOU'LL WAIT FOR HIM AT YOUR APARTMENT AROUND FIVE..."
A STORY JUST FOR ME.
AM I READING TOO MUCH INTO THIS...
OH, LORD...
...OR CAN I REALLY SEE THIS AS AN INDICATION SUPERMAN CARES ABOUT ME AS MUCH AS I DO ABOUT HIM...?
I'M GETTING BUTTER-FLIES IN MY STOMACH!
WHY IS IT I CAN BE THE COOLEST CUCUMBER IN METROPOLIS...
...BUT EVERY TIME SUPERMAN TURNS UP, MY BRAIN FALLS OUT
KNOK KNOK
IT'S HIM!
5


FIVE O'CLOCK ON THE BUTTON.
I'VE ALWAYS LIKED MY MEN TO BE PUNCTUAL.
I'LL MAKE A NOTE OF THAT, LOIS...
MAYBE IT'LL WORK OUT CHEAPER THAN ROSES TO BUY A GOOD WATCH!
OH, SUPERMAN! THEY'RE LOVELY!
JUST A MOMENT WHILE I PUT THEM IN SOME WATER.
ER... SO WHAT'S THIS STORY, THAT KENT DOESN'T WANT IT FOR HIMSELF?
WELL, NOW THAT'S NOT REALLY FAIR, LOIS.
CLARK KENT IS... AH... REALLY A PRETTY DECENT GUY, YOU KNOW.
YOU COULD ...ER... DO A LOT WORSE...
OR A LOT BETTER...
BUT YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE.
I'LL CONFESS --STRICTLY ON THE Q.T.--THAT KENT'S BEEN WEARING DOWN MY RESISTANCE A LOT, LATELY
IN FACT SOMETIMES HE'S JUST ABSOLUTELY ADOR-ABLE...


BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I'M ABOUT TO ROLL OVER AND PLAY DEAD JUST YET
SO...
WITH ALL PROPER FAIRNESS TO CLARK, WHAT'S HIS STORY YOU HAVE FOR ME, SUPER... MAN?
SOME-THING VERY PERSONAL, LOIS.
I WAS SENT AWAY FROM MY NATIVE PLANET OF KRYPTON BEFORE I WAS EVEN BORN.
BUT MY FATHER SENT A SPECIAL MESSAGE TAPE IN THE ROCKET THAT CARRIED ME TO EARTH
A MESSAGE TAPE THAT CARRIED ALL THE WORLD OF KRYPTON WRAPPED UP INTO A SINGLE BURST OF CONCENTRATED INFORMA-TION.
I'VE SPENT A LOT OF TIME, SINCE THAT DATA WAS INJECTED INTO MY HEAD, TRYING TO SORT MY WAY THROUGH IT.
TRYING TO LEARN WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A KRYPTONIAN.
HE GOT MOST OF IT FIGURED OUT NOW, AND I THOUGHT, PERHAPS, IT WAS ME I TOLD SOME OF IT TO THE WORLD.
I THINK OF MYSELF AS HUMAN, LOIS, AS AN EARTH-LING.
BUT I THINK PERHAPS ALL YOU REAL EARTH-LINGS COULD BENEFIT FROM THE STORY OF KRYPTON'S LAST YEARS.
YOU SEE, ONCE THE PLANET KRYPTON WAS AN IDYLLIC WORLD...
"A WORLD OF HIGH TECH-NOLOGY...
"A WORLD WHERE ART AND SCIENCE WIELDED INTO A PERFECT WHOLE.
"UNTIL ONE DAY A TERRIBLE WAR BEGAN.
"YOU DON'T NEED TO KNOW THE REASONS FOR THAT WAR, SINCE SUCH THINGS WILL LIKELY NEVER HAPPEN HERE...
"BUT YOU DO NEED TO KNOW SOMETHING OF THE AFTERMATH OF THAT WAR
"OF THE LONG STRUGGLE OF THE FEW SURVIVING KRYPTONIANS TO RE-BUILD THEIR WORLD FROM THE ASHES OF THEIR FOLLY.
7


"ONE MAN WAS THE LEADER OF THAT RECONSTRUCTION, LOIS.
"HIS NAME WAS VAN-L.
"HE WAS MY GRANDFATHER, A THOUSAND GENERATIONS REMOVED.
"IT WAS HIS VISION THAT SHAPED THE NEW KRYPTON.
"HIS DREAM THAT POINTED TOWARDS THE FUTURE.
"AND IN THAT FUTURE CAME A MASTERY OF GENETIC SCIENCE SUCH AS NO OTHER WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN.
"WITH THEIR OWN HANDS THE PEOPLE OF KRYPTON RE-CREATED THEMSELVES AS NEARLY PERFECT BEINGS."
IN DOING THAT, THEY PAVED THE WAY FOR ME, LOIS.
WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING IT, THEY SET IN MOTION THE GENETIC CHAIN REACTION THAT WOULD CREATE SUPERMAN...
JUST HOW ...HUMAN ARE YOU...?
OH... COMPLETELY, I THINK.
I GUESS I NEVER GAVE THIS MUCH THOUGHT BEFORE. THE EARTH HAS BEEN VISITED BY SO MANY ALIEN RACES OVER ITS LONG HISTORY. I JUST ACCEPTED THE IDEA OF YOU BEING FROM ANOTHER WORLD.
"THE TECHNOLOGY OF GENETIC MANIPULATION DEVELOPED OUT OF THE LAST GREAT WAR ON KRYPTON.
"THE MASSIVE WAR-SUITS WERE HONED AND REFINED UNTIL THEY BECAME ALMOST DIAPHANOUS WEBBING, WORN UNDER ELABORATE GARMENTS OF RANK.
"BUT WHAT WAS INSIDE WAS AS HUMAN AS YOU...
"EXCEPT...
"EXCEPT FOR PERHAPS THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF HUMAN PHYSIOGNOMY.
"YOU SEE, EVENTUALLY THEY ALL LIVED ALONE.
"THEY COMMUNICATED WITH OTHER KRYPTONIANS VIA HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE PROJECTORS.
"ONLY AN EVENT OF COLOSSAL IMPORTANCE WOULD CAUSE ANY KRYPTONIAN TO ENTER THE ACTUAL PHYSICAL PRESENCE OF ANOTHER.
8

"EVENTUALLY THE BIO-SUPPORT TECHNOLOGY GREW SO ADVANCED THAT CHILDREN WERE FITTED WITH THEIR BODY-SUITS AT **BIRTH**.

"THOSE SUITS **GREW** WITH THEM, MAINTAINING THE RHYTHMS OF THEIR BODIES, PROLONGING THEIR LIVES ALMOST **INDEFINITELY**.

"THOSE CHILDREN THAT WERE DEEMED NECESSARY, TO REPLACE SOME KRYPTONIAN ACCIDENTALLY KILLED...

"...WERE CREATED IN THE **GESTATION CHAMBERS**. THEIR BIOLOGICAL PARENTS OFTEN HAD **NEVER EVEN MET!**

"UNTIL EACH MAN AND WOMAN ON KRYPTON WAS GUARANTEED A LIFESPAN SO LONG, SO HEALTHY, THAT THE NORMAL RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE SEXES FELL APART.

"THERE WAS NO **REASON** FOR NORMAL REPRODUCTION, SINCE THE POPULATION COULD BE SUSTAINED **INDEFINITELY** WITHOUT NEW LIVES BEING INTRODUCED.

"DIFFICULT AS IT MAY SEEM FOR US TO COMPREHEND, MOST KRYPTONIANS WERE PERFECTLY **CONTENT** WITH THIS SITUATION.

"ALL BUT ONE.

"A YOUNG MAN, EVEN BY KRYPTONIAN STANDARDS, BRILLIANT, CURIOUS, AND, IN HIS OWN WAY, SOMETHING OF A **REBEL**.

"HIS NAME WAS **JOR-EL**.

"HE WAS THE LATEST IN A FAMILY LINE THAT STRETCHED BACK ALMOST TO THE BEGINNINGS OF KRYPTON.

"AND, AS YOU MAY HAVE **GUESSED**, HE WAS MY **FATHER**.

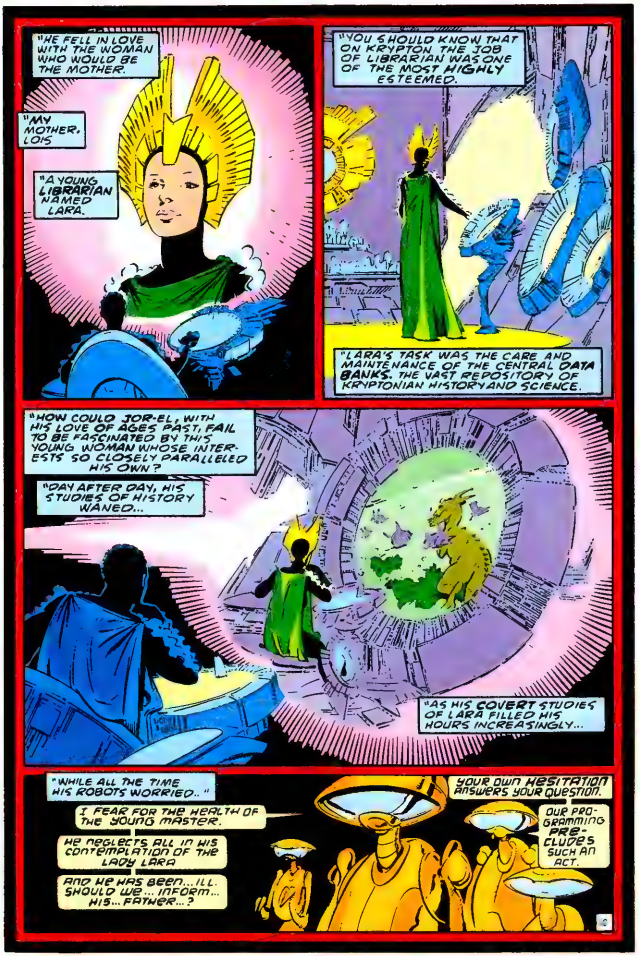
"BUT HE WAS **STRANGE**, AS KRYPTONIANS WENT. EVEN HIS ATTENDANT **ROBOTS** WORRIED ABOUT HIS HABITS.

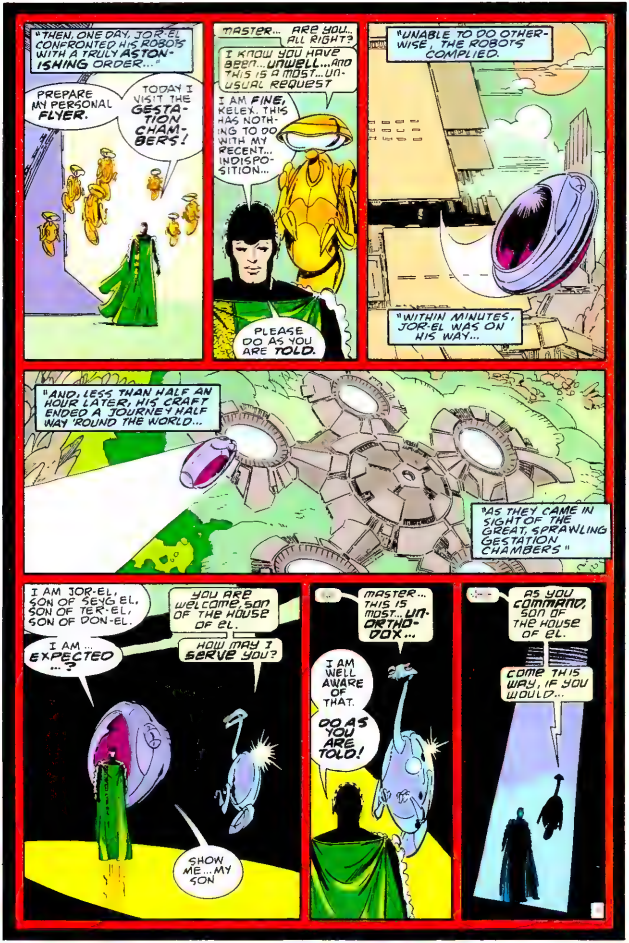
"HE SPENT LONG HOURS STUDYING THE HISTORY TAPES...

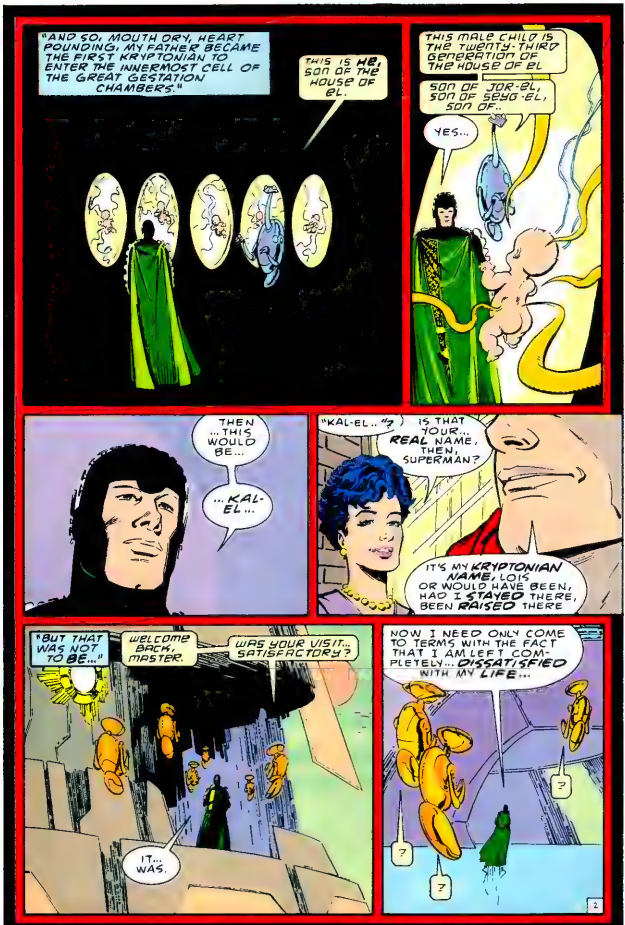
"HE SEEMED UTTERLY **ENTHRALLED** BY A KRYPTON THAT HAD CEASED TO EXIST THOUSANDS OF YEARS BEFORE HE WAS CONCEIVED.

"AND MORE THAN THAT...

"WHEN HE LEARNED HE WAS TO BE THE BIOLOGICAL FATHER OF ONE OF THE NEXT BABIES TO BE CREATED, HE DID SOMETHING NO KRYPTONIAN HAD DONE IN LIVING MEMORY...

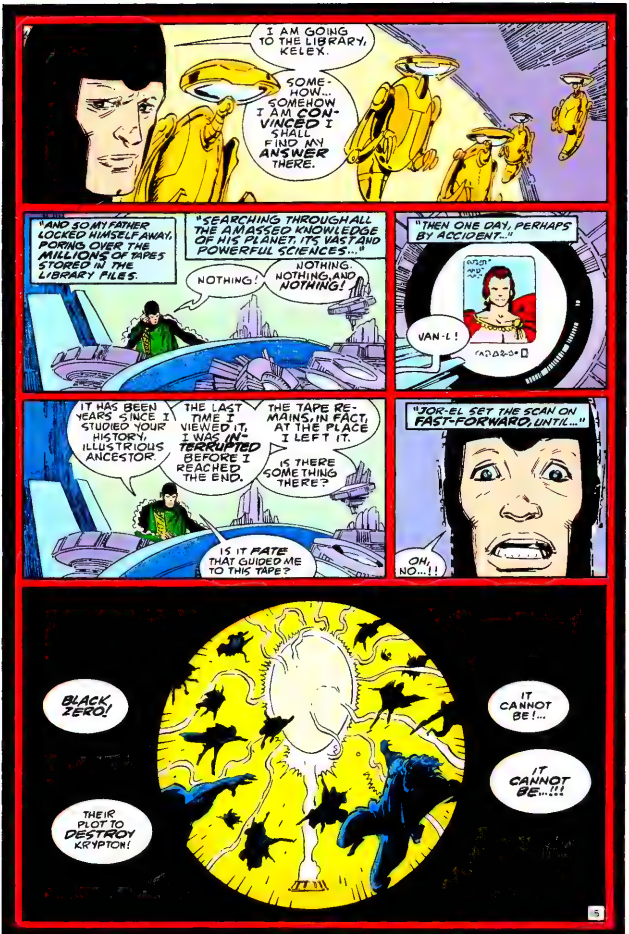

"HE FELL IN LOVE WITH THE WOMAN WHO WOULD BE THE MOTHER.
"MY MOTHER, LOIS
"A YOUNG LIBRARIAN NAMED LARA.
"YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT ON KRYPTON, THE JOB OF LIBRARIAN WAS ONE OF THE MOST HIGHLY ESTEEMED.
"LARA'S TASK WAS THE CARE AND MAINTENANCE OF THE CENTRAL DATA BANKS. THE VAST REPOSITORY OF KRYPTONIAN HISTORY AND SCIENCE.
"HOW COULD JOR-EL, WITH HIS LOVE OF AGES PAST, FAIL TO BE FASCINATED BY THIS YOUNG WOMAN WHOSE INTERESTS SO CLOSELY PARALLELED HIS OWN?
"DAY AFTER DAY, HIS STUDIES OF HISTORY WANED...
"AS HIS COVERT STUDIES OF LARA FILLED HIS HOURS INCREASINGLY...
"WHILE ALL THE TIME HIS ROBOTS WORRIED.."
I FEAR FOR THE HEALTH OF THE YOUNG MASTER.
HE NEGLECTS ALL IN HIS CONTEMPLATION OF THE LADY LARA
AND HE HAS BEEN...ILL. SHOULD WE... INFORM... HIS... FATHER...?
YOUR OWN HESITATION ANSWERS YOUR QUESTION.
OUR PROGRAMMING PRECLUDES SUCH AN ACT.


"THEN, ONE DAY, JOR-EL CONFRONTED HIS ROBOTS WITH A TRULY ASTONISHING ORDER..."
PREPARE MY PERSONAL FLYER.
TODAY I VISIT THE GESTATION CHAMBERS!
MASTER... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I KNOW YOU HAVE BEEN UNWELL... AND THIS IS A MOST...UNUSUAL REQUEST
I AM FINE, KELEX. THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH MY RECENT... INDISPOSITION...
PLEASE, DO AS YOU ARE TOLD.
"UNABLE TO DO OTHERWISE, THE ROBOTS COMPLIED.
"WITHIN MINUTES, JOR-EL WAS ON HIS WAY...
"AND, LESS THAN HALF AN HOUR LATER, HIS CRAFT ENDED A JOURNEY HALF WAY 'ROUND THE WORLD...
"AS THEY CAME IN SIGHT OF THE GREAT, SPRAWLING GESTATION CHAMBERS"
I AM JOR-EL, SON OF SEYG-EL, SON OF TER-EL, SON OF DON-EL.
I AM... EXPECTED...?
YOU ARE WELCOME, SON OF THE HOUSE OF EL.
HOW MAY I SERVE YOU?
SHOW ME... MY SON
...
MASTER... THIS IS MOST... UNORTHODOX...
I AM WELL AWARE OF THAT.
DO AS YOU ARE TOLD!
AS YOU COMMAND, SON OF THE HOUSE OF EL.
COME THIS WAY, IF YOU WOULD...

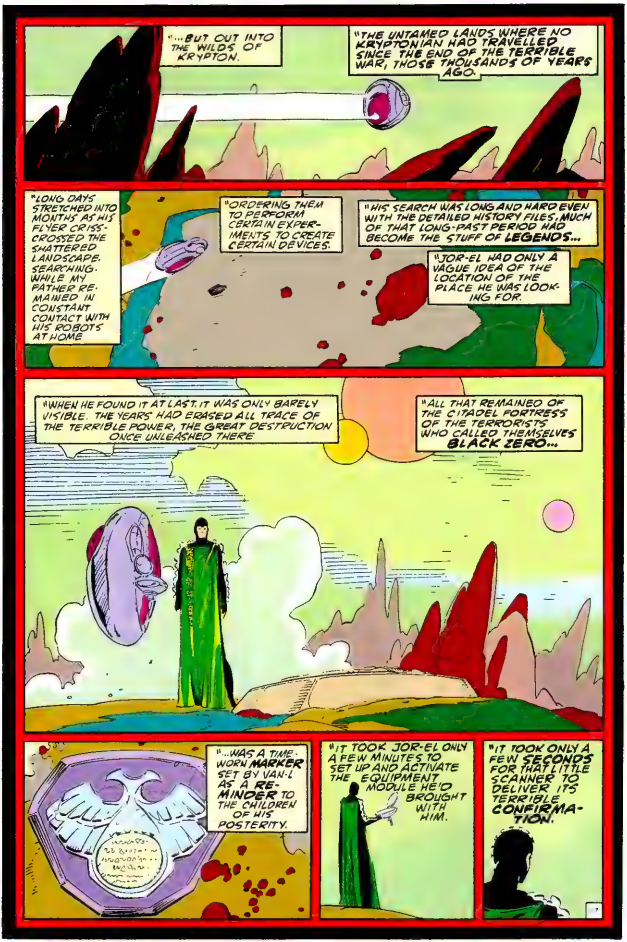

"AND SO, MOUTH DRY, HEART POUNDING, MY FATHER BECAME THE FIRST KRYPTONIAN TO ENTER THE INNERMOST CELL OF THE GREAT GESTATION CHAMBERS."
THIS IS HE, SON OF THE HOUSE OF EL.
THIS MALE CHILD IS THE TWENTY-THIRD GENERATION OF THE HOUSE OF EL
SON OF JOR-EL, SON OF SEYD-EL, SON OF...
YES...
THEN ...THIS WOULD BE...
... KAL-EL ...
"KAL-EL..."?
IS THAT YOUR... REAL NAME, THEN, SUPERMAN?
IT'S MY KRYPTONIAN NAME, LOIS OR WOULD HAVE BEEN, HAD I STAYED THERE, BEEN RAISED THERE
"BUT THAT WAS NOT TO BE..."
WELCOME BACK, MASTER.
WAS YOUR VISIT... SATISFACTORY?
IT... WAS.
NOW I NEED ONLY COME TO TERMS WITH THE FACT THAT I AM LEFT COMPLETELY... DISSATISFIED WITH MY LIFE...
?
?
?

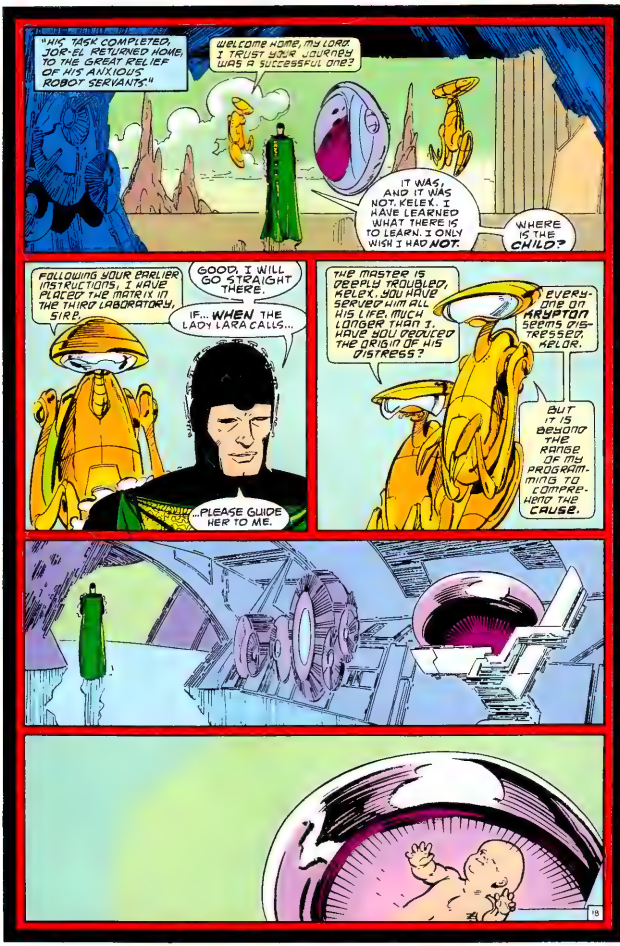
"THE NEXT WEEKS WERE NOT PLEASANT FOR MY KRYPTONIAN FATHER.
"HE WAS FEELING EMOTIONS VIRTUALLY UNKNOWN ON THAT PLANET FOR AGES UNCOUNTED.
"HE SPENT MORE AND MORE TIME IN HIS PRIVATE ROOMS, STUDYING THE SECRET HOLO-TAPES OF MY MOTHER.
"THEN, ONE DAY..."
R-RUMMMMMBLE...!!!
WHAT...?
MY LORD... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I... THINK SO.
WHAT WAS THAT?
A SEISMIC DISTURBANCE OF SEVENTY-EIGHT MILLICYCLES DURATION, MASTER.
WE REGISTER IT AS A WORLD-WIDE EVENT.
THAT... THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE!
I... MUST COMMUNICATE WITH MY FATHER.
I MUST... OH-WHHH-HH
MASTER...!
A... SUDDEN WEAKNESS.
GET ME TO THE COMSTATION
ESTABLISH THE CONNECTION...
"AND SO..."
JOR-EL...
YOU LOOK UNWELL... MY SON...
AS DO YOU, FATHER

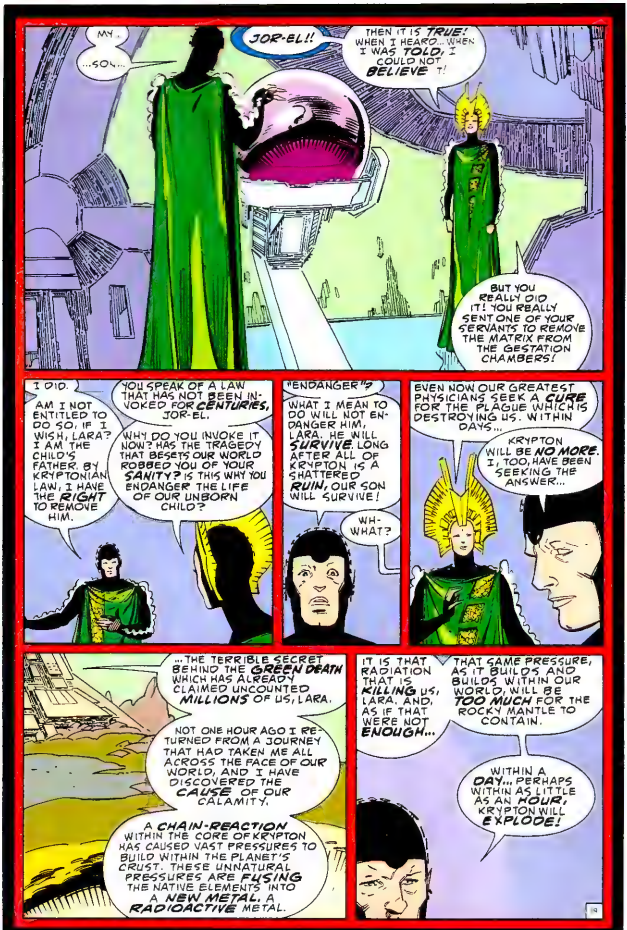
I WAS... UNSETTLED BY THE EARTHQUAKE, BUT THIS LOOKS... LIKE MORE THAN THAT.
ARE YOU... ILL, FATHER?
...SIGH... A PROPER KRYPTONIAN WOULD NEVER MAKE SUCH A PERSONAL INQUIRY, JOR-EL.
NOT EVEN OF HIS FATHER.
BUT THEN, I HAVE LONG SINCE SURRENDERED ANY HOPE...
...OF YOU BECOMING A PROPER KRYPTONIAN.
YES, I AM ILL, MY SON.
I FEAR THAT SOMETHING MUST BE AMISS IN MY BIO-MAINTENANCE MECHANISMS.
I FEAR I MAY BE... DYING...
"THE CONCEPT WAS ALMOST COMPLETELY ALIEN TO JOR-EL.
"KRYPTONIANS DID NOT DIE AS HUMANS DO, FROM AGE AND SICKNESS.
"GRASPING AT SHADOWS--OR SO HE THOUGHT--IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED THE FIRST QUAKE, JOR-EL STUDIED THE DATA ON THE MYSTERIOUS EARTHQUAKE, WONDERING IF THAT MIGHT BE IN SOME WAY CONNECTED TO HIS FATHER'S ILLNESS--AND HIS OWN.
"HE PROGRAMMED A SECRET SQUAD OF HIS SERVANT ROBOTS WITH A SPECIAL PURPOSE, HIDDEN FROM ... THE REST."
WE HAVE THE INFORMATION YOU REQUESTED, MASTER.
OBTAINING IT REQUIRED THE CIRCUMVENTION OF MANY KRYPTONIANS' RIGHT OF PRIVACY...
REPORT! WHAT YOU HAVE FOUND, NUMBER SEVEN!
MASTER...
WE DETERMINE TWENTY MILLION KRYPTONIANS HAVE DIED WITHIN THE LAST SOLAR HALF-CYCLE
WHA-AT ?!?
MASTER!
I SHOULD NOT HAVE TOLD YOU THIS! MY LOGIC CIRCUITS SUGGESTED SUCH A SHOCK WOULD BE...
NO, NO, IT IS NOT THAT.

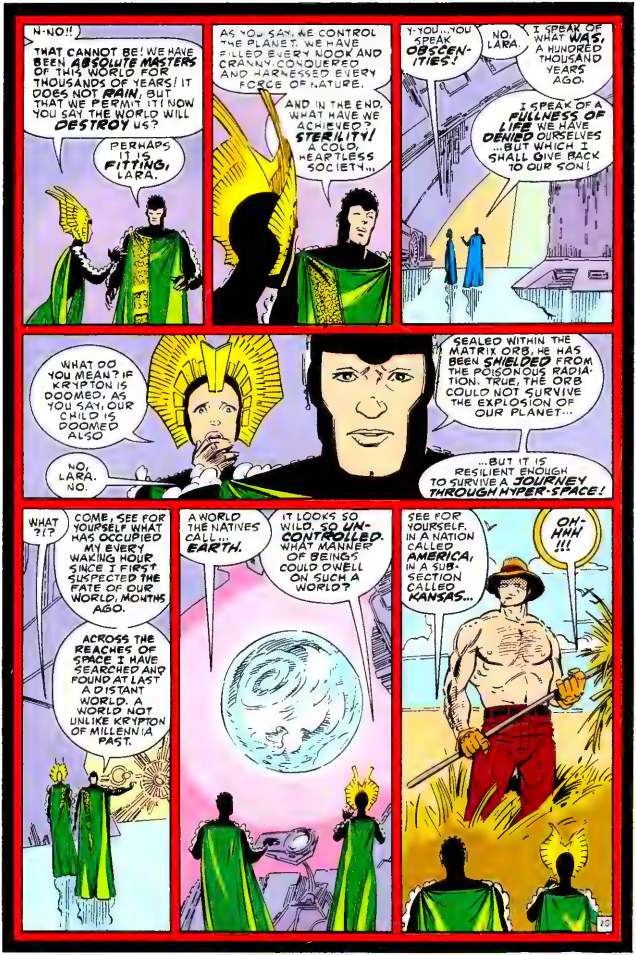

I AM GOING TO THE LIBRARY, KELEK.
SOMEHOW... SOMEHOW I AM CONVINCED I SHALL FIND MY ANSWER THERE.
"AND SO MY FATHER LOCKED HIMSELF AWAY, PORING OVER THE MILLIONS OF TAPES STORED IN THE LIBRARY FILES.
"SEARCHING THROUGH ALL THE AMASSED KNOWLEDGE OF HIS PLANET, ITS VAST AND POWERFUL SCIENCES..."
NOTHING!
NOTHING. NOTHING AND NOTHING!
"THEN ONE DAY, PERHAPS BY ACCIDENT..."
VAN-L!
IT HAS BEEN YEARS SINCE I STUDIED YOUR HISTORY, ILLUSTRIOUS ANCESTOR.
THE LAST TIME I VIEWED IT, I WAS UNINTERRUPTED BEFORE I REACHED THE END.
THE TAPE REMAINS, IN FACT, AT THE PLACE I LEFT IT.
IS THERE SOMETHING THERE?
IS IT FATE THAT GUIDED ME TO THIS TAPE?
"JOR-EL SET THE SCAN ON FAST-FORWARD, UNTIL..."
OH, NO...!!
BLACK ZERO!
THEIR PLOT TO DESTROY KRYPTON!
IT CANNOT BE!...
IT CANNOT BE...!!!

"A ROBOT WAS SUMMONED IMMEDIATELY..."
PREPARE MY FLYER, KEREL.
STOCK IT FOR... THREE MONTHS' TRAVEL.
IS THAT WISE, MASTER?
IN YOUR WEAKENED CONDITION?...
DO IT!!!
CALM YOURSELF, SON OF THE HOUSE OF EL.
REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE.
YOU MUST BE IN COMMAND OF YOUR FACULTIES, IF YOU ARE TO FIND AN ANSWER TO THIS MADNESS.
IF YOU ARE TO SAVE THE WORLD YOU LOVE...
THE WOMAN YOU LOVE...
"AND SO HE LEFT AGAIN, FLYING THIS TIME NOT TOWARDS THE TECHNOLOGICAL SECURITY OF THE GESTATION CHAMBERS...


"...BUT OUT INTO THE WILDS OF KRYPTON.
"THE UNTAMED LANDS WHERE NO KRYPTONIAN HAD TRAVELLED SINCE THE END OF THE TERRIBLE WAR, THOSE THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO.
"LONG DAYS STRETCHED INTO MONTHS AS HIS FLYER CRISS-CROSSED THE SHATTERED LANDSCAPE. SEARCHING. WHILE MY FATHER REMAINED IN CONSTANT CONTACT WITH HIS ROBOTS AT HOME
"ORDERING THEM TO PERFORM CERTAIN EXPERIMENTS TO CREATE CERTAIN DEVICES.
"HIS SEARCH WAS LONG AND HARD EVEN WITH THE DETAILED HISTORY FILES. MUCH OF THAT LONG-PAST PERIOD HAD BECOME THE STUFF OF LEGENDS...
"JOR-EL HAD ONLY A VAGUE IDEA OF THE LOCATION OF THE PLACE HE WAS LOOKING FOR.
"WHEN HE FOUND IT AT LAST, IT WAS ONLY BARELY VISIBLE. THE YEARS HAD ERASED ALL TRACE OF THE TERRIBLE POWER, THE GREAT DESTRUCTION ONCE UNLEASHED THERE
"ALL THAT REMAINED OF THE CITADEL FORTRESS OF THE TERRORISTS WHO CALLED THEMSELVES BLACK ZERO...
"...WAS A TIME-WORN MARKER SET BY VAN-L AS A REMINDER TO THE CHILDREN OF HIS POSTERITY.
"IT TOOK JOR-EL ONLY A FEW MINUTES TO SET UP AND ACTIVATE THE EQUIPMENT MODULE HE'D BROUGHT WITH HIM.
"IT TOOK ONLY A FEW SECONDS FOR THAT LITTLE SCANNER TO DELIVER ITS TERRIBLE CONFIRMATION.


"HIS TASK COMPLETED, JOR-EL RETURNED HOME, TO THE GREAT RELIEF OF HIS ANXIOUS ROBOT SERVANTS."
WELCOME HOME, MY LORD. I TRUST YOUR JOURNEY WAS A SUCCESSFUL ONE?
IT WAS, AND IT WAS NOT, KELEX. I HAVE LEARNED WHAT THERE IS TO LEARN. I ONLY WISH I HAD NOT.
WHERE IS THE CHILD?
FOLLOWING YOUR EARLIER INSTRUCTIONS, I HAVE PLACED THE MATRIX IN THE THIRD LABORATORY, SIRE.
GOOD. I WILL GO STRAIGHT THERE.
IF... WHEN THE LADY LARA CALLS...
...PLEASE GUIDE HER TO ME.
THE MASTER IS DEEPLY TROUBLED, KELEX. YOU HAVE SERVED HIM ALL HIS LIFE. MUCH LONGER THAN I. HAVE YOU DEDUCED THE ORIGIN OF HIS DISTRESS?
EVERYONE ON KRYPTON SEEMS DISTRESSED, KELOR.
BUT IT IS BEYOND THE RANGE OF MY PROGRAMMING TO COMPREHEND THE CAUSE.


MY...
...SON...
JOR-EL!!
THEN IT IS TRUE! WHEN I HEARD...WHEN I WAS TOLD, I COULD NOT BELIEVE IT!
BUT YOU REALLY DID IT! YOU REALLY SENT ONE OF YOUR SERVANTS TO REMOVE THE MATRIX FROM THE GESTATION CHAMBERS!
I DID.
AM I NOT ENTITLED TO DO SO, IF I WISH, LARA? I AM THE CHILD'S FATHER. BY KRYPTONIAN LAW, I HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMOVE HIM.
YOU SPEAK OF A LAW THAT HAS NOT BEEN INVOKED FOR CENTURIES, JOR-EL.
WHY DO YOU INVOKE IT NOW? HAS THE TRAGEDY THAT BESETS OUR WORLD ROBBED YOU OF YOUR SANITY? IS THIS WHY YOU ENDANGER THE LIFE OF OUR UNBORN CHILD?
"ENDANGER"?
WHAT I MEAN TO DO WILL NOT ENDANGER HIM, LARA. HE WILL SURVIVE. LONG AFTER ALL OF KRYPTON IS A SHATTERED RUIN, OUR SON WILL SURVIVE!
WH-WHAT?
EVEN NOW OUR GREATEST PHYSICIANS SEEK A CURE FOR THE PLAGUE WHICH IS DESTROYING US. WITHIN DAYS...
KRYPTON WILL BE NO MORE. I, TOO, HAVE BEEN SEEKING THE ANSWER...
...THE TERRIBLE SECRET BEHIND THE GREEN DEATH WHICH HAS ALREADY CLAIMED UNCOUNTED MILLIONS OF US, LARA.
NOT ONE HOUR AGO I RETURNED FROM A JOURNEY THAT HAD TAKEN ME ALL ACROSS THE FACE OF OUR WORLD, AND I HAVE DISCOVERED THE CAUSE OF OUR CALAMITY.
A CHAIN-REACTION WITHIN THE CORE OF KRYPTON HAS CAUSED VAST PRESSURES TO BUILD WITHIN THE PLANET'S CRUST. THESE UNNATURAL PRESSURES ARE FUSING THE NATIVE ELEMENTS INTO A NEW METAL, A RADIOACTIVE METAL.
IT IS THAT RADIATION THAT IS KILLING US, LARA. AND, AS IF THAT WERE NOT ENOUGH...
THAT SAME PRESSURE, AS IT BUILDS AND BUILDS WITHIN OUR WORLD, WILL BE TOO MUCH FOR THE ROCKY MANTLE TO CONTAIN.
WITHIN A DAY... PERHAPS WITHIN AS LITTLE AS AN HOUR, KRYPTON WILL EXPLODE!


N-NO!!
THAT CANNOT BE! WE HAVE BEEN ABSOLUTE MASTERS OF THIS WORLD FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS! IT DOES NOT RAIN, BUT THAT WE PERMIT IT! NOW YOU SAY THE WORLD WILL DESTROY US?
PERHAPS IT IS FITTING, LARA.
AS YOU SAY, WE CONTROL THE PLANET. WE HAVE FILLED EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY, CONQUERED AND HARNESSED EVERY FORCE OF NATURE.
AND IN THE END, WHAT HAVE WE ACHIEVED? STERILITY! HEARTLESS SOCIETY...
Y-YOU...YOU SPEAK OBSCENITIES!
NO, LARA.
I SPEAK OF WHAT WAS, A HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS AGO.
I SPEAK OF A FULLNESS OF LIFE WE HAVE DENIED OURSELVES ...BUT WHICH SHALL GIVE BACK TO OUR SON!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? IF KRYPTON IS DOOMED, AS YOU SAY, OUR CHILD IS DOOMED ALSO
NO, LARA. NO.
SEALED WITHIN THE MATRIX ORB, HE HAS BEEN SHIELDED FROM THE POISONOUS RADIATION. TRUE, THE ORB COULD NOT SURVIVE THE EXPLOSION OF OUR PLANET...
...BUT IT IS RESILIENT ENOUGH TO SURVIVE A JOURNEY THROUGH HYPER-SPACE!
WHAT ?!?
COME, SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT HAS OCCUPIED MY EVERY WAKING HOUR SINCE I FIRST SUSPECTED THE FATE OF OUR WORLD, MONTHS AGO.
ACROSS THE REACHES OF SPACE I HAVE SEARCHED AND FOUND AT LAST A DISTANT WORLD. A WORLD NOT UNLIKE KRYPTON OF MILLENNIA PAST.
A WORLD THE NATIVES CALL... EARTH.
IT LOOKS SO WILD. SO UNCONTROLLED. WHAT MANNER OF BEINGS COULD DWELL ON SUCH A WORLD?
SEE FOR YOURSELF, IN A NATION CALLED AMERICA, IN A SUB-SECTION CALLED KANSAS...
OH-HHH !!!
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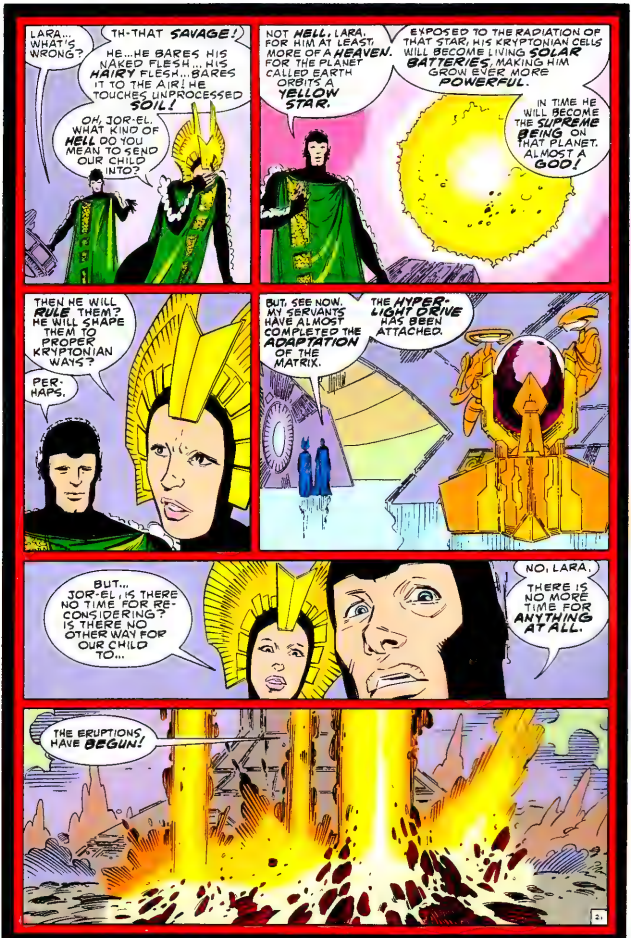
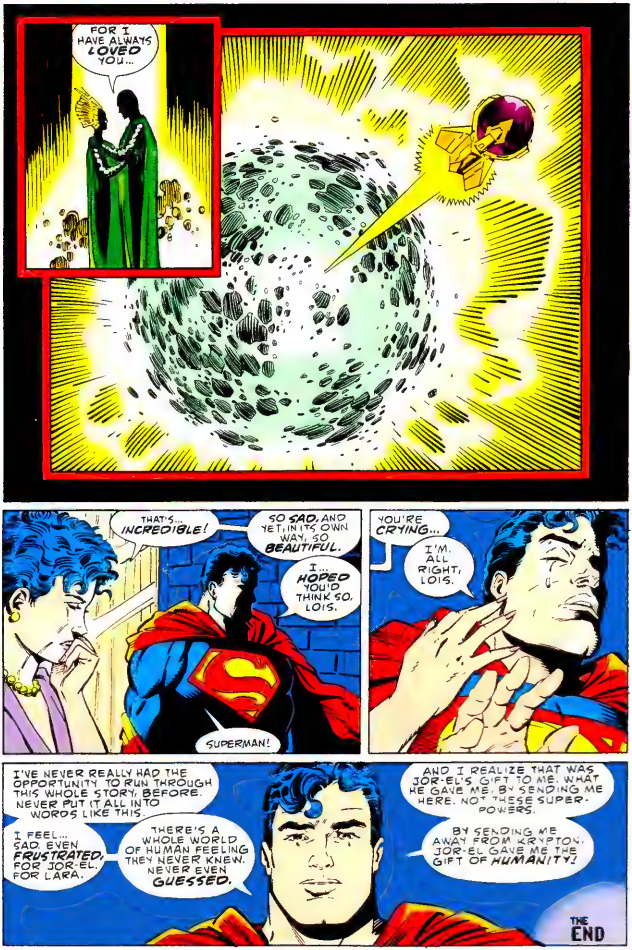

LARA... WHAT'S WRONG?
TH-THAT SAVAGE!
HE...HE BARES HIS NAKED FLESH... HIS HAIRY FLESH... BARES IT TO THE AIR! HE TOUCHES UNPROCESSED SOIL!
OH, JOR-EL. WHAT KIND OF HELL DO YOU MEAN TO SEND OUR CHILD INTO?
NOT HELL, LARA. FOR HIM AT LEAST, MORE OF A HEAVEN. FOR THE PLANET CALLED EARTH ORBITS A YELLOW STAR.
EXPOSED TO THE RADIATION OF THAT STAR, HIS KRYPTONIAN CELLS WILL BECOME LIVING SOLAR BATTERIES, MAKING HIM GROW EVER MORE POWERFUL.
IN TIME HE WILL BECOME THE SUPREME BEING ON THAT PLANET. ALMOST A GOD!
THEN HE WILL RULE THEM? HE WILL SHAPE THEM TO PROPER KRYPTONIAN WAYS?
PER-HAPS.
BUT, SEE NOW, MY SERVANTS HAVE ALMOST COMPLETED THE ADAPTATION OF THE MATRIX.
THE HYPER-LIGHT DRIVE HAS BEEN ATTACHED.
BUT... JOR-EL, IS THERE NO TIME FOR RE-CONSIDERING? IS THERE NO OTHER WAY FOR OUR CHILD TO...
NO, LARA. THERE IS NO MORE TIME FOR ANYTHING AT ALL.
THE ERUPTIONS HAVE BEGUN!

OH, NO! OH NO NO NO NO!
PER-PERHAPS THIS IS NOT THE END! PERHAPS IT IS ONLY ... ONLY...
NO, LARA. DO NOT CLUTCH AT STRAWS! KRYPTON IS DOOMED!
ONLY OUR CHILD CAN HOPE TO SAVE THE LEGACY OF ALL THAT WAS ONCE GREAT IN OUR WORLD
I MUST LAUNCH THE CAPSULE... NOW!
FAREWELL, MY SON.
FAREWELL!!
*AND WHAT HAPPENED THEN, AS MY TINY ROCKET SHIP HURTLED INTO THE VOID?
*THE MESSAGE MY FATHER SENT DID NOT--COULD NOT--CONTAIN THAT INFORMATION. I CAN ONLY GUESS...
AND SO IT MUST END, JOR-EL? IN FIRE, AND PAIN, AND MADNESS? WITHOUT EVER KNOWING ... THE TOUCH OF MY CHILD'S HAND?
LARA...
WE... WE ARE TOGETHER AT LEAST, AT THE LAST.
JOR-EL ...?
FROM THE MOMENT I WAS FIRST SHOWN YOUR HOLO-IMAGE, AND TOLD YOUR SEED AND MINE WOULD BE MINGLED IN THE MATRIX, I HAVE FELT AN UNKNOWN EMOTION STIRRING IN MY HEART.
OUR WORLD HAS NOT HAD A PLACE FOR WHAT I FEEL, NOT IN A HUNDRED CENTURIES.
BUT I HAVE STUDIED WELL THE HABITS OF THE EARTHLINGS, AND I HAVE LEARNED FROM THEM AN UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT I FEEL.
AND EVEN THOUGH WE DIE, I AM CONTENT, SO LONG AS WE DIE TOGETHER.
28


FOR I HAVE ALWAYS LOVED YOU...
THAT'S... INCREDIBLE!
SO SAD, AND YET, IN ITS OWN WAY, SO BEAUTIFUL.
I... HOPED YOU'D THINK SO, LOIS.
SUPERMAN!
YOU'RE CRYING...
I'M. ALL RIGHT, LOIS.
I'VE NEVER REALLY HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO RUN THROUGH THIS WHOLE STORY, BEFORE. NEVER PUT IT ALL INTO WORDS LIKE THIS.
I FEEL... SAD. EVEN FRUSTRATED, FOR JOR-EL. FOR LARA.
THERE'S A WHOLE WORLD OF HUMAN FEELING THEY NEVER KNEW. NEVER EVEN GUESSED.
AND I REALIZE THAT WAS JOR-EL'S GIFT TO ME. WHAT HE GAVE ME. BY SENDING ME HERE. NOT THESE SUPER-POWERS.
BY SENDING ME AWAY FROM KRYPTON JOR-EL GAVE ME THE GIFT OF HUMANITY.
THE END

Superman Post-Crisis Chronology
Volume 017 All That Glisters

"The Name Game", first appeared in Superman issue #11, released September, 1987
John Byrne (writer), John Byrne (penciller), Karl Kesel (inker)

"Skeeter", first appeared in Action Comics Annual issue #1, released July 7, 1987
John Byrne (writer), Art Adams (penciller), Art Adams (penciller), Dick Giordano (penciller), Art Adams (inker), Dick Giordano (inker), Dick Giordano (inker)

"All That Glisters", first appeared in Action Comics issue #594, released September, 1987
John Byrne (writer), John Byrne (penciller), John Byrne (inker), Keith Williams (inker)

"Blind Obsession", first appeared in Booster Gold issue #23, released October, 1987
Dan Jurgens (writer), Dan Jurgens (penciller), Dan Jurgens (inker), John Byrne (inker), Roy Richardson (inker)

"Lost Love", first appeared in Superman issue #12, released October, 1987
(writer), John Byrne (penciller), Karl Kesel (inker)

"Family History", first appeared in The World of Krypton issue #4, released January, 1988
John Byrne (writer), John Byrne (penciller), Mike Mignola (penciller), Carlos Garzón (inker), Walter Simonson (inker)

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11

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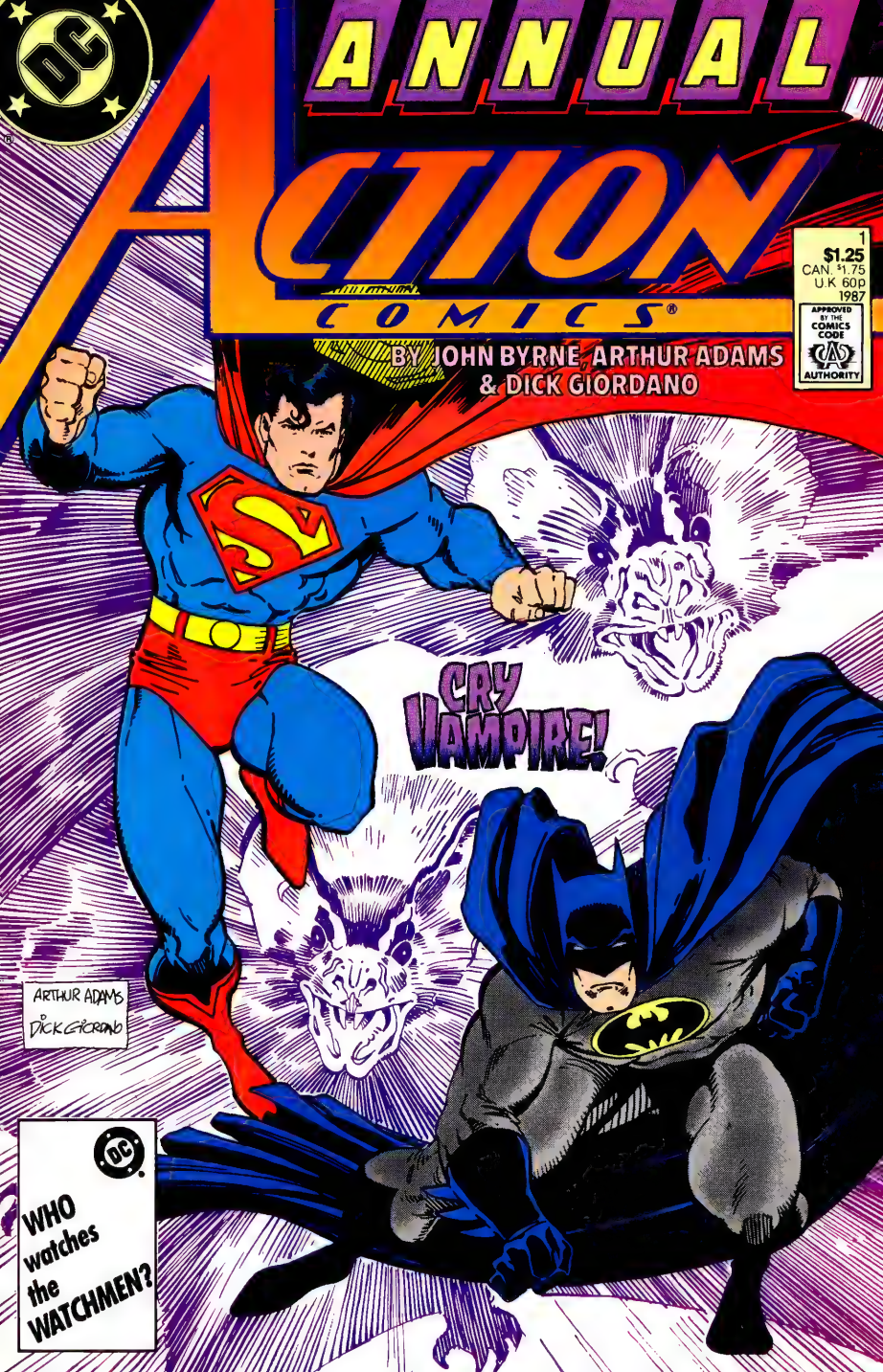
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LET ME AT HIM...
OUT OF MY WAY, SUPERMAN--
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